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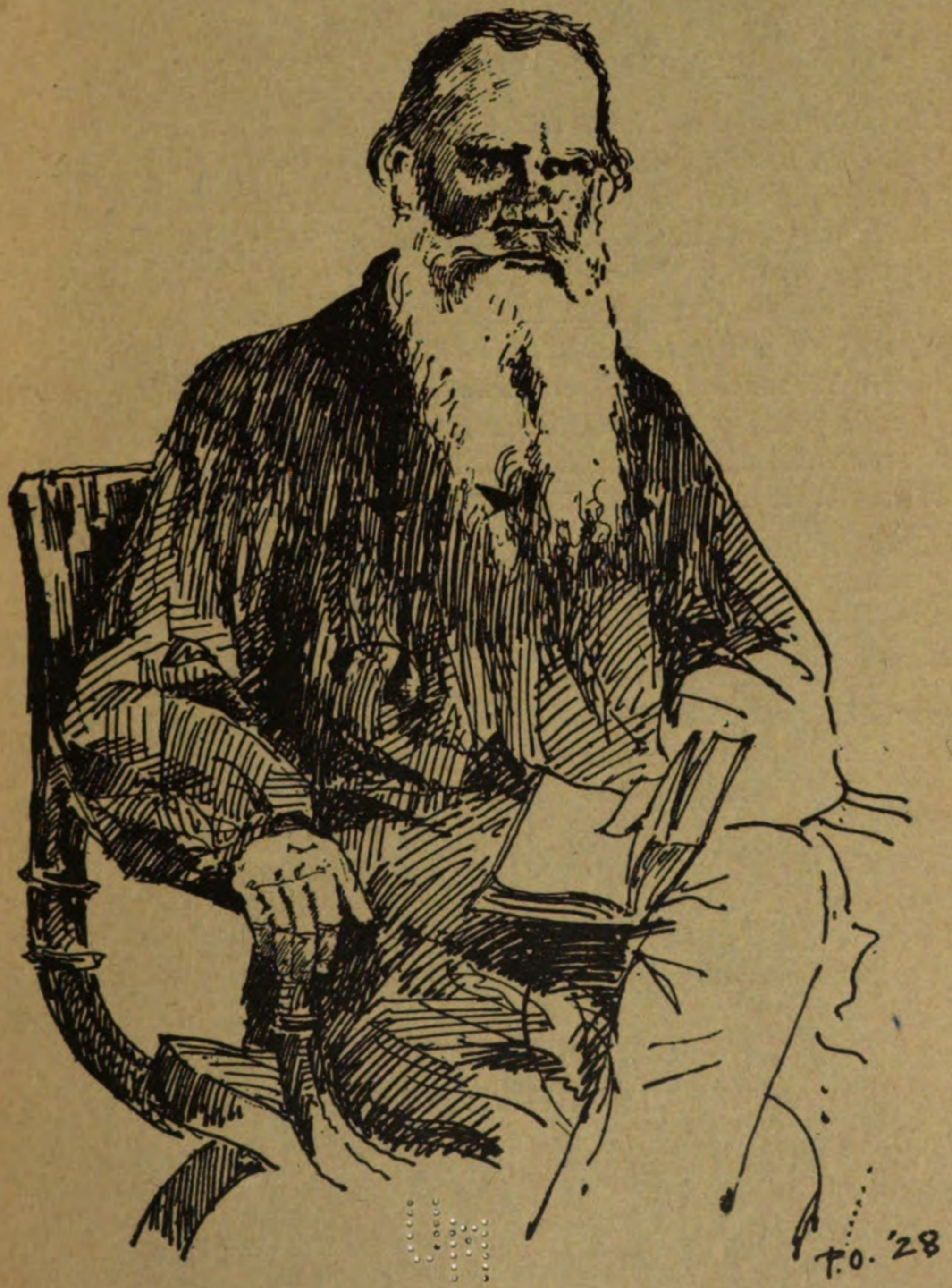

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER DESIGN, *Leo Nicolaevich Tolstoi*.....*Peter Obninsky*

WHAT TOLSTOI MEANS TO ME.....*Michael P. Ross* 1

MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER.....*Ilia Andreyevich Tolstoi*.. 2

LEO TOLSTOI.....*C. L. Meader* 6

TOLSTOI'S VIEWS OF WAR.....*George Rapall Noyes* 8

THE ARTIFICIAL CHRISTIAN.....*Stefan Zweig* 12

WHAT TO DO THEN.....*Jane Addams* 19

ABOUT WOMEN.....*Basil B. Petrov* 23

THE GENETICS OF TOLSTOI'S PHILOSOPHY....*Leo Wiener* 27

SMATTER 30

WHO'S WHO 32

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Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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WHAT TOLSTOI MEANS TO ME

MICHAEL P. ROSS

IT is very proper to dedicate this issue of *THE RUSSIAN STUDENT* to the memory of our Great Philosopher on his hundreth birthday.

If I could, I would like to place his works into every student's hands, because here they will be read and find response.

Especially I would like to call the attention of every fellow student to Tolstoi's *The Kingdom of God is Within You* which considers Christianity not as a mystical teaching, but as a new concept of life.

This book to me was a real revelation for it expounded the Truth which makes one free. Before reading it I was lost in the darkness of the world and the problems of life seemed to me so complicated; neither did I find any consolation in Religion. But after reading this book my mind became clear, the problems of life became simple and I understood the Religion of Christ and learned to find true Christianity in the mess of *Churchianities* of today.

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MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER

ILIA ANDREYEVICH TOLSTOI

In collaboration with Alfred G. Smaltz

Reprinted from The Mentor

MY FIRST memory of Grandfather was at the age of five years, when my mother, sister and I returned to Russia from a visit to England. We went directly to Telyetenka, my Uncle Tchertkoff's estate, which is only two miles distant from the ancestral home of the Tolstois, Yasnaya Polyana, "Pleasant Meadows." We had arrived early in the morning and about noon Grandfather and Grandmother came to visit us.

Being accustomed to the English manner of dress, I was surprised at Grandfather's appearance. He had on a warm, dark-colored blouse made in peasant style and worn outside the trousers. The trousers were dark and straight and tucked into high black boots of soft Russian leather. This somber costume made a striking background for his flowing white beard and shaggy head of white hair.

I knew at once that our grandfather was not like other men but I did not understand how he differed and only felt awe at this first meeting.

The succeeding years of my boyhood were spent on the near-by estates of my father and at Yasnaya Polyana.

The first visit I remember to my grandfather's house was in winter. In common with other Russian homes the family living-rooms are on the second floor and the personal quarters on the ground floor. The morning after our arrival when we went upstairs to the dining-room at an early hour we found we were not early enough for Grandfather, who was always a very early riser. He had been up for hours, had breakfasted and was ready for his walk. He wore warm felt boots known as *valenki*, a half-length black sheepskin coat such as peasants wear, and a long hooded muffler was wound around his throat and across his great shoulders. He called his favorite white Siberian dog, "Belka," and cane in hand, began his morning walk through the woods white and silent with deep snow. His morning walk would usually take him to the peasant village at the gates of Yasnaya Polyana. Here he would stop in some cottage where there was sickness or sorrow, or visit with some of his former pupils.

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When Grandfather would go to his study we knew we had to be quiet. We understood in our childish way that it was the work he did at his desk that made him a great man to all the world. To us he was simply our dear, kind grandfather who made life a joy for all of us at Yasnaya Polyana.

Every day, even in severest weather, Grandfather went for a horseback ride after he had eaten his lunch and rested a little in his room. Doctor Makovitsky, his personal physician, and close friend and sympathizer as well, usually rode with him. I never missed the preparations. When the horses came I would hurry to the courtyard. Well can I remember Grandfather coming from the house in his long-belted smock, riding crop in hand. The butler followed with the little mounting stool which was not over six inches in height. Then Grandfather would have the groom place me in the saddle and let me ride around the courtyard. I learned in this way my first simple lessons in horsemanship, and the next summer my joy was complete when Grandfather took me with him on short rides.

There was never a day at Yasnaya Polyana that our family numbered less than twenty people; often there were many more. Aunts and uncles with their families, other relatives and friends from near-by estates, and strangers—great men of the literary and musical world, many of them foreigners who had taken long journeys to reach what they seemed to regard as a shrine.

At these gatherings about the dining table we children were not allowed to speak, but must remain quiet throughout the long meal and the longer discussions. I was very proud of Grandfather, for when he spoke everyone listened and many of the strange people wrote something on their notebooks or pads which they kept concealed on their knees underneath the table cloth, putting down every word he spoke.

The evenings at Yasnaya Polyana were cozy and cheerful, a fitting end for busy, happy days. When there were musicians as guests, which was often, for Grandfather loved music, the family and guests would sit in groups around the great living-room while the artists filled the house with soul-stirring melody. On these evenings I remember that Grandfather would sit apart with one hand shading his eyes from the light as he listened. When he took down his hand after the music was over, sometimes there were tears glistening on his cheeks. After the musicians had gone he would often go to the piano and pick out with one finger some melody that had attracted him.

Chess was a favorite relaxation of Grandfather's but he was a little ashamed to admit that he liked to win. Some evenings he would leave the company and go to his study, where he

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would sit quietly in a great soft armchair. Sometimes he would pull up a small table with two candles burning on it and lay out the cards for "Patience"—another game he liked very much. There was a bell on the table fashioned to represent a turtle. I liked the nights when he was there, for when I went in to kiss him good night I would ask him to press the little bell. Then he would always say a few words so simply and tenderly that I was filled with a quiet happiness which made me eager for the company of another wonderful, unforgettable day at Yasnaya Polyana.

As in most lands, Christmas is the children's own day in Russia. How well I remember the excitement when the double doors of the living-rooms were opened and we saw the glowing tree. The sight of the beautiful pine from our own forests gleaming with candles and silver ornaments was overpowering and held us speechless.

Ilia Andreyevich Tolstoi and His Sister Listening to Grandfather's Tales

Courtesy of The Mentor

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The peasant boys and girls from the estate and near-by village came also and were shy and awkward at first in their costumes of bright colors and stiff new boots. Many of them wore costumes which did not fit, as they were borrowed from older brothers and sisters to wear to the party. Little by little the restraint wore off as bags of candy and presents were handed to each and we forgot ourselves in making others happy.

One day late in the fall of 1910 Mother told us very gravely that Grandfather had gone away from Yasnaya Polyana on the train. Word soon came that he was ill in the home of the station master at Astapovo. The next few days were distressing ones. Everywhere, at my uncle's, at Yasnaya Polyana and in the villages groups stood silently together as if they were afraid to be alone. There seemed to be a dark cloud hanging over everything—just waiting for a word all feared to hear. Mother said good-by to us and left to be near Grandfather, but before she reached him word came that he was no more.

"One who wishes to believe in immortality must lead an immortal life here on earth."

Tolstoi's Diary, March 6, 1896.

"Happiness consists in living for others."
"Man must be alone, if he is to draw near to God."

Tolstoi's Diary.

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LEO TOLSTOI

C. L. MEADER

AMONG the distinctive characteristics of Tolstoi's mind one marks him off sharply from other thinkers of his period and gives him a certain kinship to the broad-minded thinkers of an earlier generation such as Goethe and von Humboldt. This is the breadth and comprehensiveness of his interests and attainments as contrasted with the extreme specialists of the present generation. His knowledge of foreign languages was extensive, his acquaintance with religions embraced all the great systems of the world; he had read widely in literature; he was familiar with the field of esthetics, well informed on the educational theories of the past and the present and was conversant with the tendencies and main results of scientific thought.

This breadth of interests and attainments led him to observe the wider relations of phenomena and saved him from many of the pitfalls into which extreme specialists with their ultra-analytic methods have fallen. It was this intellectual habit of broad synthesis that led Tolstoi to build up a theory of life on the foundation of a single principle that could be consistently applied to all forms of human behavior. This principle is, of course, a psychological one to the effect that the passions of love and self-renunciation are the only ones that can always be realized under all circumstances and are hence the only ones that can be made the universal rules of conduct. Throughout the most of Tolstoi's life he was engaged more or less continuously in the attempt to work out in detail the application of this principle of conduct to all the manifold forms of human activity.

By the year 1900 he had approximately completed the task, when he published his treatise on art, having already developed his religious, political, economic and social theories. It is true that this very quality of Tolstoi's mind has been regarded by some as a fault or defect, on the supposition that the divergencies between the forms of human interests and activities is so great as to preclude the possibility of applying a single standard or principle to them all. However this may be, it still remains true that one part at least of his teachings, and that a vital part directly resulting from his synthetic habit of thought, corresponds so fully to the dominating tendencies of the world today as to suggest the idea that the future may witness the realization

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of his ideals in other particulars also. In this portion of his teachings Tolstoi is directly contrasted with Dostoevski, his great compeer as an artist. By the term *narod* Dostoevski understood the Christian peasant class of Russia, while under this term Tolstoi as an internationalist comprehended the working class the whole world over.

As Tolstoi puts it, the continuously operating activities of men consist in the destruction of physical and moral obstacles to the union of men and in establishing the principles common to all men which can and should unite them into one universal brotherhood. Herein appears to lie one of the most promising hopes of mankind.

Tolstoi—as a Fisherman—from the painting by M. Bounin

Courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons

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TOLSTOI'S VIEWS OF WAR

GEORGE RAPALL NOYES

COUNT Leo Tolstoi was by birth and training a Russian nobleman, proud of belonging to a class that had found its duty and its pleasure in the service of Russia in time of war. As a youth he followed the traditions of his class, entered the army, and did loyal service in the Crimean War, at the defense of Sevastopol. The spirit of the artillery officer never quite died out within him; in his old age he "nearly wept at the news of the fall of Port Arthur" (Maude). Yet during the last thirty years of his life he was not only the greatest opponent of war in modern times, but he was in his intellectual convictions an anti-patriot, an "undesirable citizen," a man who denounced not only fighting for one's country, but affection for that country rather than for all humanity, as a violation of the principles of true Christianity. His later views, however, were not wholly the result of his religious conversion; they were a natural development of certain tendencies in his character that are evident even in his youth.

Tolstoi—from a daguerreotype taken in 1855

Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

When in his *Sevastopol* (1855-56) Tolstoi, still in his twenties, describes the war in which he himself took part, he writes not as a soldier, proud of his daring and of his skill in killing other soldiers, but as a reflective, intelligent man, who sees war "not in regular, beautiful, and brilliant ranks, with music and the beating of drums, with waving banners and generals on prancing steeds," but "in its true expression, in blood, in sufferings, in death" (*Sevastopol in December, 1854*, ch. 1). For Tolstoi, as for General Sherman, "war is hell," but Tolstoi is a writer of genius while General Sherman was inarticulate. Authors before him, from Homer to Sir Walter Scott, had taken the point of view of

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the killer; Tolstoi took that of the man who is being killed. His writings, more than those of any other one man, have worked a revolution in the literary treatment of war. The newspaper correspondents of 1914-17 for the most part described war in the spirit of Tolstoi. Furthermore, while in *Sevastopol* Tolstoi shows not a little patriotism, in the sense of devotion to Russia and of admiration for the quiet heroism of the Russian private soldiers, he never betrays hatred, or even dislike, for the French nation, or even for the French soldiers against whom the Russians are fighting. Here Tolstoi's example has unfortunately had no such potent influence on military authors.

In *War and Peace* (1865-69) Tolstoi describes war in the same fashion, though with greater amplitude. But now he reasons upon war, and concludes that it is altogether cruel and immoral, but that it is caused by vast, inscrutable forces over which man has no power. Military heroism is of no consequence, generalship of no avail; Napoleon had no influence over the campaign in Russia which he fancied that he commanded and guided. Man's will is bound by destiny; his outward acts are beyond his own control. The true ideal for man is found not in military glory, nor in outward activity of any sort, but in inward moral perfection. The stupid, kindly peasant Platon Karatayev, who submits calmly to his fate, and who loves impartially all human beings, including his French captors, embodies for Tolstoi that moral perfection.

In *Anna Karenina* (1875-77) Tolstoi no longer meditates on the problems of history; private life absorbs his whole being. But at the close of the novel he describes in a tone of amused contempt the patriotic enthusiasm with which Russia was entering on a war with Turkey. Nevertheless, Tolstoi has not yet departed from the traditions of his own class of society; he is still a loyal subject of the Tsar. Levin expresses the point of view of his creator when he says:

"My theory is this: War, on the one hand, is such an animal, cruel, and terrible thing that no single man, not to speak of a Christian, can take upon himself the responsibility for the beginning of war; of that the government alone is capable, which is summoned to do so and is inevitably brought into war. On the other hand both science and common sense teach us that in state matters, and especially in the matter of war, citizens renounce their private will." (*Anna Karenina*, part viii, ch. 15.)

Tolstoi's repugnance for war is merely a part of his repugnance for all state authority. Prisons, policemen, juries trying a civil suit, are almost as odious to him as armies and generals, for all of them are instruments of violence, of the use of force

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in human relations. Tolstoi, (after his religious conversion in 1878) has become a Christian anarchist. As such, he is a reactionist, rejecting modern ideals of material progress and indifferent or opposed to most elements of modern civilization. In his opinion cities are nurseries of vice and evil; a righteous man must live a simple life close to the soil.

The anarchistic quality of Tolstoi's developed system did not spring wholly from his study of the Gospel. An ardent individualist, he had always chafed against human authority of any sort. He had despised the Russian Liberals with their championship of constitutional machinery. His ideal of government throughout his early life had been that of sentimental submission to the will of the Tsar. When this sentimental reverence for the autocracy was destroyed by his religious conversion, he constructed an anarchistic ideal in accord with his own temperament as well as with his religious doctrines. Compromise, a government that should be half force and half persuasion, was alien to his nature.

As a whole, Tolstoi's ethical and social system is not an important part of modern thought; the man's personality is more impressive than his theories. Yet in one feature of that system, in his hatred of war and its attendant suffering and bloodshed, Tolstoi has been an international influence of real power. He despised peace conferences, organized by governments that themselves rested on violence; for the League of Nations he would have had nothing but scorn. His appeal was to the individual man; it was an ideal of private character. His means of destroying war, passive resistance to military service on the part of individuals, is such as comparatively few men have accepted or would now accept: the world at large holds much the same view as Tolstoi himself uttered through the lips of Levin in *Anna Karenina*. The world feels the need for peace; it does not feel the need for the dissolution of all governmental authority. But governmental machinery cannot abolish war, or the trade in narcotics, or commercial prostitution, unless it be supported by an international public opinion. Towards creating an international public opinion opposed to war, Tolstoi has probably done more than any one man, even though he be one worker for peace among hundreds of thousands. Tolstoi was a preacher, not an organizer. But, though he wrote in Russian, a language practically unknown outside of the bounds of its own country, he reached a far wider audience than any other preacher of his time. His words were read by the wise and by the simple in almost every country of the globe, and they had their effect. His message was that of love for all men.

Tolstoi influences the individual conscience; he makes men reflect. Reflecting, most men refuse to agree with Tolstoi in de-

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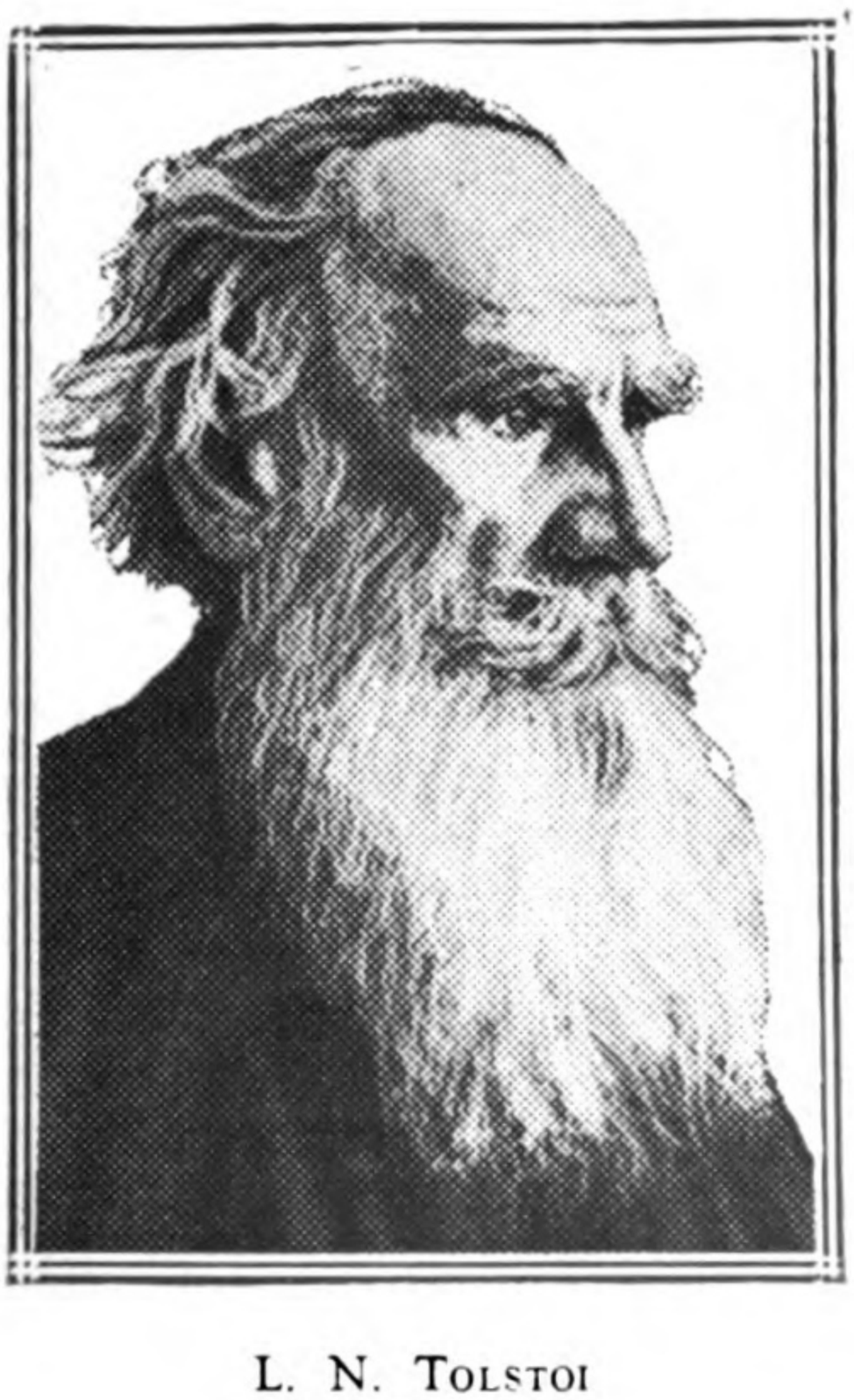
siring the abolition of all human laws based on force; they think that the present state order does more good than harm. But, reflecting, most good men agree with Tolstoi in his abhorrence of violence between man and man, or between nation and nation. They admit that in a perfect social order all use of restraint would disappear, but they differ from Tolstoi in that they regard such a perfect social order as unattainable. While they deplore the necessity for prisons and for criminal law, they think that it is better to improve prisons and criminal law than suddenly to abolish them. But as regards war, they agree with Tolstoi that war should be abolished, and that at once. Their means of abolishing war, such as international treaties of arbitration, are such as Tolstoi would regard as of no value, but their point of view, the hatred of bloodshed and the love of humanity, is the same as his own. By helping to create an abhorrence of war on grounds of principle, rather than of mere expediency, Tolstoi takes his place among the great moral leaders of our time.



L. N. Tolstoi
1828—1910

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THE ARTIFICIAL CHRISTIAN

STEFAN ZWEIG

Translated by Eden & Cedar Paul

> *"Ah me, how hard it is to live only in God's sight—to live as men have lived when lowered into a shaft, knowing that they would never get out of it, and that no one would ever learn how they had lived there. But one must, one must live like that, for only such a life is a life. Help me, Lord."*
>
> *Diary, November, 1900*

GRANT me faith, Lord," cries Tolstoi despairingly to the God he has hitherto denied. This God, it would seem, does not show indulgence towards those who seek him impetuously, instead of waiting humbly until his will is revealed to them. For Tolstoi brings impatience, his besetting sin, into the field of religion. He is not content to ask for faith. He must have it given instantly, all complete, hafted like an axe, so that he can use it to clear away the thicket of his doubts. This nobleman is accustomed to servants who jump to obey his nod; he has been spoiled, too, by those keen senses of his, which have been wont in the twinkling of an eye to convey to him all the knowledge of the world. He is a passionate, capricious, self-willed man; such persons can never wait patiently. He will not be satisfied to wait, like a devout monk, abiding the time when the light will begin to shed its ray on him from above. He wants the full glare of day to shine instantly into his tenebrous soul. With one leap, his mettlesome spirit, unhindered by obstacles, is to press forward to the "meaning of life," is to "know God," to "think God," as he expresses it almost arrogantly. Faith, the imitation of Christ, humility, absorption into the essence of God—these things he expects to learn as easily and swiftly as, though his hair is grey, he now learns Greek and Hebrew. He is to become an accomplished pedagogue, theologian, sociologist within six months, or at any rate in a year.

But where can he who does not already bear within himself the seeds of faith, discover faith thus suddenly? How can a man betwixt night and morning become sympathetic, kindly, humble, gentle as a good Franciscan, when for fifty years he has appraised the world with the unsparing aloofness of a man of science, when he is a primitive nihilist of the Russian type,

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when to him the most important thing has ever been himself? How can a will of adamant be transformed in a hand's turn into an accommodating love of mankind? Where can such a self-centered person learn the faith that will enable him to lose himself, and to undergo absorption into a higher, a super-human power? "Surely," says Tolstoi, to himself, "from those who already have such a faith, or say they have, from Mother Church, who for two thousand years has worn Christ's signet!"

Instantly, therefore (for he will not waste a moment), Leo Tolstoi drops on his knees before the ikons, fasts, makes pilgrimages to monasteries, argues with popes and bishops, and flutters the pages of the gospels. For three years, he tries his best to be orthodox; but the incense-laden air of the churches strikes chill into a soul that is already shivering with cold. Soon, disillusioned once for all with orthodoxy, he shuts the doors behind him. The Church, he finds, is not in possession of the true faith; nay, rather, the Church has allowed the waters of life to dry up or run away; in the Church, the teachings of religion have been falsified.

He seeks elsewhere. Perhaps the philosophers will know more about this mysterious "meaning of life." At once, with berserker rage, Tolstoi, whose thoughts have never before been concerned with suprasensual matters, begins to read helter-skelter the writings of the philosophers of all ages, gulping down their words far too rapidly to digest their meaning. He begins with Schopenhauer, ever the chosen companion of those whose minds have been overcast with gloom; goes back to Socrates and Plato; gives Mohammed a turn; tries Confucius and Lao-tse; studies the mystics, the stoics, the sceptics; reads Nietzsche. He closes their books. They, too, have no other means of studying the universe than the one he has himself been using all these years, the keen, laborously contemplative understanding; they, too, are questioners rather than knowers; they, too, are striving towards God, and have not yet found rest in God. They create systems for the mind, but do not bring peace to a troubled soul; they bestow knowledge, but do not give solace.

Then, like a sick man who could get no help from the accredited practitioners, and therefore gives the herbalists and the village wiseacres a trial, Tolstoi, who has the best intelligence of all the Russians of his day, turns in the sixth decade of his life to the peasants, to the "folk", that from them, the unlearned, he may learn the true faith, may draw wisdom from the sources of unwisdom. They, the unlearned, who have never been confused or corrupted by the written word; they, the poor and afflicted, who toil uncomplainingly, and who, when their hour comes, slink into a corner to die like dumb beasts; they, who do

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not doubt because they do not think, because they are endowed with sancta simplicitas—they must have a secret which enables them without a murmur to bow their necks beneath the iron yoke of poverty. They, in their stupidity, must know something which is hidden from the keen intelligence of the wise, something thanks to which, though backward in matters of reason, they are leaders in the world of the soul. "The way we live is wrong, and the way they live is right." That is why God shines visibly out of their patient existence, while those who have nothing better than a "vain, voluptuous greed for knowledge" have turned away from the true source of light, which is in the heart. Had they not a solace of their own, had they not a magical amulet, they could not so cheerfully, so light-heartedly endure an existence as pitiful as theirs. Thinking these thoughts, the impatient and unruly man lusts to discover this arcanum of the simple. From them, from them alone, from "God's own people," Tolstoi is now convinced that he will learn the secret of how to live "rightly," will learn the art of patient self-surrender to a harsh life and a still harsher death.

Let him enter into communion with them, get into close touch with their life, that he may pluck the divine mystery from them! Off with the gentleman's coat and on with the peasant's smock; away from the table that is laden with costly viands and useless books. Henceforward he will nourish himself on innocent herbs and bland milk, and will learn humility, the wisdom of the simple. In this spirit he now sets to work, Leo Nicolaevich Tolstoi, lord of Yasnaya Polyana and other manors, the author whose writings have made him lord of millions of readers. He drives the plough; shoulders the cask in which water is carried from the well; toils indefatigably in the harvest-field side by side with his own peasants. The hand which wrote *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*, now devotes itself to cutting out and stitching shoes, to the handling of duster and broom, to the making of garments. Swiftly, swiftly, let him get into close contact with his "brothers." Leo Tolstoi hopes to become one of the "folk," and thus to make himself a true Christian. He goes into the village, to foregather there with those who are still little more than serfs, and who still, when he draws near, pull off their caps from force of habit. He summons them to his house, where, in their heavy boots, they stump awkwardly and timidly across the polished floor, and draw a breath of relief when they find that the baron, "His Worship," has no complaint to make of them, and does not, as they had feared, propose to raise their rents. How strange, he wants to talk to them about God, always about God! They scratch their heads, perplexed. The good fellows remember that the count had had a fad of this kind once before. For a whole year, until he wearied of it, he had taught the youngsters in the school. What can he be up to now?

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They listen to him suspiciously, for in truth this nihilist disguised as a peasant can hardly fail to seem a government spy to these members of the "folk" when he is trying to learn the secret of their humility, to discover the key of their faith, to learn from them what he must learn if he is to be successful in the campaign leading to God.

But the revelations of the peasants will be of use only to art and to the artist. The best of Tolstoi's writings are embellished with the results of these rural conversations, and henceforward his phrasing is vivified and strengthened by peasant metaphors. The wisdom of the simple is not to be learned. When *Anna Karenina* was published, Dostoevski clairvoyantly said concerning Levin, the impersonation of Tolstoi in that novel: "Such men as Levin may live with the folk as long as they please, but they can never become part of the folk. No powers of determination, of will, or of imagination will enable a man to accomplish his object in going down among the people." The brilliant visionary hits the bull's-eye, pierces to the core of the Tolstoian metamorphosis, discloses the true nature of the artificial Christianity of a man who, in desperation and not from love, in bitter spiritual need and not from spontaneous brotherliness, has gone down among the people. Tolstoi, the intellectual, may put on peasant attire and may do his utmost to assume the dull mentality of a peasant, but he will never be able to rid himself of the wide experience which has given him his specific outlook on the universe, will never be able to animate his body with a peasant's soul, will never reduce the mentality of one who has been searching for truth decade after decade to the simpler mentality, to the implicit faith, of a genuine son of the soil.

It does not suffice to throw oneself into a cell, like Verlaine, and to pray: "Mon Dieu, donne moi de la simplicité." This alone will not make the silver grain of humility ripen in the heart. Faith must be something lived and experienced; one cannot merely "profess" it. Neither a union with the common people by the bonds of sympathy, nor yet the appeasement of conscience by a genuine religious sentiment, can be made to irradiate the soul by some such simple process as turning an electric switch. Wearing a peasant smock, drinking kvass, mowing crops—these outward forms of equalization with the tillers of the soil can easily be adopted, without a moment's delay. But a Boeotian dullness of mind cannot be assumed at will; the intelligence cannot be lowered as one lowers a gas-flame. Luminosity and alertness of mind are an inalienable treasure; they dominate the will, and cannot be dominated thereby; and they assert themselves all the more vigorously when they feel that their sovereignty is threatened. Just as little as any spiritualistic legerdemain can equip us with knowledge transcending the inborn pos-

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sibilities of experience, just so little can the intellect take a single step back towards simplicity at the prompting of a sudden decision.

It was impossible that Tolstoi, a man of keen and far-reaching intelligence, should not speedily recognize that a damping down of his spiritual complexity to become complacent simplicity was beyond the powers even of such a will as his. In later years he said: "The attempt to constrain the spirit is like the attempt to catch a sunbeam; shut it up as tight as you please, it will always find its way out." In the long run he could not fail to be aware that his stubborn, contentious, overbearing intelligence made enduring humility impossible to him. Nor did the peasants ever really accept him as one of themselves, though he wore their dress and adopted their habits. As for the world at large, it merely considered him to be dressing up, and did not believe that there could be a genuine transformation of his mind. His closest associates, his wife, his children, the other members of his household, and his real friends (not the professional Tolstoians), contemplated with uneasiness this attempt on his part to force himself into an environment that was unnatural to him. Turgenieff, writing on his deathbed, appealed to the "greatest of Russian writers" to return to the world of art. Countess Tolstoi, the victim of her husband's spiritual struggles, remarked to him at this time: "You used to say you were uneasy because you had no faith. Why, then, are you not happy now, when you say you have found it?" The argument was simple and unanswerable. There is nothing to show that Tolstoi, after his conversion to the folk-God, had thereby attained peace of mind, the power to rest in the bosom of his newly found deity. On the contrary, whenever he speaks of his new doctrine, we cannot but feel that he is trying to hide the unsteadiness of his faith by vociferating that naught can shake his conviction. During the days that followed the conversion, all Tolstoi's sayings and doings had a disagreeable stridency. There was something ostentatious, forced, cantankerous, bigoted about them. His Christianity brayed like a trumpet, his humility strutted like a peacock. Anyone with a fine ear could detect in the exaggerations of his abasement the old note of Tolstoian arrogance, could discern the pride which had assumed the mask of humility. Read the famous passage in his confession where he is endeavoring to "prove" his conversion by vilifying his life of earlier days: "I killed men in war, I fought duels, I squandered at the gaming table the money extorted from the peasants and I oppressed them cruelly, I went awhoring with light women, and betrayed men. Lying, theft, adultery, all kinds of drunkenness and bestiality, every possible infamy, did I commit; there is no crime which cannot be laid to my charge." Lest any should excuse his offences on the ground that he is an artist, he goes on to say: "During these days I began to scribble, moved thereto by vanity, greed, and arrogance. In pursuit of

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fame and wealth, I repressed the good in my nature, and wallowed in sin."

A terrible confession, this; heart-rending in its moral pathos! Nevertheless, to speak frankly, has anyone ever really despised Leo Tolstoi because, in war time, he discharged his duties as artillery lieutenant; because, being a man of strong passions, he lived in his bachelor days the life led by other young men of his class; did anyone else ever look upon him as he, in his fanatical zeal for self-abasement, looked upon himself as "a vile and sinful person," as a "louse"? Have we not an unpleasant feeling that he protests too much? Can we fail to surmise that an irritable conscience, is one animated by excessive penitence, by an arrogant humility, is inventing sins? Are we not forced to suspect that a soul lusting to bear testimony is assuming the burden of non-existent crimes as a way of "taking up the cross"? Are we not forced to suspect that in this way Tolstoi is trying to "prove" his Christian humility? Does not the urgent desire for such proof, so convulsive a parade of self-vilification, imply that there is no real humility, assured and equable, in this tortured soul? Do we not actually sense the existence of a dangerously perverted vanity? As soon as the first uncertain spark of faith begins to glow within him, the impatient convert is eager to set the whole of mankind ablaze with it, like the Germanic chiefs of long ago who, before the drops of baptismal water had dried on their heads, seized axes to hew down the sacred oaks, and hastened with fire and sword to fall upon their unconverted neighbors. With leaps and bounds, with titanic energy, Tolstoi storms onward towards the faith; but there is nothing to show that he has really attained it and conquered it. For, if faith signifies rest in God, and if to be a Christian means to lead a life full of tranquillity, then this man fired with splendid impatience was never a believer, this man glowing with discontent was never a Christian. Not unless we term an illimitable thirst for religiosity, religion, and not unless we call a burning desire for God, Christianlike, must this seeker after God be numbered among the faithful.

For the very reason that he was only half successful in his quest, for the very reason that he never attained real conviction, Tolstoi's crisis passes beyond the bounds of an individual experience to become a memorable example, teaching us that even the most iron-willed of men is unable to alter his primary disposition, unable, by any outburst of energy, to transform himself into his opposite. Our inherited disposition may be bettered in certain directions, may be modified or intensified. A moral passion may incite us to improve ourselves by deliberate effort. But it is impossible to erase the fundamental lineaments of character, or to rebuild body and mind upon a new architectural plan. When Tolstoi tells us that we can "wean ourselves from selfish-

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ness as from tobacco," or that love can be "conquered," faith "compelled," we note in contradiction the modest results in these directions he himself achieved at the cost of frenzied endeavour. There is no evidence to show that Tolstoi, the violent, unsympathetic, and nihilistic observer, the choleric being "whose eyes flashed at the least hint of contradiction", became in a moment a kindly, gentle, affectionate, socially disposed Christian, a "servant of God", and "brother" to all those he termed his brethren. No doubt his "transformation" had brought about a change in his outlooks, his opinions, his words; but not in his nature. After the "awakening", as before, his uneasy spirit was overshadowed, gloomy, prone to self-torment. Tolstoi was not born to be contented. For the very reason that he was so headstrong, God would not immediately "grant" him the gift of faith; and during the thirty years that followed the crisis, down to the last hour of his life, he had to continue the struggle. His Damascus was not over and done with in a night, nor yet in a year. To the end, Tolstoi found no answer that would satisfy him, no faith in which he could rest. To the last moment of his life, he felt life to be a mystery.

Thus his leap towards God fell short. But the artist who is unable to cross a gulf has always one resource. He can project his own need into humanity at large, thus universalizing it. In this way Tolstoi rises above the selfish cry of terror, "what will happen to me?" to ask, "what will happen to us?" Unable to convince himself, he wants to persuade others. Unable to change himself, he tries to change mankind. Such has ever been the origin of religion. These great endeavors to better the world have arisen (Nietzsche knew it well) out of an individual's "flight from himself." A stormtossed soul, seeking relief from the question that torments it, generalizes that question, transforming a personal unrest into a worldwide unrest. Tolstoi, the passionate man who could have no illusions, the man whose heart was consumed with doubt, never succeeded in becoming a pious Christian after the Franciscan model; but his intimate knowledge of the torment of unfaith led him to attempt more earnestly and persistently than any other of our day to save the world from the abyss of nihilism, to make the world more believing than he himself was ever able to become. "The only refuge from despair is to project one's ego into the world." Tolstoi's tormented and questing ego writes large the terrible problems which assail it, that they may serve as warning and instruction for all mankind.

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WHAT TO DO THEN

JANE ADDAMS

SOME books are to us not so much books as they are vital experiences. This depends not only upon the book itself, but also upon the sum of influences and of social trends under which it is read. A young person reading today Tolstoi's *What to Do Then* might find it difficult to conceive the profound impression which it made upon sensitive people when it first appeared. At this period in the late eighties there was a widespread moral malaise in regard to existing social conditions, ranging from a mere unformulated sense of uneasiness to an acute consciousness of unredressed wrongs. The abuses connected with the beginnings of machine production had by the end of the nineteenth century been somewhat lessened in England and the United States, but the evil slum conditions in our rapidly growing cities, with all the inevitable results on health and morals, were pressing on men's minds. Social and moral questioning, stimulated by some of the greatest leaders of English thought, had driven deep furrows in the smooth surface of nineteenth century satisfaction with the belief that progress was inevitable.

An astonishing number of writers either formulated this uneasiness or described the conditions from which it arose. Although a few of these writers have taken a permanent place in English literature, as had their forerunners, Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold, many of them who have since proved ephemeral gave at the moment a poignant challenge to the English reading public. *The Bitter Cry of Outcast London, Darkest England and the Way Out,* Charles Booth's monumental study, *Life and Labor of the People,* Beatrice Webb's first-hand story of her voluntary experiences in sweatshop and factory and the brilliant Fabian Essays, containing the early work of Shaw, Sidney Webb, and Olivier, found an echo in the United States, where a lesser literature of the same sort was beginning to appear, although it did not reach its zenith until a decade later.

Into a surcharged atmosphere such as this came the trenchant challenge of Tolstoi's book written with that overwhelming sincerity and simplicity which distinguished the works of genius. It illustrated once more that "A new simplicity is the most baffling of all human achievements and the most perdurable."

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It is also fair to state in defense of the multitude of other writers that none of them was faced with a situation so direct and simple in itself as that presented in Russia. The vague questionings and indictments of long established customs were much more difficult to reduce to underlying principles in the midst of our own complicated social order than they were in the simple conditions prevailing in Russia. For instance, in *What to Do Then* Tolstoi had poignantly drawn the contrast between the toiling underfed peasants in the fields and the life led by himself and his friends at the nearby manor house, whither the idlers had come from Moscow to enjoy the pleasures of country life in summer. They were carelessly absorbing the services of peasants whose help was urgently needed to secure the crops of hay and grain during the brief and overburdened days of harvest, and in certain instances, as when the rain threatened to fall upon the drying hay, their luxurious living imperiled the crop itself. The statement of Tolstoi's scruples under these conditions were curiously like those formulated by Abraham Lincoln, years before when driven by the existence of slavery to a long meditation on the basic relations between man and man, had carefully written down, "As labor is the common burden of our race, so the effort of some to shift their shares of burden onto the shoulders of others is the great durable curse of the race."

Some of us who were making sincere efforts to deal with the results of city poverty were startled by Tolstoi's passionate revulsion against the attempt at a solution through benevolence, although even then we realized that there was nothing in Russia corresponding in reasonableness, thoroughness and extent to the painstaking and very genuine efforts made in Great Britain and the United States to bring intelligent and permanent help to individual cases, efforts which we believe would lead inevitably to legislative and economic reforms. But, even that first rush of enthusiasm incident to the welding of a new implement for social service showed traces of the lashing of Tolstoi's book. I find an early definition of social settlements formulated with the preposterous pensiveness of youth: "A social settlement may be described as an anodyne of work for the misery engendered by contemplating life as it is!"

There was in the minds of many of us at that moment a touch of impatience over the overwhelming concern of Tolstoi for personal righteousness. There was something almost talmudic in his passionate desire to fulfill the law literally, and to be clean, in the very decades when the leaders of Christian thought were emphasizing the social message of Christianity. But was not Tolstoi himself part of this very movement when he reiterated his conviction that the only method to better external conditions and to lessen the bitter and degrading sufferings of

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poverty was for each man to turn straight around in his path and to share quite simply and directly in the tasks of common labor? We know now only too well how inadequate such a method must be and yet we also know that in one sense there is no other way to make clear the possession of fresh moral insight and to formulate it for others who are unable to formulate it for themselves. It not only stirs others into action but gives reality to the message itself.

For many reasons, therefore, the indictment brought in *What to Do Then* was almost unbearable to thousands of young people who read it in the late eighties and early nineties. This was true, although we even then allowed for the inadequacy of Tolstoi's economic analysis and saw that rural conditions in Russia had become as obsolete in western society as had the cradle which the peasants were using to harvest their wheat. We also saw how unreasonable and even captious he was in his criticism of science, art and literature—everything that he summed up in the word "civilization" which he so especially detested because he regarded its trivial activities as a time-filling substitute for genuine labor.

Realizing also as we grow older that life can never be logical and consistent, it still remains the fact that Tolstoi makes complacency as impossible now as when *What to Do Then* first appeared. In England, as in Russia, a few conscience-stricken readers renounced their property, some of them going to live in Tolstoian colonies, although Tolstoi himself disapproved such attempts. There was at least one such experiment in the United States. But for a single such decision to break with the existing order there were hundreds who without defying well-established custom—"that principle magistrate of man's life"—lived through miserable days and sleepless nights tormented by the simple question of "what to do?" Most of these, whether they finally worked through the problem to their own satisfaction or whether they gave it up and lived on as best they could without a sense of having solved it, found their lives in greater or less degree permanently modified. Respect for hard, simple labor was reinforced if not glorified by Tolstoi's feeling in regard to it, and at the least desire remained to simplify one's personal living and to lesson one's selfish absorption of other people's labor.

How many of his readers found the sense of joyful release in labor that Tolstoi himself describes at the close of the book one cannot know, but this joy is one of the elements which remain distinctly in one's mind. The passage describing the release which Tolstoi finds in the wheat field is one of the finest

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passages ever written even by that great master of literature. Tormented as he had been for years by the intolerable irritant of inner unrest, he tells how he found himself, happier, kinder and more serene, and how the problems that had beset him resolved themselves after he made his great decision and began his laboring days. This was, of course, in some degree a passing phase. The contradictory demands of his new way of life and those of his family, which his reason as well as his affection admitted as legitimate—and perhaps also his own complexities of temperament and experience—made it impossible for him to work out a permanent, completely self-consistent and satisfactory scheme of life. He never appeared as a triumphant man, and the problems described in this book were never successfully solved, but beset him to the very end. The fact that this was so is due to the greatness of the man at least as much as to his weaknesses. He would not pretend and, above all, he would not deceive himself, nor his readers.

It may be no clearer to us than it was to him that a righteous life cannot be lived in a society that is not righteous. It was clearer to him than it has been to any others, save to a small handful of shining souls, that the true man can attempt nothing less and that society can be made righteous in no other way.

A message such as this comes from time to time and strikes harshly upon a permanent sore spot in the careless hearts of men.

"The man who has no other goal than his own happiness is a bad man. He whose goal is the good opinion of others is a weak man. He whose goal is the happiness of others is a virtuous man. He whose goal is God is a great man!"

Tolstoi's Journal, 1851.

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ABOUT WOMEN

BASIL B. PETROV

WHAT better can one do in writing about women than to turn to the Prophet; he knew them well; he had so many. "Il ne faut jamais battre une femme même avec une fleur," the Koran tells us. Thus it is not without a certain sense of reverence and sympathy that one approaches the nineteenth century woman. Indeed, much of the importance of that, perhaps unfortunate century, revolved around a great queen. It is time to say, paraphrasing Pound, "I hated you long enough —let there be commerce between us."

"The passing of an era" proved to be, among other things, the passing of a regime in more senses than one. The Victorians witnessed the last blooming of the aristocracy as an accepted institution. They were respected for the dignity of their behavior, for their adherence to "principles", for their punctiliousness in matters of form; even, their prudishness, that butt of our age of jazz and cocktail, was invested with the approval of the middle classes.

The rigidity of behavior, conducive as it was to an overemphasis on emotion—an emotion ingrown in character and finding an all too ready soil in human nature—produced the Romantic movement in literature. The Irenes and Annas found too much common sense in the Karenins' and Forsytes' upholding of the regime, in their critical gaze for what lay outside their lines. They committed "follies." Bred, not merely reared, they were great ladies. Their essentially feminine character had form and culture.

Thus one finds Anna (only about the ninetieth page, God knows!) exquisite in black velvet from the rue de la Paix, her small hands laden with rings, resplendent, charming, with a peculiar, mysterious vivaciousness—the hidden vitality Tolstoi makes so much of, which goes nicely with black velvet and leaves a suspicion that "Childe Harold" was not altogether foreign to her book-shelf. "An excess of vitality so filled her whole being that it betrayed itself against her will" . . . there was "something strange, satanic, and enchanting about her." And no wonder, since she moved in a "higher world full of complex poetic interests." These "complex and poetic interests" are too important

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for over-emphasis in an analysis of her nature. For what interests are complex and poetic but the old yet ever new elements of Romance! What but love preoccupies all that is beautiful and most that is ugly! With this one discovers another dangerous quality, "the capacity for letting herself be completely carried away but, on the other hand, for completely repenting." Thus "love outweighs all else that is good in life." In this revealing quotation one finds the essential element of Romance which lends a peculiar sympathy to Mary Magdalen and makes one forget the inanities of "Paul et Virginie."

Realizing this all-important state of bliss, Anna finds strength for the necessity of forsaking everything dear to her. For, in comparison, her social standing, grown banal through security and custom, even her son, at this supreme moment seem stale and easy to forego. Having burned Anna's ships, one journeys on a honeymoon under Southern skies and leads a life of modern complexity in the country—the Western idea of Arcadia being incomplete without a liveried footman and an Italian palazzo.

But like Lasarus, in Andrieev's beautiful tale, who, once having seen the divine vision, resurrected remains sad and horrified on earth, Anna's happiness gives way before the small things of life. For it is not the great moments of stress, overpowering in their tragedy, that crush the inner being—the soul summons all her strength to resist them—but the routine drip of small incidents that undermine the sturdiest natures. Thus the realization of the world outside, hostile to transgressors of the Victorian code, breaks into the hothouse atmosphere of a "great passion." Death as the sole means of reviving love for herself in his heart, of "punishing him," death which so conveniently solves with utmost finality the problems of this world, presents itself plainly to Anna. And here enters the second element of all great Romances, love and death being the two facts which never will cease to agitate, to interest humanity.

As a writer, not a philosopher, Tolstoi did not transcend his epoch. In this sense he was never prophetic. His task, self-appointed, was that of historian. *Anna Karenina* is an epic of the Russian nobility of the time. In Anna, however, one finds the hint of the modern woman. She is essentially a revolteé. The intellectual tumult of the coming century finds accordant notes in the character of Anna. She breaks her frames for the sake of her great love, for the sake of the only expression of her personality that matters. It seems ominous, this freight train, this ponderous worker for society, prosperity, progress, which crushes her finally.

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Keeping in mind the germ of revolt, based on the most primitive emotion, in the develoment of women the analysis must necessarily proceed to a higher intellectuality. Ibsen, preoccupied with modern problems, was prophetic in the sense that Tolstoi was not. To him one turns as to a dictionary to behold in precise, concise form questions and types essentially modern. The background of people changes. The aristocracy having ceased to exert a tangible influence, the emphasis with democratic times is shifted to the middle class. The women no longer are great ladies à tout prix. Their intellects begin to burst the formality. Their love is reasoned, complex, questioning, no longer the simple, direct urge of Anna.

Thus, in the procession of Ibsen's women, Hedda Gabler, who superficially perhaps resembles Anna, since she too primarily concentrates on love, is different in an essential quality. The tone of her feeling is no longer simple. While for Anna the overpowering passion is by its mere existence beautiful, the more analytical mind of Hedda longs for the beautiful above everything else, producing hence a shallowness of feeling, reasoned aesthetically. She has a deliberate pose to live up to, one socially prominent, extravagant in accessories. Out of devotion to this aesthetic romanticism, she breaks the delicate china figures of her new family and friends.

She strongly believes in the "luscious and grand", a man wrapt in black velvet on a craggy peak, (so Ibsenesque!) shooting himself in a respectable part of his anatomy. How then can she survive the idea that this beau geste is marred by the vulgar setting of a cocotte's apartment and a night too gay for the stage!

Thus the Romantic doctrine of "emotion for emotion's sake" sustains a shock in Hedda through the introduction of some aestheticism, and swings gradually to a position where the idea is dominant. As in modern society, women begin to play a prominent part, with a definite, positive element of strength backed by reason. It is the strong, dissheveled Lona, "busting in" from the country where women rule, who breaks the sham of "Pillars of Society," squares the accounts of sin and virtue. Even the mildest of them—Dina, Martha—claim their right to independent life, to their individual devotion, strengthened no longer by vague feelings but by grand philosophical ideas of good and evil.

They go still further in the *Master Builder*, whom Miss Wangel loftily commands to death for the fulfilment of her dreams. She wishes to inspire, to conquer the old generation. Her "castles in the air" are not castles at all, rather an inordinate mania for grandeur.

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The newly developed feminine strength learns, however, to subordinate itself to a sounder reasoning, and with Mrs. Alving in *Ghosts* gives a lifelong battle to heredity. Her love and desperate struggle amid the pettiness, the stuffiness, the stupidity of environment is animated by a feeling true blue in character, by a desire for a broader vision of her maternal love. She works towards her goal, ruthlessly chopping her own legitimate longings, and her defeat is that essence of the tragic which makes the Greeks alive with inspiration even for the present day. In her, indeed, one finds the vitality which "betrays itself against her will."

But in no other play of Ibsen's is the struggle for the rights of women treated more in relief than in *The Doll's House*. The superficially light Nora, even before her formal awakening in the third act, thinks about her rights to save her husband. She leads an independent life, carefully concealed until experience suggests to her that frank acceptance of facts by both parties is uncompromisingly necessary for the stability of the home, for the formation of character in chidren.

Thus the dominant note of modern times, the desire for frank acceptance of facts, intensified since the war, is finally sounded by women. The facing of facts or what are believed to be facts—until the latest fashion in science disproves them—this facing of them above everything else, to the exclusion of traditions, morals, religion, until an adequate balance is struck between human nature and its ideas about itself (if such an occurrence is ever possible) in fine, all that threatens the world in some minds like the trumpet sound of the traditional angel, is, after all, only the time honored search for Truth with a capital T, in the new disquise of the Bergsonian "élan vital."

"Thus, in the parlance of Niccolo Machiavelli

The world proceeds in its circle:

And the empire is maintained."

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THE GENETICS OF TOLSTOI'S PHILOSOPHY

LEO WIENER

ANDRÈ, in his interesting book on *Columbus,* claims that Columbus and his clerical friend, Las Vegas, are responsible for the extravagant idealization of the man of nature, which led to Rousseau's Return to Nature and the Romantic Movement, of which Tolstoi is the last shining example. The present writer has, together with a large number of Tolstoi's analysts, sturdily maintained the same view, but a recent study undertaken by him of the origin of the so-called Physiocratic School, with which the French Revolution is intimately connected, has materially detoured his deductions, and he wishes, on the centennary of the great Russian to acquaint the reader with the chief results of that study.

A cursory examination of Tolstoi's conception of the natural man shows him to lack the halo imposed upon him by Rousseau. Already in the *Morning of a Landed Proprietor,* the peasant, upon whom the author generally lavishes his admiration, is represented as an irresponsible being. Eroshka, in *The Cossacks,* whom Merezhkovski glorifies as a supreme pagan ideal of the man of nature, is in reality nothing but the arch-hunter, arch-liar, as which Tolstoi represents him, and, together with the broad, unrestrained characters, Lukashka and Maryanka, is essentially irresponsible. We have in all these creations the same gloom that broods over the *Power of Darkness,* which is only made more perceptible by the few flashes of Akim's unintelligent religious ejaculations. Far from agreeing with Rousseau's characterization, it reproduces precisely Hobbe's dicta that it is *a right of nature* for a man to preserve his own life and limbs with all the power he has, that a man by nature has the right to all things, that is, "to do whatsoever he listeth to whom he listeth, to possess, use, and enjoy all things he will and can," and that "the estate of man in this natural liberty is the estate of war." To get away from it man must have recourse to *the law of nature,* that is, "he must divest himself of the right he hath to all things by nature." This law of nature is by him based on reason: "Reason is no less of the nature of man than passion, and is the same in all men, because all men agree in the will to be directed and governed in the way to that which they desire to attain, namely their own good, which is the work of reason. There can therefore be no

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other law of nature than reason, nor no other precepts of *natural law*, than those which declare unto us the ways of peace, where the same may be obtained, and of defense where it may not." This natural order he delegates to God: "The laws, as they are called the laws of nature, for that they are the dictates of natural reason; and also moral laws, because they concern men's manners and conversation one towards another; so are they also divine laws in respect to the author thereof."

Tolstoi's philosophic code is exactly that of Hobbes. We have here the same brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God on which society is to be built up, and the same identification of divine laws with reason. His intellectual inheritance, however, is not directly from the English protagonist, but through the French physiocrats or, what is more likely, through their Russian representatives at the end of the eighteenth century and up to the Decembrist Revolt.

Ever since Dr. Halley published in 1693 in the *Philosophical Transactions* his study on the increase of population in Breslau, the French economists, quoting the English sources, turned their attention to the disastrous state of celibacy and began to preach the bearing of children as a necessity for the security of the State. At the same time the English high state of agriculture led to its enthronement in the French schemes of the ideal state as the chief, and sometimes as the only, occupation worthy of man. Population and agriculture became the watchwords of Dangeul and the elder Mirabeau, and led the famous Dr. Quesnay to the foundation of the Physiocratic School, which, as its name indicates, took Nature, that is, agricultural labor, as the norm of the state of the future. The most elaborate expansion of the new principles was due to Le Mercier de la Riviére, who in 1767 published his *Natural and Essential Order of Political Societies*..

That same year Prince D. A. Golitsyn, Catherine's ambassador to France, who had allied himself with the physiocrats, recommended Marmontel to her, and both Marmontel and Le Mercier went to St. Petersburg to aid her in her legislative endeavors. Nothing came of that, but the presence of the two physiocrats in Russia must have helped in the dissemination of their ideas. When the American Revolution broke out, the physiocrats incorporated its principles into their program, and Simolin, the Russian Minister Plenipotentiary in Paris, joined their ranks and, according to Catherine's statement, became a rabid demagogue. The most persistent anglophilism, which paradoxically led to siding with the American Revolution, was fostered by the distinguished family of the Vorontsovs. Here we have the Princess Dashkov, the first president of the Russian Academy, who had her son educated in Scotland and herself lived in

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England. Aleksandr Romanovich, who was ambassador to England from 1762 to 1764, said that it was "good to be born and live in England". The illegitimate son, Ivan Romanovich, took part in the Gordon riots of 1780. Already in 1742 Kantemir, most of whose satires are directly based on Pope's works and whose intense pro-English sentiments greatly disturbed France, had begun a collection of books for Mikhail Ilarionovich, who, besides his political activity, is known as Lomonosov's patron. Semen Romanovich, Catherine's ambassador to England, never returned to Russia and rounded out half a century of peaceful life in England, where he was buried.

Radishchev, the famous author of the *Sentimental Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow,* was an official in Aleksandr Romanovich's employ, and the latter's solicitude for him was extended to the time when he lingered in Siberian exile for his book. It is clear that Radishchev had an excellent opportunity to get an intimate knowledge of the physiocratic ideals through the unique library started by Kantemir and from casual, and even purposeful, remarks of his chief. But he had also a chance, in the year before the publication of his work, to come in contact with Karzhavin, a Russian educated in London and Paris, who had just returned from Virginia, where he had witnessed the stirring years of the Revolution. The Bolsheviks claim Radishchev as the father of the Russian Revolutions, and their first public act was the erection of a monument to him. With equally plausible certitude Radishchev is the chief source of Tolstoi's sociological inspiration, albeit in a different direction.

Tolstoi, born and brought up during the period of tense Romanticism in Russia, began his literary career with "the return to nature," as best witnessed in his *Lucerne.* He was not sincerely in accord with it, for not only are his peasants irresponsible,—his Romantic aspirants from the upper class, his Olenin, Pierre, and Levin, are, as men of action and of coordinate thought, total failures. His positive system of life dates only from his so-called religious period, that is, after his attempt to solve the genesis of the Decembrist Revolt in his unfinished *The Decembrists,* which took him back to the Napoleonic invasion and the period preceding it. Now, the Decembrists were the continuators of the liberal intellectuals of the eighteenth century, and they based their ideas on the accumulated material to which the physiocrats had given the first impetus and more directly on the American Constitution. It is well known that Tolstoi perused several libraries in his search for information which he needed. It is in his reading matter preceding his writing of *War and Peace* that one will find the impelling force of his later philosophy.

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SMATTER

A STUDENT, with roses in his cheeks, glanced at the list of topics planned for this issue, "I don't like this subject" and he planted his finger at *War and Peace—An Indictment of War.* "What's the matter with that?" I questioned innocently, at the same time searching futilely in my memory for the source of my idea. "It's not an indictment of *war.* It may be a philosophy or indictment of history, but——" I promised to read the great epic with an eye to all passages indicting war.

It was in the last volume that I pounced upon several satisfying pages. Prince Andrew (whom several graduates have confidentially pointed out to me as their ideal officer in the days of their youth) worked himself into a state of feverish excitement shortly before the battle of Borodino. He says to Peter Besukhov (whose curious wanderings over the field of action seemed rather ridiculous to me): "Every monarch in the world, except the Emperor of China wears a military uniform, and the man who has killed the greatest number of his fellow creatures wins the highest reward. A million of men meet—as they will tomorrow, for instance—to massacre and maim each other; and what follows next? Why, *Te Deums* and solemn thanksgivings for the great number of slain—though the figures, to be sure. are always exaggerated: and the victory is loudly boasted of, for the more men are killed the more brilliant it is thought to be. And those prayers! How can they be acceptable to God looking down on the world."

We felt justified in starting correspondence with Professor Noyes about an article to be called *Tolstoi's Philosophy of War.* We finished the third volume and were mentally confused as to what life means anyway. All thoughts of the historical aspects of the novel were pushed far into the background. *War and Peace* became a gallery of finished portraits. Then, by a strange coincidence, we received a letter from Professor Noyes that he too doubted if Tolstoi had a philosophy of war.

And so this soul was made responsive to Fausset's* sympathetic reconstruction of Tolstoi's moral problem upon a psycho-

* Hugh I'Anson Fausset: Tolstoy, The Inner Drama: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50. 1928. First published by Jonathan Cape, London. 1927.

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logical basis. This explanation of the failure of the great diviner of sensations to achieve a spiritual harmony in himself is a most interesting and enlightening study of a tormented and tortured personality. It is not an interpretation of Leo Tolstoi as a genius, nor does it belittle him as one of the world's greatest creative artists, but it presents him as a "pathologist of a false civilization rather than the prophet of a true one." As a lucid study of a personal problem which is likewise "the problem of our civilization in which both our salvation and our survival are involved", we recommend it. Fausset shows how the conflicting elements in Tolstoi's nature and the attempt to "reconcile an instinctive love of life with an intellectual rejection of it" led to his inability to create a completely human character, to a condemnation of government, a revulsion from art, rejection of science, to a religious obsession, all of which led him to flee in the end from himself.

Of the two leading characters in *War and Peace* he says: "Pierre embodied the sensationalist in Tolstoi, that part of his nature which sought a primitive satisfaction in the Caucasus and thought to combine this with moral self-respect in marriage. Prince Andrew represented the critical and self-conscious side of his nature which was to forbid this satisfaction. The two elements are not of course mutually exclusive in either character, but in the one the animal man predominates, in the other the intellectual, in the one the democrat, in the other the aristocrat, and neither really solves the problem of life because its solution depends upon a combination of the qualities which each singly possesses."

Certainly it is well to remember that the struggle for social justice must be a struggle "of all the good of all the classes against all the evil of all the classes, and in no one class is either all the good or all the evil."

Russian students in America may help do something in this direction.

OTHER RECENT TOLSTOI BOOKS

Leon L. Tolstoi: The Truth About My Father. D. Appleton & Co.

Alexander Nazaroff: Tolstoy: The Inconstant Genius. Frederick A. Stokes Co. (To be published in October.)

Family Views of Tolstoy. Edited by Aylmer Maude. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Autobiography of Countess Leo Tolstoy. The Viking Press.

Bolton Hall: What Tolstoy Taught. The Viking Press.

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WHO'S WHO

The cover, designed by Peter Obninsky (Columbia University, '26), is taken from Repin's Tolstoi portrait, made in 1887.

❦ ❦ ❦

Michael P. Ross is studying Dairy Manufacturing at Ohio State University.

❦ ❦ ❦

Ilia Andreyevich Tolstoi was formerly a student at Iowa State College of Agriculture.

❦ ❦ ❦

Alfred G. Smaltz, a lecturer on Russia, was a member of American Friends Relief and Reconstruction Mission to Russia.

❦ ❦ ❦

C. L. Meader, Professor of Russian Literature, University of Michigan, is the translator of "Plays by Andreyev" and a well known lecturer on Russia.

❦ ❦ ❦

George Rapall Noyes, Professor of Slavic Languages, University of California, is the translator of a long list of Slavic writers and the author of a book on Tolstoi published in 1918 in the series, Master Spirits of Literature.

❦ ❦ ❦

Several volumes of Stefan Zweig's stories and plays have been published in the United States, among them his free adaptation of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, a recent Theatre Guild success. In Europe, Mr. Zweig —whose home is in Salzburg, Austria,—is best known as a critic. *The Artificial Christian* is a part of *Casanova, Stendhal, Tolstoy: Adepts in Self Portraiture* to be published by The Viking Press in October.

❦ ❦ ❦

There is probably no person in America better informed on problems connected with social and political reform than Miss Jane Addams, founder of Hull House, Chicago. Miss Addams' article was prepared for the Tolstoi Centenary Edition of the Oxford University Press. This edition of 21 volumes is limited to 1,000 sets issued in three instalments in 1928, 1929, 1930.

❦ ❦ ❦

In his undergraduate days Basil B. Petrov (Yale '26) was a frequent contributor to most of the magazines published at Yale. Since his graduation he has been connected with an American business firm in New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

Leo Wiener, Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literature at Harvard University since 1911, translated the complete works of Tolstoi (24 volumes) in 1904-05 and is the contributor of 8,000 etymologies in Webster's New International Dictionary. Professor Wiener is a frequent contributor to leading American and foreign philological journals. His *Anthology of Russian Literature*, (2 volumes) 1902-03, and *An Interpretation of the Russian People*, 1915 are well known.

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One Dollar a Year

THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

Contents for October, 1928

COVER DESIGN, *Russian Mediaeval Hunter.... Eugene Procopovitch*

THE WHITE HOOFER..... 1

A NEW ATTITUDE..... *Ali Mamleeff* 8

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY..... *Dimitri Petruchuk* 10

THE USE OF FORESTS..... *George J. Illichevsky*.....14

RUSSIAN MONASTERIES AS EDUCATIONAL CENTERS..... *Simon Lepeshkin* 16

SMATTER..... 20

NEW BOOKS ON RUSSIA..... *Peter M. Rouzitsky*.....22

Boris B. Shishkin.....23

WHO'S WHO.....24

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

October, 1928

Volume V. Number 2

THE WHITE HOOFER

This is a composite, but true, story of the experiences of hundreds of Russian refugee students in America. There is no Russian name which means White Hoofer. It is a literal translation of the name the writer has given to the hero.

"He sauntered by the faded brick and yellow stucco houses—"

IVAN IVANOVICH was the son of a wealthy cotton merchant in Petrograd. He had everything that roubles could buy, an uncontrolled imagination, and emotions that ran wild. He was developing as his father had done, before him a "watching for something to turn up" attitude. In two years he would graduate from the Polytechnic Institute.

Early one morning he walked along the wide wood-paved Nevsky Prospekt, past the beaming church steeples. As he sauntered by the faded brick and yellow stucco palaces, he drew himself up to his full six feet. He had not been born in a palace; his father was a "copper," a self-made man. "But he got there all the same," Ivan said aloud. "And Boris Petrovitch has invited me to that palace tonight."

Late that afternoon a military order was handed to both students. They were catapulted out of their oscillating state of mind into a world of responsible effort and sustained action. Then another emotional upheaval hurled Ivan Ivanovich into the White Army, and in 1919 he walked up the gang-plank of a French coaling vessel, shabby, hungry, gaunt, ill, void of all emotion. He gazed listlessly at the men and women on deck. With tears in their eyes they watched one army in the distance retreating from another.

A bar-tender in Constantinople, a vendor of woman's stockings in Paris, a night mechanic in a boiling Egyptian garage, a stoker on a boat coming to America. He had to do these things or die of starvation.

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—"as he gazed at the Goddess of Liberty"

"The Americans were good to me in Constantinople", he mused as he gazed at the Goddess of Liberty. "I wonder how they developed their country so rapidly. They seem to have three expressions, 'All Right', 'Yes', and 'No'. I wonder if Boris is here too".

Ivan was brutally aroused from his Russian dreams by a tugging at his shabby elbow. "Watcher occupation?"

"All right", he tried to answer.

The official stared and then said seriously: "Are you willing to change it?"

"Yes", said Ivan, not caring whether he did or not.

Then he was in New York. Freedom at last. No one chasing him. Beautiful silver money. A few hours after his escape from Ellis Island he was gazing at the Wrigley sign on Broadway, when he was suddenly kissed on both cheeks by Boris himself, who decided to take Ivan to the three room apartment on Fifth Avenue above 125th Street where he lived with a former General and his family of five. In the subway entrance Boris boldly halted an American and asked for an *up-down* train.

The American smiled: "Where do you want to go?"

"Up-*down*", repeated Boris impatiently.

The American started to go on and then he stopped, laughing: "Do you want to go to Van Cortlandt Park or the Battery?"

Boris turned to Ivan and jabbered in Russian: "This language in America is stupid. Even Americans don't understand it."

From Boris, Ivan learned that the train they entered was a "*Soob-vay goink up-down*", but he did not listen to Boris' complicated explanations because he saw across the aisle a most attractive girl. He tried to decide why her jaws kept moving although she was not talking to anyone. Then he remembered the sign on Broadway and he yelled to Boris: "Americans don't have as much common sense as I thought. Why do they chew *Vrigley?*"

All Boris could tell him was: "After every meal".

They crawled out of the subway at 125th Street and walked towards Fifth Avenue. The words "millionaire row" were pounding an anvil chorus in Ivan's ears and then the refrain—"This is Fifth Avenue? No architecture". He passed a moving picture house and glanced disdainfully at the crowd waiting to enter. "Are they all movie crazy and jazz mad", he ventured to remark to Boris who replied: "That isn't all. They have no soul, no

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heart; they do not take time to think. I grow more stupid every day that I pack biscuits".

At seven o'clock the next morning Ivan Ivanovich stood glumly by a time clock somewhere in Jersey. The General's family had talked to him all night. He left Upper Fifth Avenue at five A.M. Just as he was feeling sorry for himself, a man appeared at the line and selected three men. Ivan was one of them. He was so frightened he could hardly walk and he hid behind the other two, praying that this terrible looking American would not ask him a question. His prayer was not answered.

"Watcher name?"

"I do not know", said Ivan slowly. He had learned that expression from Boris.

"Dunno your name?"

"All right," said Ivan, deciding to change his tactics.

"What's the matter, you idiot. Dunno your name, n a m e, N A M E ? ' '

Ivan was shaking all over. "He'll never understand *Bielokopytkin", he thought. A happy idea came to him, and he wrote his name on a piece of paper. A few minutes later he was pushing a heavily loaded wheel barrow. He was happy. Even if he couldn't speak English, he could work. He would learn the language. He had learned a half dozen others and surely English was not any worse than Turkish. His thoughts rattled along in tune with the wheelbarrow. Suddenly the Superintendent stepped too close and Ivan knocked him down.

"All right, Sir?" He smiled. Ivan had not intended to hit him.

"Well, it isn't all right for me," bellowed the Superintendent. Then he remembered that this was the Russian who didn't know English.

When Ivan reached the crowded smelly apartment that night, he threw himself on the bed and cried: "I can't do it. I know I am going to die. It's worse than mixing drinks in Constantinople". Sobbing, "Give me strength", he went to sleep. He went to work the next morning and the next and the next. After the first week he was not so tired and he had enough energy one evening to find a language class.

"night mechanic in a boiling Egyptian garage!"

In three months he understood many things that he read in the daily papers, and by the aid of a dictionary, he read a little of Oscar Wilde, but when he had a chance one Sunday night to talk to an educated American, he could not understand him. Ivan seemed to pronounce "th" in a manner which the American found amusing.

* White Hoofer.

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It was American Christmas, and he decided to renew his European friendships at a Russian restaurant. Whom should he see but a fellow-student from Petrograd, Dimitri Alexandrovich who called himself a junior in the Harvard Engineering School.

"What?" A new world was opening for Ivan. "A Russian studying in America?"

Before Dimitri could tell him, a man who used to be in his regiment came up. It seemed that he was a senior at Cornell; there was another from the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia, New York University, Yale, Dartmouth, Princeton. Ivan had never heard of so many colleges before. Instead of answering his questions one at a time, they spilled out everything in true Russian fashion; and left him in a perfect maze. The essentials seemed to amount to this: There is a Russian, Alexis R. Wiren, who was sent to the United States in 1917 as a member of the Naval Aviation Commission. When conditions began to be so hectic in Russia, he entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology and while he was there he found out that America could give young Russian refugees new ideals as well as practical training for future Russian reconstruction.

Dimitri went over everything point by point when the others had gone.

"Ideals in this country? Impossible. This country is money mad. Americans haven't any ideals. All they want is the Almighty Dollar", insisted Ivan.

They talked for another hour. In the end Ivan promised to go to the Russian Student Fund to talk to Alexei Robertovich.

He told Boris about it, and they decided to go together. They spent the morning pressing their best suits of clothes and making themselves presentable. Boris borrowed, without asking, some chypre perfume from his sister who worked in a perfume factory. When they arrived at 347 Madison Avenue, they looked like noblemen out of old Russian novels.

Timorously they opened the door and advanced. Ivan clicked his heels together and said to the American young lady: "Alexei . . . . . ".

He had no chance to finish because she informed him: "I'm sorry. He's out". She glanced at Boris and he began to click his heels in the most approved Russian manner.

Ivan and Boris looked at each other. Ivan's face said, "What does she mean, 'he's out?", but Boris' eyes answered, "Necheevo!". Then the girl said, "What's your name?"

"Why does everybody in America want to know my name?" thought Ivan. After a moment, light dawned on his countenance and he said, "Wiren? I want to see Mr. Wiren".

"Yes, Yes, I know, but he is not here. What do you want to see him about?"

"Mr. Wiren," he began to fumble in his pocket. After a few moments he found a visiting card as large as a government postal and handed her his name. She smiled again, "Are you a student? Do you want to apply?"

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"I want to see Mr. Wiren personal l y," he was quite sure about that.

She asked him other questions, but to all he gave the same answer. Hadn't Dimitri told him to see Alexei Robertovich?

Finally Boris and Ivan resumed the clicking of their heels, bowed, and said in unison, "Excuse me," and left.

Two weeks later Ivan appeared again at the Fund. Mr. Wiren gave him some papers to fill out, saying as he did so, "You should have applied two weeks ago. I am afraid it is too late now. Have you saved any money?"

"Only three hundred dollars. That's all."

"Corking: Fill this out".

Then Ivan was made to understand that with $300 and a free tuition scholarship he could study without any assistance, but first he must take a test. "You must improve your English before September and save as much as you can. We will try to get you a scholarship", the Fund said. In August the Fund wrote him that he had been admitted to a State University.

So Ivan left New York for the Middle West. The first day he was very much surprised to learn that students were expected to attend chapel. "It can't be chapel in a state institution", he argued with himself. But it was a religious service. He heard a student make some announcements about a Christian Association and then a girl announced the same thing for the young women.

The first week he did not understand half of what the professors said. He studied his dictionary all night and when he did turn out the light he saw again the murder of his father and the agony in his mother's face as he was taken prisoner during the Civil War. The following days he was miserable. Even in college some occult power seemed to be producing terrible events. For weeks he felt as though he were getting nowhere. Above all he was terribly lonely. There was no one to whom he could talk.

One day he heard a professor ask some questions and then some students handed him some papers. Ivan asked his neighbor what it was, but he couldn't understand what the neighbor said. The neighbor wrote it down for him, and Ivan rushed to his room to translate it. In this way he discovered that he should have written a report.

In Russia he was taught to think things through slowly and philosophically. In America he was expected to solve three or four technical problems in fifteen minutes. In Russia if he did not attend lectures nobody thought anything about it. If he passed the final examination, everything was all right. In fact he could study the courses at home, take the exam and receive credit for it, but in America he had to get used to a different system.

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"I am a criminal?"

One day Ivan received a card from one of his professors which read: "You are delinquent . . . .". He grabbed his dictionary, which told him that the word meant "criminal". Tears came. He tried to control his anger. "I am a criminal? What have I done? I'll quit school". The next day the Dean sent him a card with the same odious word printed on it and underlined.

Finally he went to the Dean. "What seems to be the trouble?" asked the Dean, stroking his beard while his eyes twinkled. Then Ivan unburdened himself. He related his life history, his dreams, everything. When Ivan rose to go, the Dean put his hand on the boy's shoulder: "You keep on, Ivan, I am sure that you can pass".

Ivan smiled too. Then, being delinquent was not a criminal. It meant failure. Ivan straightened. His lips tightened. "Thank you." He rushed out of the office, blinking, and saying to himself: "I'm not a failure either. The Dean knows I'm not".

Sometimes he wondered how these boys and girls five or six years younger than he could spend so much time on football and meetings. Always there were meetings! What did they talk about at those meetings? He pondered over this as he scrubbed the floors in the frat house a block away. Why did they choose his scrubbing hours for meetings?

He thought out his engineering problems while he cleared away the dishes after his class-mates had eaten. He solved his calculus while he waited for the furnace fires to burn. He burnt the candle at both ends, but when the term was over, he passed.

He wrote jubilantly to the Fund: "Here is my record. I have spent all my savings, and now I need $35.00 a month. Will you help me?"

"Yes", came the answer. "Sign this agreement that you will repay after your graduation, and that you will use your best efforts to be of service to others by helping other Russians".

"I won't scrub any more. I will only wash dishes and stoke furnaces", Ivan decided. He was so happy that he went to the bulletin board in College Hall and scanned the notices, without the aid of the dictionary. There *was* a meeting at half past four. His watch said it was 4:45. "I'll go anyway. I must find out what they're all about".

The student engineers nudged each other as Ivan came in and took a seat in the back row: "Look, there's the Count. What's got into *him?*" They discussed engineering problems of the day. All during the meeting Ivan kept singing to himself:

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"I like their spirit, their enthusiasm. From now on I am one of them".

At the end of the next year, Ivan was the best student in his class. He was elected to an honorary engineering fraternity, and at his initiation he made a speech: "In three years I have learned to love this country. I can hardly appreciate fully what good the United States has done to me, and it is my sincerest wish to see that the two great nations—the United States and Russia—may become close friends in the future. It can only be to the benefit of both of them".

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A NEW ATTITUDE

ALI MAMLEEFF

WHAT I have learned during my three years' stay in College does not give me the right to say "I know agriculture", the largest industry the world had, and has, and will have. I believe, however, that no industry will attain its highest development in any country without first lifting the mentality of the population and changing the people's attitude towards life. In our case, the population of Russia being mostly peasantry, we ought to consider them first of all.

Secondly, I cannot be convinced that the well-being of the whole country can be obtained through a very high development of some industry, or of a branch of industry, at the expense of another industry. Think of the distribution of non-agricultural products. Until 120 million Russian peasants have buying power, there is no good outlook for a sufficiently large output of any non-agricultural industry, to justify its expansion and development to some magnitude, in the face of foreign competition. Foreign countries are, no doubt, better adapted at the present time to supply Russia with manufactured goods, which possibly are much cheaper in price and of better quality.

Personally, I wish very much to see Russia become a highly industrialized country, but I do not see how it can be done without first changing the entire agricultural policy. To say that Russia is a large country, populated with many millions of people, and that the country has practically unlimited resources of almost everything, is not enough.

It seems reasonable to suppose that a country will be built up by the people living in that country, and not by somebody else. To have a highly industrialized country, the inhabitants there must accordingly be very industrious.

It is estimated that Russia now has a population of approximately 146 million, of which only about 25-26 million live in cities, and the remaining in villages, primarily as tillers of the land. It is in this great bulk of population among peasants that the largest per cent of illiteracy exists. There are, to be sure, many millions of peasants who cannot read a line.

As to the efficiency of the peasants, it may be said that the farmers of the Unites States of America, numbering around thirty million, produce more than Russian peasants do. It is true that previous to the World War Russia was exporting large amounts of agricultural products, but this was possible primarily because of the existence of large estates and not because of the efficiency of the peasants. At present exports from Russia are comparatively small.

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The peasant, as a rule, uses only his own capital and seldom applies for loans, possibly not so much because the credit system has not properly been developed in Russia, but rather because he regards or regarded the borrowing of money as not an entirely good thing for a self-respecting person. Consequently, he cannot greatly utilize available capital in his business, and the capital is idle. What money the peasant can save is held not in bonds or put into some enterprise, thus benefiting him in a way of dividends, or interest, and benefiting the country as a whole, but is kept in the house or buried under the ground for an emergency case, or "black days", as he calls it.

While the farmers in the United States (except negroes) were always free men and are socially quite equal to urban people, the case is different with the Russian peasant. In fact, to call a person from some big city "muzjik", a word commonly applied to a peasant and meaning a person of base character or of vulgar manners, has been and even now is regarded as a very serious offense. The trouble, however, is not so much in the regard of a city-man toward peasants, as that the peasants themselves looked upon a person from the city as a somewhat higher type of man than they regarded the peasant.

As long as these conditions exist, I see no sufficiently good reasons for an appreciable industrial development of Russia. The peasant must feel himself a person equal to any other person; he must have an interest in the country; his standard of living must be high enough. We ought to expect our greatest statesmen, greatest scientists, and greatest business men to come from among the country men who outnumber the urban population by almost one hundred million people, and accordingly, we ought to make the living conditions in villages as high as possible. I see no better environment for making great leaders than the country, where each individual is dependent upon himself in his struggle with nature, where he is constantly left to himself to solve problems confronting him from every corner. There his creative power is constantly stimulated by the unmeasurable tasks he performs.

As a result of a new attitude toward country life, the habits of peasants will change, and the efficiency of the individual peasant will greatly increase. There will be required fewer peasants to perform the work they now do,and yet, production will be greatly increased. There will be available for other industries many more millions of people—all hard workers of initiative, and intelligence. The source of the future tremendous development of Russia as a whole lies in the efficiency of the individual farmer.

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

DIMITRI PETRUCHUK

BEHAVIORISM is not a new attempt to explain the genesis of man's activities. As a school of thought, behaviorism rises and dies periodically. In ancient times Democritus (460 - 362 B.C.) introduced the materialistic explanation of soul. He regarded the soul as material, composed of the smooth, specially mobile atoms, identified with the fire-atoms floating in the air.[1] Thomas Hobbes in the seventeenth century under the influence of Gallileo's ideas wrote: "The world (I mean . . . . the whole mass of things that are) is corporeal, that is body; . . . . and that which is not body is no part of the Universe". . . . . "It is evident that from all lucid . . . . bodies, there is a motion produced to the eye, and through the eye to the optic nerve and so into the brain . . . . and thus all vision hath its original form . . . . motion". "Phantasms (ideas) are nothing really but motion."[2] He thought that consciousness is conditioned by motion and therefore is identical with motion. La Mettrie in the eighteenth century considered that physical phenomena are to be accounted for as the effects of organic changes in the brain and nervous system; so we have the famous slogan —"Man is a machine."[3] T. H. Huxley in the nineteenth century frankly believed that "The consciousness of brutes would appear to be related to mechanism of their body simply as a collateral product of its working, and to be as completely without the power of modifying that working as the steam whistle, which accompanies the work of a locomotive engine, is without influence upon its machinery.[4] We can quote a dozen or more thinkers like Charles Mercier, Huglings-Jackson, et cetera, who thought the same doctrine which is considered now as "the sole revelation" of Watson and his followers.

All these conceptions of the nature of human activities were based upon the philosophical reasonings and logical constructions. The method of comparison and analogy was one of the most important equipments with which the thinkers attacked the problem. The present day behaviorists borrowed from science the experimental method. Even in the question of methodology they are not original and new.

In the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Russian

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1. P. Natrop "Die Ethika des Democritos", Marburg, 1893.
2. Thomas Hobbes "Concerning Body."
3. J. O. La Mettrie "L'Homme Machine".
4. Fortnightly Review, November, 1874.

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scientist, W. I. Bechterev, began to work experimentally upon the problem of human behavior. He rejected the subjective method of observations on the ground that "there are no two persons absolutely and completely similar"[1], and applied in his work objective method only. Moreover, he discarded from his lexicon the word psychology, because "it gave us a collection of more or less interesting information, but not scientific data."[2] So a new science appeared and it was christened "Reflexology, or Reflexologia."

According to his teaching the conduct of man is composed of reflex units. "All activities of man, from the objective point of view, consist of internal and external stimulation leading toward the development of a more or less complex reflex which manifests itself in definite action; this reflex is the result of past experience and exercise, both of them may serve as the basis of internal impulse or inhibition."[3] "The internal processes are nothing more than the highest reflexes of vocal, motional and other character arrested in their external expression." This statement probably is in contradiction to the point of view of those who believe that the thought is purely internal phenomenon . . . .; reflexology puts into its roots the energetic viewpoint according to which the subjective is inseparable from the objective,—so thought is an energetic process transferred in one case into a muscular activity (speech), in another case into a molecular work of the centers (silent speech).[4]

"What is that we call images and thought, understanding under these two terms the subjective process which has reached a definite fulness and development? Is it something separate from the other expressions of the high reflexological activity? In reality every image is accompanied by weakly expressed external movements in the form of words or actions, or by internal movements and secretions. When a man vigorously imagines what he shall say to a person whom he will meet, he involuntarily repeats silently the words of his future speech. Imagine how a man yawns before going to bed and you will feel the approaching yawn. Imagine you hear the melody of the Marseillaise and you will feel that you sing it silently. Imagine you play a difficult piece on the piano and your fingers will beat a melody on the unexisting keys. When you recall an insult which you once received, signs of anger and hate will certainly appear. When you hear a very sad story, you feel a swell of tears . . . . As early as the eighteenth century the fact was observed that when a horse sees oats, she secretes saliva prior to eating oats. . . . In Russia the members of Pavlov's school made an extensive study of the same phenomenon on dogs . . . The experiments made in my laboratory by Dr. Spirtov showed that if to keep a finger

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1. W. I. Bechterev, "Objective Psychology". In Russian, First Edition, St. Pet. 1901.
2. W. I. Bechterev "The General Principles of Reflexology," p. 7, Leningrad, 1926 (In Russian).
3. Ibid, p. 226. 4. Ibid, p. 242.

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in the Sommer's apparatus and at the same time concentrate thought on the movement of finger right or left, immediately the levers will move in the desired direction . . . What does this all mean? It means that there is no thought as a purely "spiritual" idea, that thought cannot be expressed without weakly pronounced words, without slight movements, without changing breath, heart beats and other internal processes, without tears, without secretion of saliva and other secretions from the visceral system, etc. But all these expressions are more or less arrested in their external manifestation of higher reflexes. Therefore, thought is the highest reflex arrested in its external manifestation."[1] "The thought is nothing more than sub-vocal or unmanifested in words reflex."[2]

The American apostle of behaviorism, Dr. Watson, defines thought as a sub-vocal talk. Consequently, we have a right to conclude that there is agreement between behaviorists here and abroad in regard to this question.

Behavioristic doctrine of thought does not explain the process of thought. To say that a thought is sub-vocal reflex arrested in its expression, or that a thought is sub-vocal talk means the same as to state that the soul is composed of smooth, mobile atoms, or to compare the influence of consciousness on man's activity with the relation of the whistle to the work of the locomotive engine. In the final analysis of behavioristic view we see that there are no mental events at all. We do not think! The muscles and glands, the electrons and protons automatically respond to a given situation, and as a result man discovers electricity, and periodic system of elements, writes "King Lear," or "Kritik der reinen ver nuft," "Die welt als wille und vorstellung," or even the first edition of "Behaviorism," and the third edition of "Reflexology." Certainly, it is a clever explanation! Such a "science" is very simple and convenient for the mass of people, because it does not bother itself with the tiny details, and because it gives only a few concepts. But for a painfully searching scientist it is not enough! What "liced bovi not liced Jovi,' or vice versa . . .

How may Bechterev convince us that the levers of Sommer's apparatus indicate movements or secretions connected with the process of thought? Maybe it is entirely a different process, maybe it is the old, classical will or even a more mythical suggestion that forces the levers "in the desirable direction?" Who is able at present positively to affirm or disprove both of these hypotheses?

Of course, during the process of thought something happens in our brain and nervous system. This happening is as important or even more important than horse's saliva or signs of anger and hate. Can Bechterev or Watson disagree with us on this point? And if they are at variance with us, what proof do they have to correct our mistake? They have nothing what-

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1. Ibid, pp. 373-378. 2. Ibid, p. 167.

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ever! Sub-vocal reflex, sub-vocal talk . . . Who observes or observed them? Nobody. Therefore, behaviorists so far do not have the privilege of throwing into a waste basket the conceptions of the old, traditional psychology.

It is a common observation that a lecturer or speaker finishes his thought but does not have words to express it, he without any motion searches for the words after the thought process is completed. How will behaviorists explain such a case? We believe that thought and speech are different phenomena, that a thought is a motor process and a speech is an instrument or vehicle of thought. And, probably, we have more grounds to think that we are right, because everyday experiments show that thought and speech are not identical.

We have symbolic thoughts, we have ideas, images, representations, associations, concepts, judgments, beliefs, assumptions, hypotheses, arguments, et cetera. Are behaviorists able to handle these phenomena? To reject, as behaviorists do, their existence is a very easy task, but yet we have them, and we use them every minute, every hour.

From the sociological viewpoint the behavioristic conception of man as a walking mannequin with the iron law of stimulus-response attached to him is intolerable. If everybody will believe in Bechterev's and Watson's teaching, life will become a perpetual chaos and sorrow. A man commits a crime, but society does not have the right to punish him, because he is not responsible for a detailed plan of crime. A stimulus is guilty, so let us punish it. This side of the behaviorists' teaching always must be taken into consideration, because it exercises an influence upon everyday life, upon our relation to other people. et cetera.

Behaviorism, as a school of thought, so far has not enriched the psychologcial field with fruitful conceptions. As an extremity it irritates. And as such it has given a warning to psychologists to be more careful and precise in dealing with the problems studied. Therein lies its primary value.

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THE USE OF FORESTS

GEORGE J. ILLICHEVSKY

WISE and efficient use of all of a country's resources is the way to its success and to the happiness of its citizens. There is one important resource in every country which is usually poorly managed and neglected. It is forests. Why this is so, can be seen from the following considerations.

Forests are profusely given by nature; people acquire the habit of using them wastefully. They need agricultural land and they clear off the forests with enmity. It takes fifty to a hundred years to grow a forest and people are not inclined to look that far ahead. This makes forests a long term investment, and profits calculated with precise accounting system would be too low to take a proper care of reforestation. In making the calculations, immense indirect benefits of forests are overlooked, probably because these benefits are not of any value to the private investor. They are of value to the public in general. to a country as a whole. I may enumerate some of them: the protection of water sheds, decrease of number and size of floods, prevention of erosion on high lands and sedimentation on low lands, recreational uses, fish and game preserve. Public health and climate are benefited by forests also.

Since these benefits are for the public in general, and forestry as a business based on counting dollars is not very profitable, forests should be owned by public, state or government. Only the best forest lands should be privately owned. Europe's experience in private ownership resulted in intensive forestry regulations or return to government ownership. In the United States most of the forests are privately owned, and we are beginning to notice disastrous results of the owners' "business" management. The bad results of neglect of forestry, just like a forestry crop itself, take many years and even hundreds of years to be of such a magnitude that they can be noticed. Spain, China, Southern Italy, and the Near East are good examples.

In Russia most of the forests were and are now government owned. It is the first step to a conservative and farsighted forest policy. In fact, Russia is too conservative, and cuts less forests than are grown. It is just as unwise a policy as overcutting. Transportation and market conditions are probably responsible for it, and with their development Russian forests could be better managed.

The forest resources of Russia at present are greater than those of any other country in the world. The world needs forest

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products; the consumption per capita is increasing every year regardless of substitutes. We find new uses of forest products in modern industries, and they more than upset the decrease due to new substitutes. This country, as the greatest user in the world, will have to look to Russia for these products. There are large possibilities for lumbermen and other wood users in Russia. Besides lumbermen, Russia is a great field for foresters. The forestry profession has always been fascinating because of its service to the people.

The United States of America is a young country and has many centuries yet to live. Much work in forestry needs to be done here. The work will be different from that in Russia due to different conditions, but the forests are hardly touched. Wise and efficient use of forests will go hand in hand with the development of the country. It will prove to be an important factor in the industrial advancement and welfare of the people.

Group of Students at Petrograd Institute of Forestry
Taken in 1916 or 1917

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RUSSIAN MONASTERIES AS EDUCATIONAL CENTERS

SIMON LEPESHKIN

THE first monasteries in Russia came into being at the end of the tenth century. Their primary task was to bring a new religion to the recently pagan Russian people. They were built within the walls of the towns or in very close proximity to them by Greek monks invited by Prince St. Vladimir. The early Russian monasteries followed the march of Christianity from the South to the North of Russia, and at the beginning of the twelfth century there were about fifty such monasteries all the way from Kiev to Novgorod. These monasteries were the first educational institutions.

The famous monks St. Cyril and St. Methodius translated from Byzantian and Bulgarian into Russian the first books which were necessary for divine service. The first Metropolitan invited from Greece by Prince Jaroslav in 1037 brought along with him sacred books and the first church choir. These books were translated into Russian in the school established by Jaroslav for this special purpose. The middle of the eleventh century was the beginning of the translation of books with more secular contents for private reading. These books were "Zita" (life of saints), and "Touchenia" (sermons).

From that time on the Byzantine influence upon Russian literature began to be felt until the seventeenth century when the influence of western Europe replaced it.

In the year 1054 the first "lietopis" (Russian history "year by year") appeared. From this year the monks in monasteries employed themselves not only with the translation of Bulgarian or Greek books into Russian, but also with copying Russian books such as this "lietopis" for example. The best monks were writing "lietopis" themselves (like the famous Nestor); others were only copying these writings.

From the thirteenth century monasteries began to compose so-called Pateriki describing the life and glorious exploits of monks who lived in those monasteries (for example the famous Kievo-Petchersky paterik of the thirteenth century). At this time we have the beginning of Russia's own literature.

Russian princes knew the significance of schools and they spent a great deal of money in establishing them. We are told of Prince Roman of Smolensk who spent all his money for the establishment of schools and when he died he left no money even for his burial (1180). The early Russian princes compelled the priests to teach children at schools and the adults at

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church. Princess Ianka Vsevolodovna established such a school in the Andreyev Nunnery for teaching nuns grammar. But this spreading of educaton did not last long. The Mongol yoke was so unfavorable for further enlightenment in Russia that at the end of the fifteenth century even illiterate priests were compelled to perform divine service. So the Archbishop of Novgorod complained to Czar Ivan III that the number of literate people was very small, and he asked the czar *for the sake of the state* to establish schools if only for the purpose of preparing priests.

The religious movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries influenced South-western Russia, which was guarding against Catholicism and Jesuit orders. The Russian clergy was becoming conscious of the importance of education and realized that the best weapon against Catholicism is the spreading of education by means of schools. The Church Council in 1551 ("Stoglav") gave permission to churchmen to establish schools for the study of reading, writing and singing, but the clergy at that time were so ignorant that such schools could exist only in large centers.

Artisans and merchants of large cities grouped themselves into fraternal orders ("Bratstva") round the churches and monasteries. The aim of these was to guard Russian nationality. They also established the schools—thus from 1580 we have so-called parochial schools (the first parochial school was established in Ostrog) with Greek, Slavonic, Latin, Polish, Grammar, Rhetoric, Dialectic, Theology, and some other subjects. Such a school was established in Kiev by Beststvo of Bogojavlenskaja church. This school later was reformed into a theological academy under the instruction of Peter Mogila.

The appearance of heretics due to the great number of errors made by ignorant monks when copying the sacred books further stimulated the necessity of education. The eastern patriarchs who were requested by Czar Alexei to try the patriarch Nikhon for heresy convinced Alexei of the necessity of establishing more schools. Thus the school in Moscow was established in the year 1649 in Andreyev Monastery for the translation of the Bible and also for the correction of the Holy Scripture. There were taught Greek, Slavonic, Rhetoric, and Philosophy, in that school.

In 1685 Greek clergy arrived at Moscow and opened the Moscow Theological Academy, the so-called Slavonic-Greek-Latin School. There were taught grammar, pietic, rhetoric, logic, and physics in Latin and Greek.

All these schools were within the walls of monasteries. Monasteries only were nurseries of low as well as of high education. The first Russian superior hierarchs—bishops and metropolitans —were educated in these schools of monasteries (until the fifteenth century metropolitans were called from Greece). These hierarchs had very great authority and played a very important role in the life of the state. Wars were declared and con-

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cluded with their benediction and consent. They were the peace-makers between the various hostile princes in Russia and in this way they were instrumental in creating great Moscow Princedom.

The influence of the church was very great particularly in the seventeenth century when the church was headed by Patriarch. In the year 1700 when the institution of Patriarchs became so powerful as to menace the state, this institution was abolished by Peter the Great and another institution which was named the Holy Synod was established so as to make the church subordinated to the State. The same Peter the Great ordered all the monasteries to establish schools. But the pupils often ran away from these schools and it often happened that the pupils were jailed because of their resistance to study.

There was another kind of monastery in old Russia, namely the desert monasteries. They did not play a very great role in the education or enlightenment of the people, but they did play an enormous role in the economic life of the country, because the foundation of desert monasteries was one of the best means of colonization. The procedure was as follows: one or more monks retired into the wilds for isolation and silence. After a while others joined them and thus built a desert cell. The peasants began to settle around this cell, clearing wild forests. Later they built the cloister. So this spot grew as a religious as well as an industrial centre. Again some monks dissatisfied with such a noisy life retired from this centre into a desert for isolation and the procedure of colonization went on. In this way were founded the cities Ustug, Vetluga, Cashin, and many others. Around the cloister appeared hotels, hospitals, alms-houses. Surrounded by the walls they served as a bulwark against enemies.

Summary.

1. The monasteries were the only centres of education in early Russia;

2. The conditions for development of education in Russia were very unfavorable. The Mongol yoke was the cause of the cessation of education in Russia for many centuries. Wild forests made communication between cities very difficult and primitive rural life gave no impulses for development of economic life. Education was rather forced by individual persons than as a result of inner conditions which developed the whole economic life and political and social organizations, as we see was the case in Western Europe. "Each nation has its own fortunes and its own destiny," says V. Kluchevsky in his *History of Russia;* "the fortunes of nations are compounded of an accumulation of the external conditions among which it must live and act, while a nation's destiny is expressed both in the use which that nation makes of those conditions and in what it elaborates there-

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from for its own life and activity. Fate set the Russian nation at the Eastern gate of Europe to guard it from violation by the nomad brigands of Asia and for centuries the nation spent its forces in withstanding that pressure of Asiatic hordes. We may say that Russia in this way helped Western Europe to turn to the new world beyond the ocean where it found a wide and grateful field for the exercise of its mental and physical energies in the exploitation of untouched riches.

"Russia's service was to save European culture from the onslaughts of the Tartars. This outpost service was everywhere thankless and soon forgotten."

Old Russia

Courtesy Stone & Webster Journal.

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SMATTER

A GRADUATE, who admits that he praises the high qualities of Russians and condemns the vices of Americans when in the presence of the latter and the other way around when he is in the society of his own countrymen, told me that General Krassnoff's latest book* misses fire. "*From the Double Eagle to the Red Flag* was mostly autobiographical, but in the new novel he attempts something which he himself has never experienced and the result is unconvincing."

It was with a feeling of curiosity as to the truth of this statement that I began to read *The Unforgiven.* If the dictionary definition of a novel is correct, this volume is not a novel, but a political narrative. To one who has read hundreds of biographies of young Russians who were just attaining maturity when they saw, as the figures in this book saw, revolutionary processions, and heard, as they heard, hysterical bursts of eloquence at meetings, this is almost a composite story of all of those lives with the exception that Russian students, when applying for assistance to study in American colleges, do not deem it expedient to write what Krassnoff leads us to believe had been taught them by their parents.

The originals of Krassnoff's portraits of Russian youth seem to me to be in America. And when we read—"Over there in Argentina they are founding great hopes on the Russians, who have nowhere to go, and are deprived of all civic rights, like slaves," we were sure he must have known about the Russians who ran away from the coffee plantations of Brazil. We were really disappointed that he did not send Igrunka to Brazil to one of these, let him run away to New York and then graduate from a mid-western university. Hundreds of Igrunkas have found their way to this office.

To an American, who knows only one or two Russians and consequently is curious to know and understand them better, *The Unforgiven* will be a revelation and an education. Such a one cannot read it without obtaining a new and clear understanding of the feelings, the thoughts and the actions of the victims of the revolution. One will understand why such a Russian's ideas of liberty, equality, fraternity and the pursuit

* *The Unforgiven* by Peter Nikolaevich Krassnoff; translated from the Russian by Olga Vitali and Vera Brooke; with an introduction by Henry Irving Brock. $3.50, Duffield & Co., New York, 1928.

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of happiness seem bitter. One will understand his fear of Russia's being exploited by those not Russian, and *to understand*, as Krasnoff so justly claims, is *to forgive*.

To the Russians, whose story this is, it will recall memories which they would do well to banish. *Let them not read.* But if (as I suspect they will) they read, let them remember the words of the great master of revolution—Napoleon: "Nobody makes a revolution, or stops it: all that can be done is that one or several of its children may direct it by the force of victories, or that its enemies may suppress it for the moment by force of arms, but in the latter case, the revolutionary fire hatches in its ashes, and sooner or later the blaze flames up again with new power and devours all obstacles."

This book is not literature. It is not a work of art and it is of little value historically.

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NEW BOOKS ON RUSSIA

From time to time there will appear in this magazine brief statements regarding books on Russia, principally those which deal with non-political subjects. This is done not to express our approval or disapproval of the opinions presented by authors or the scientific value and correctness of data, but to inform both Russian and American readers of the contents so they may decide for themselves whether they care to read them.

—EDITOR.

Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution. By Maurice Dobb, M. A. Lecturer in Economics in the University of Cambridge, Assisted by H. C. Stevens. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, 1928, $5.00.

It is natural for Russians, who are eager to see American people fully and correctly informed about Russia to be very attentive and sensitive to anything Russian—be it a Russian film, a bohemian "Russian" restaurant, a Russian painting, a newspaper article or book on Russia.

Writers of all calibers and of a full gamut of viewpoints have written about Russia, but when one begins to look for a book that gives an unbiased, thoughtful, and able discussion on the economic situation of Russia since the revolution, one is completely at loss.

The bibliography and the footnotes in Mr. Dobb's work indicate the versatile character of the sources used by the author and their abundance. Although statistical facts can be juggled so as to produce an interpretation from the very blackest to the brightest,—this book at once gives an impression of a reserved, academic attitude of an economical analyst.

Communism vs. State Capitalism, Classless Society vs. Dictatorship of the Proletariat, Private Monopoly and Laissez-Faire vs. Centrally Planned Production,—these are the chief issues the analysis of which comprises the gretaer part of the book. The procedure in each case is quite long and exhaustive, but in the majority of cases no definite conclusion is given. This may be explained by the desire on the part of the author to avoid any personal interpretation and to be as objective as possible. One is tempted, however, to test this objectiveness. If one were to go by the statement of Mr. Dobb alone, one would obtain quite a rosy picture of economic conditions of Russia but even here the author, now and then, completely tangled in his own arguments, contradicts himself. For example, "Russian industry has completed (!?) its stage of reconstruction" (page 380). In the very next sentence the author states that he finds "progress beyond the pre-war level, when industry *has not yet repaired the depreciation of capital equipment* suffered in the war and civil war years..." It is apparently left to the reader to choose from these two statements the one which will suit his fancy best.

The account of the factors that favor or handicap the economic progress of the country seems to be very complete. Thus the existence of the trade union workers' control, at least psychologically, tends to increase the efficiency of production. On the other hand the centralized direction of the national industry involves a huge, inelastic administrative body hardly capable of efficiency. Again this problem is thrown at the reader and the answer is given only in a rather uncertain and obscure statement: "The Russian regime of centrally planned production combined with the policy of steady cheapening of price has apparently an important advantage both over private monopoly and over *laissez-faire*."

Some abstract economic discussions, especially the one on financing the war, (pages 71-76) are worth expansion into separate boooks on various phases of political economy.

PETER ROUZITSKY.

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SOVIET RUSSIA IN THE SECOND DECADE. A Joint Survey by the Technical Staff of the First American Trade Union Delegation. Edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn and Rexford Guy Tugwell, 374 pp. New York: The John Day Co.—$4.00.

Strictly speaking, a survey with the above title should have been written not in 1928, but some nine years later. For, as we know only too well, it was less than a year ago that the Soviet rulers of Russia affixed the eleventh candle to their birthday cake.

Not without some apprehensions, therefore, we approached this book which we thought might resemble a description of a day written in the wee small hours of its own morning. "More prophecies," we grumbled. After reading the first few chapters we were quite reassured if not disappointed. There were no prophecies.

It might be useful to remind the reader that this volume was preceded last autumn by a briefer and a more superficial ninety-six page report of the same delegation, published under the title *Russia After Ten Years.* Those who are interested in a discussion of Russia's foreign relations and of the question of American recognition are referred to the earlier volume.

The survey under review contains fifteen chapters, each dealing with a particular problem of the Russian economic, political, or social life.

A chapter devoted to the industrial coordination in the Soviet Union is written by Stuart Chase. The importance of careful planning and coordination in the present-day complex and economic life of any state, and particularly of a state which is just emerging from a period of a devastating political and economic revolution, cannot be over-emphasized. A State Plannning Commission, better known as *Gosplan* began the work on this coordination in Russia five years ago.

Professor Tugwell gives a succint but comprehensive discussion of the place of agricultural products in Russia's foreign trade. The Soviet Government pins its hopes of making Russia some day economically self-sufficient on agriculture as a source of grain export. In exchange for the exported grain, capital equipment needed to build modern factories will be received.

Professor Jerome Davis contributes to this book two chapters, one on the "Nature of the Russian Government," and the other on the organization of the Communist Party.

Among other subjects dealt with in this exhaustive survey are—The Administration of Justice, The Soviet Finance, the Trade Union Movement, the Consumers' Cooperative Movement, and Russia's Transportation System.

Two chapters by Professor Paul H. Douglas deal with the labor conditions in the Union. Professor George S. Counts contributes an important chapter devoted to Russian education in its more special forms, i.e. higher education, factory schools, political education, the abolition of illiteracy, et cetera, while a chapter on "Social" education, or what is known in America as general education is written by Carleton Washburne.

Much valuable information is contained in Arthur Fisher's paper on Foreign Concessions in Russia. Of utmost interest is also a chapter entitled "Poltava—a Microcosm of Town and Country" by J. B. Brebner. It serves as a concrete illustration to much of the theoretic discussion in the book, and stresses the problem—whether the peasant and the worker can go *together*, "helping each other along the path of Russian development." The same writer contributed the concise and vivid introductory chapter which furnished the historical background for the book.

The general tone of the book seems to be—Soviet Russia is not yet in her teens, what she will be like by the end of her second decade no one knows.

BORIS SHISHKIN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Eugene Procopovitch who drew the cover is the designer of Loew's Theatre at 167th Street and River Avenue, New York, which was opened September 22nd. This theatre has a capacity of 3,000 and is equipped with modern ventilating and refrigerating system as well as Vitaphone and Movietone. Mr. Procopovitch obtained his architectural education at the University of Cincinnati and Ohio State University.

❦ ❦ ❦

The story *The White Hoofer* was written by the Editor on the basis of facts obtained from many students, either through personal interviews or correspondence.

❦ ❦ ❦

George R. Wiren (M.I.T. '23) in a few moments of his spare time sketched the cartoons for *The White Hoofer.*

❦ ❦ ❦

Those who read *The Russian Student* last year will remember Ali Mamleeff's article on religion. Mr. Mamleeff, a Mohammedan from Orenburg, Russia, graduated from State College of Agriculture at Cornell last June and is planning to do graduate work in this subject.

❦ ❦ ❦

Much is being said and written nowadays about Dr. Watson and Behaviorism. The father of this school of psychology was the famous Russian Bechterev who organized and directed one of the largest psychological schools in the world, the Psycho-Neurotic Institute in Petrograd. The representatives of this school have stimulated experimental psychology. Dimitri Petruchuk (University of Vermont, '26) who made the study of Bechterev's principles is studying for his doctor's degree at Columbia University.

❦ ❦ ❦

Every time we hear from George Illichevsky he seems to be more enthusiastic about collegiate life at the University of Idaho. His election to the National Forestry Honorary Fraternity, Xi Sigma Pi, last year, is sufficient proof of his high scholarship. During his vacations he has obtained practical experience in forestry. Mr. Illichevsky feels that one of the best ways of knowing America is by attending American church.

❦ ❦ ❦

Simon Lepeshkin (Teachers' College, Columbia University, '27) was a mathematics and science teacher in Russia before the World War. At present he is an assistant in the Department of Mathematics at Brown University. He deals with an interesting subject known to few people.

❦ ❦ ❦

So far as we know, the literary powers of Peter Rouzitsky (University of Cincinnati, '28) have previously been utilized in writing reports on economic and geographic problems of Siberia and on farmer's purchasing power in the vicinity of Cincinnati. When he gave us his manuscript he suggested that it might be good for the waste basket, but we found it far more readable than Mr. Dobb's book. Mr. Rouzitsky is a member of the honorary commercial society, Beta Gamma Sigma, and is an excellent baritone singer. He is at present connected with the industrial engineering firm—Stevenson Corporation, New York.

❦ ❦ ❦

The book synopsis by Boris Shishkin in its original form was ten typewritten pages. We took advantage of the editorial privilege of using the shears with generosity and cut it to its present length. Mr. Shishkin, a student of Business Economics, is the founder of the Russian Literary Society at Columbia University, and the new president of the National Russian Students' Christian Association.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

One Dollar a Year

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November 1928

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

Contents for November, 1928

COVER DESIGN, *The Admiralty*.....*Basil Mikhailovsky*
THANKSGIVING IN RUSSIA.....*Richard E. Krengel*..... 1
OPERATION OF RUSSIAN LOCOMOTIVES
ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM.....*Peter Chulkoff* 3
MOSCOW IN ALASKA—HISTORICAL SHRINE
OF ST. MICHAEL.....*Rev. Tikhon I. Lavrischeff*.... 6
I CONFESS .....*Nicholas L. Kozlinsky*..... 9
PHANTOM OF CONTRIBUTION.....*Michael Chichkan* 11
O. HENRY INVADES RUSSIA.....*Albert Parry* 13
RUSSIAN LYRICS.....*V. Boris Sheremetyeff*.....15
WHY DIFFERENT?.....*Ksenia Polevitzky* 17
A GERMAN CRITIC ON DOSTOEVSKY,
A Review .....*Elias L. Tartak*.....19
SMATTER.....21
WHO'S WHO.....24

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

November, 1928

Volume V. Number 3

THANKSGIVING IN RUSSIA

RICHARD E. KRENGEL

WITH the approach of the Thanksgiving season, our thoughts invariably turn towards home. It is at this season that families gather around the family table in gratitude for the many blessings of life they have received during the year.

It has been observed ever since the Pilgrim Fathers had their first harvest Thanksgiving at Plymouth in 1621, and is generally conceived, whether correctly or not, to be a purely American holiday.

Still, years ago, I remember a similar holiday that was observed in my native land. It came at the time when the short Russian summer was almost over and is known as the Day of Spas (Saviour). About this time the grain was all harvested, the bees had their hives filled with honey, and the fruit was getting ripe. It is interesting to note that the Russian peasant depends upon these three crops for his existence during the long, cold winter. I am sorry to say that the Day of Spas was always regarded as a minor holiday and, since the World War, has almost gone out of existence.

It was the one time of the year when the noise and glamour of festivity were absent. The toilers of the land, men and women who had learned the hardships of life, stopped their work for one day in order to thank the Lord for the blessings of the passing summer.

Some honey, bread, and fruit were taken to the Church, blessed by the Priest, taken back home as sacred food, and each member of the family partook of it.

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It was the custom not to harvest the honey and fruit until this day. Some of the older folk would not even eat any fruit until the Day of Spas, when it was taken to the Church and blessed by the Priest.

I remember how, as a child, I used to wonder whether the fruit really failed to ripen till that time. I also remember how annoying it was to see the apples on the trees and not be allowed to eat them because the Day of Spas had not arrived.

Now, as my thoughts turn back to the Day of Spas and dwell on the American Thanksgiving, I am convinced more than ever that, although their origins and ways of celebrating are different, these two holidays are identical in both aim and spirit.

Three Church Buildings—All Different Styles of Architecture. This picture was taken in Siberia twenty years ago.

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OPERATION OF RUSSIAN LOCOMOTIVES ON THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

PETER CHULKOFF

A good time to look at Russian locomotives is in 1913 when they were in their best condition. Even during that time they were far from being of sufficient capacity to handle transportation, both freight and passenger. Those that were able to do any work were so overloaded that the speed was cut down below the point of economical operation.

To burden a locomotive beyond this limit means to put it out of commission in shorter time instead of obtaining longer life by assigning a proper tonnage. Such was the condition of Russian locomotive operation and it is readily seen that out of 20,000 engines on Russian roads there were 17,240 or 86.2 per cent of serviceable locomotives, which is a small per cent for the year of 1913 when order and tranquility prevailed.

For the benefit of those interested, the percentage of locomotives in serviceable condition during the following years was: 1917—85.5%, 1918—80%, 1920—57%, 1921—40%, 1923—43%. Let us observe the cause, and determine how this cause could have been avoided provided proper methods of handling locomotives existed.

The above-mentioned active number of engines had to serve 42,084 miles of roads or one locomotive for every 2.5 miles of line, whereas in America there is only one locomotive for every 4 miles of line. In connection with this the question arises of the methods of operation. By operation is meant the handling of the locomotive while en route. From the operating standpoint a locomotive must handle required tonnage at assigned speed, perform service the maximum number of hours, have ability of running long distances between terminal repairs, with least consumption of coal so that the fixed charges on capital investment could be the minimum per unit of transportation performed.

Russian railroads operated their locomotives with the same crew, i.e.: the locomotive was in the hands of the same engineman wherever it had to go, contrary to the usual American system of locomotive operation. This means that whenever a locomotive is assigned to haul a freight or passenger train, it goes a certain distance and is taken off, and another one is attached to the train. In some cases the new locomotive did not prove capable of hauling the load which was hauled by the old one, due to different makes of Russian locomotives. This method of

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operation requires more locomotives and twice as much labor as in America. A serviceable locomotive is detached from the train and remains idle when it should be doing work. As a result, the locomotive mileage is decreasd and the transporting power of the railroad is reduced.

The pooling of locomotives, that is, running them "first in and first out," and the distribution of power by the chief mechanical officer, who will be responsible for supplying each division, will unquestionably effect a more intensive use of locomotives, and consequently increase the locomotive mileage.

By "first in and first out" is understood that after the terminal arrival and running repairs the locomotive is taken by the next crew ready to take the engine, while the relieved men rest. It was proved that locomotives, when assigned to regular crews, will receive slightly better care while in their charge than when pooled. In spite of this fact, the benefits obtained cannot equal those from the intensive use and increased mileage under a well-organized pooling system. The latter is far more economical and efficient from a general point of view.

Inefficiency of locomotive operation can be observed throughout Russian railroad history. It was due to "individualistic" locomotive operation, locomotive idleness, delayed repairs and overloading of locomotives with coal and water to eliminate stops.

The locomotive handling facilities at the terminals should be such that whenever a locomotive arrives at the ash pit there should be no delay. The engine should be moved promptly over repair pit and competent men assigned to make thorough inspection and needed repairs in the least possible time.

The backshop locomotive repairs should be done every six months or every 15,000 miles of run. The general shopping has to be performed every two years or every 50,000 miles of run. Some of the American locomotives have attained two or three times as many miles between general shoppings. The Pacific types of locomotives have reached from 84,000 to 171,000 miles between shoppings. The Southwestern railroad locomotives have attained from 100,000 to 193,000 miles for passenger locomotives and from 50,000 to 75,000 miles for freight locomotives between general shoppings. The report of the Joint Committee of Utilization of Locomotives, of 1924, shows that the mileage of from 11,000 to 12,000 miles per month for passenger locomotives has been attained, and mileage of from 5,000 to 6,000 miles per month for freight locomotives is being made on certain railroads. This mileage has been obtained when locomotives were fifty per cent of the time on the road.

The extension of locomotive runs as one means of increasing miles per locomotive per day demands the concentration of running repairs at the better equipped terminals.

Finally, I would like to call the reader's attention to a case

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where the American system of locomotive operation proved to be effective on Russian railroads.

The case in point is the *Chinese Eastern Railway in North Manchuria, a "Chinese" railroad in name but "Russian" in operation. This railway experienced a deficit of 183,000,000 roubles during thirteen years, from 1903 to 1916, but upon the adoption of American system of locomotives and railway operation, the road began to save from 10 to 15 million roubles per year. On fuel only there was saving of ten to fifteen per cent of previous cost of fuel consumption.

In view of this it is evident that the application of the American system to locomotive operation in Russia is to be recommended, as it will lead to a more intensive use of the locomotives, will give larger mileage, more tonnage, fewer employees with the same number of locomotives, and consequently, a greater economy of operation. The importance of this economy can be seen from the fact that the locomotive is the fundamental unit of earning power, representing a large capital investment.

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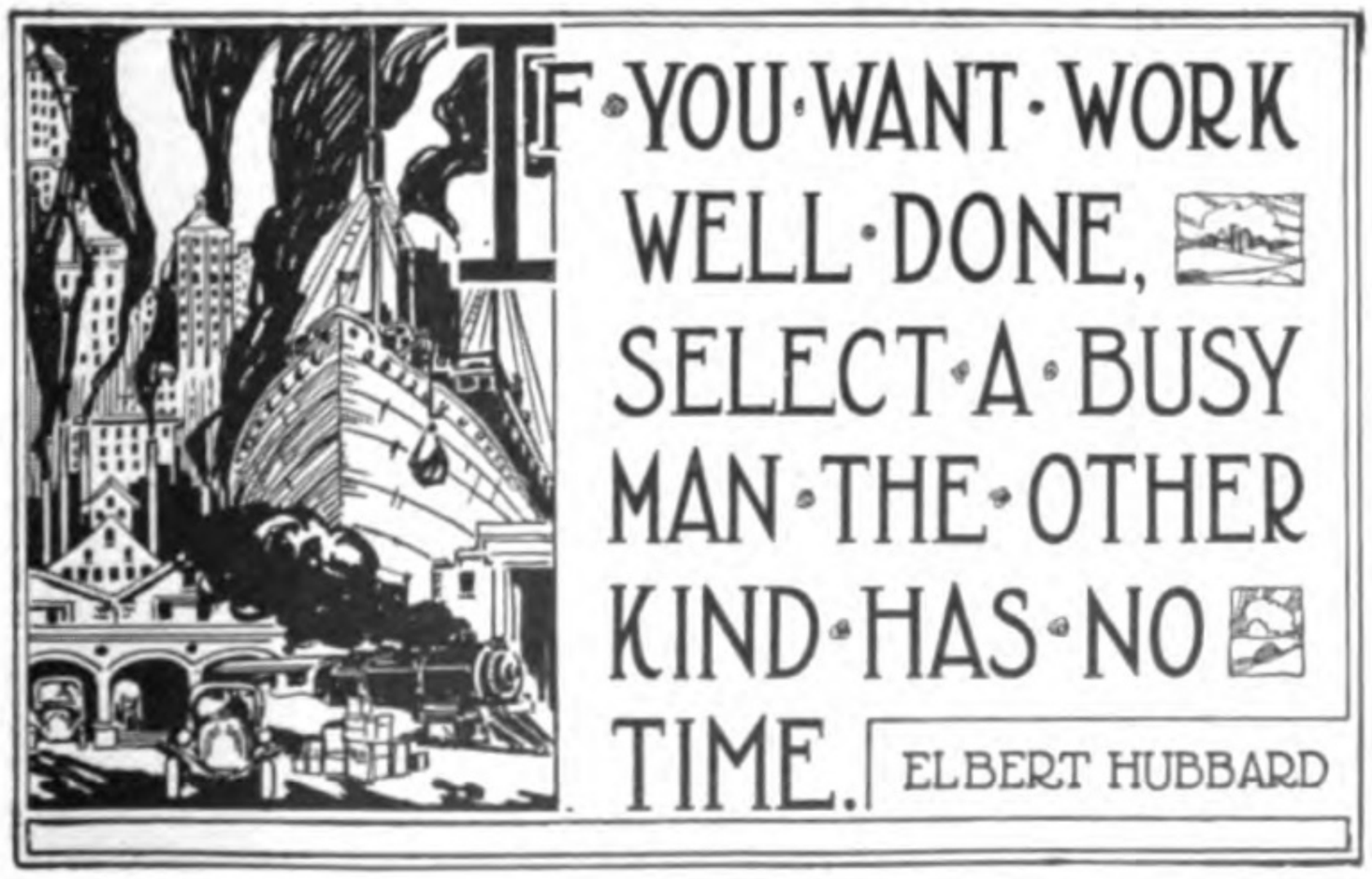
*The American-Russian Chamber of Commerce reports a gross income on this railroad of $1,000,000 for the first six months of 1928.—Editor



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MOSCOW IN ALASKA—HISTORICAL SHRINE OF ST. MICHAEL

Rev. Tikhon I. Lavrischeff

Courtesy of *Travel*

Several American millionaries and art collectors the world over have tried to buy this Madonna which hangs in St. Michael's Cathedral at Sitka, Alaska.

THE Russian Orthodox Church at Sitka, consecrated in the name of the Archangel Michael, enjoys an enviable historical renown of the most sympathetic character, not in Alaska alone but in all America. This temple of God incites in its visitors feelings of admiration and affectionate reverence. The divine grace visibly abides in it, hence people feel deeply moved, soothed, pacified, in its devout, sheltering shadow.

The Cathedral Church of the Archangel Michael at Sitka is built in the shape of a cross. There are three sanctuaries and as many altars. In the middle of the church is an elevated platform, the cathedra. The Sanctuary of an Orthodox Church is separated from the body of the church by a partition, or screen, which is called the Iconostasis. In this church this screen is adorned with twelve icons, or images, in costly silver casing, of artistically chased work. The middle door, leading into the Sanctuary, is called the Royal Gates. It is remarkable for its ornamentation in complicated carved work. The name Royal Gates is given to this door because through it the Holy Sacrament, the Eucharist, is brought.

Above this door is a sumptuous icon, representing the Last Supper, in a massive silver casing of considerable value. In front of it hangs a large silver lampad, the gift of the Russian brig *Polyphemus* in 1888, when the vessel was on a long and arduous voyage in the waters of the Pacific Ocean.

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The icon of the patron of Sitka's church, the Archangel Michael, was miraculously saved from the ship *Neva* which was wrecked at the foot of Mount Edgecomb on her way to Sitka.

When the Royal Gates are open, the entire Sanctuary is visible. Its most marked feature is the altar with its appurtenances. The cross lying on the altar was made at Bethlehem and contains a particle of the Holy Cross from Golgotha. On the same altar reposes a Testament, in a splendid setting, tastefully incrustated with French paste diamonds and with small icons in mother-of-pearl (the weight of the book is about sixty pounds).

On the wall behind the altar of the chief sanctuary is a large icon of the Saviour, which was brought from Russia. It was lacerated by the bayonets of the marines of the allied squadron which made war on Russia in 1855. It is now pro-

Courtesy of *Travel*

St. Michael's Cathedral, Sitka, Alaska –the most historic shrine of worship on the Pacific Coast, built in 1817, equipped most lavishly.

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tected by a costly gilt silver casing, and is rendered doubly precious by the patriotic associations which make of it a sacred national relic. There are in the same sanctuary several religious paintings of excellent workmanship. The finest is that representing the Annunciation.

But the most notable of all the icons which decorate the iconostasis is the image of the Saviour and the Mother of God. It is a pearl of Russian ecclesiastical art. The countenances of the Virgin and of the Holy Child are "sweeter than the radiance of stars." It was a true artist's brush that produced this heavenly face of ineffable mildness. The charm and novelty of this ecclesiastical type lies in its entire harmony with the reverential purity of true religious inspiration.

The traveler, in the distant land of waterfalls and cataracts, will look on this product of Russian art with a serene and prayerful feeling, subdued by the loftiness of the Orthodox type, the concentrated force of which lies in its very gentleness. He will feel compelled to say: "Although the Sistine Madonna stands supreme in the world of paintings, still the Orthodox Madonna of Sitka has a divine beauty of her own." This wonderful icon was drawn by a well known Russian artist—Borovikovsky.

It is impossible to enumerate all the icons adorning the iconostasis and the walls of the sanctuaries of this church. Many of them are very remarkable by their early Russian style of painting, which is similar to Byzantine, while some are of very ancient workmanship.

We will only add here that, when visiting the Cathedral, which is cordially open to the American public, the traveler can, if the rector himself be present, see all the treasures and receive on the spot all necessary information concerning them.

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I CONFESS

NICHOLAS L. KOZLINSKY

THE last three years I have spent in a technical, middle-western college, far away from Russian environment. When, last June, I plunged back again into the Russian group, at the Conference at Camp Greenkill, I could not help but notice certain contrasts which I will try to outline here.

In college I belonged to a social fraternity. I lived at the fraternity house, made very intimate friends, and shared all my troubles with them. And when I look back I really cannot tell the family positions of more than three of my frat brothers out of thirty. (I knew those three just because I visited their homes.)

The social standing of my American friends in college was established entirely by their personal actions, and the family standing had not any bearing on their own characteristics.

Four days at the Russian Conference was just long enough to learn who were sons of generals, priests, government officials, et cetera. It became known quite unintentionally, in a very natural way for us Russians. In other words it was "who was who in family standing register."

It is not a question of right or wrong, but it is easy for anyone familiar with Russian life to recall something similar, which will trace the proof of its existence way back into Russian history. For instance, I remember in the villages of Russia very often instead of a greeting I was asked: "Whose are you?" (Meaning—whose son are you? Your family standing?) In more intelligent circles the same question was asked only in a different, not so direct, form. So, the necessity of knowing or telling about family standing was not the last characteristic for one's own position in Russia.

Some Russians, right from the start, look on the present American environment as inferior to that to which they were accustomed. Generally, this attitude expresses itself in extreme privacy and exclusiveness in which they try to encircle themselves. Some keep that constant expression: "We have seen better days," and still count "those days" as a standard; meanwhile being in the ditch. Some talk with tremendous erudition and spread around themselves that "air of past glory," and so on . . . In my private opinion, it is a rather hard task to find a simple and sincere personality, the kind that Americans would call "a regular feller!" The only thing nobody cared about was the question: "Does anyone deserve a better place by virtue of his own qualities, or not?" The logic in this case worked in a Russian way: if my father had it, I am entitled to it also.

As a contrast to that, I remember an incident which happened to one of my American friends. He failed in college

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and his father said—from that time on he wouldn't spend a nickel on him. In the father's opinion he was not worth the opportunities offered to him, so the environment where he really belonged was barred to him. (And, as I learned later, his people were very wealthy and prominent.)

This is where the surprise came for me! I heard the fellow comment: "My dad is really right. I had better go and learn something from the world and do better than I did before." Without any hesitation he started a life of his own, as a sailor and the thought, "Do I belong to the sailor class?" never occurred to him.

I would like to mention some peculiar American characteristics which I met also—for instance, their approach to foreigners. Whenever I applied for a job, or was introduced to somebody personally the first thing I faced was a question: "Were you born in this country?" usually asked directly or hinted at.

It seemed to me that every true American unconsciously always classified me, according to the answer, in one of his two great subdivisions: we and they. Then I have a notion it works this way: the subdivision "they" has a wholesale classification of all national groups which have relative superiority with respect to each other. Looks like a huge index drawer, with every nation having its own box! On the top of it, invariably, Anglo-Saxons and on the bottom one may find Greeks, Italians, or even Russians, according to individual opinion.

If I call myself a Russian, I can easily see how my American friend will put me right away in the group with definite values, which he attributes to all Russians in general. As soon as he re-solved the mystery of my personality, knowing exactly what sort of a fellow I am, according to his index, he immediately assumes the role of a host. In a most admirable way he tries to be very pleasant and usually starts the conversation about Russia. For this purpose he strives to bring up all the information he can remember about this topic, but the source is usually very small. It consists of some hazy terms and images mixed up in conglomerated mass of: cossaks, vodka, kremlin, mujhik, bolshevick, with a couple of impressions left from the last moving picture where the princess fell in love with the Volga boatman!

Naturally, with such a back-ground, he slips off very soon and starts to ask such questions as this: "Do you eat sugar in Russia?", or "What sort of a beverage is this samovar?"

For the better understanding of my point, I would like to see some average American go to Russia, where he would meet a Russian who had read only one book on America—*Uncle Tom's Cabin*. And in a very entertaining and hospitable manner this Russian would ask him questions like: "Do you really treat those poor negroes as I read in *Uncle Tom's Cabin?*", or "Is it really true that you prohibit these poor negroes from speaking their own language?"

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PHANTOM OF CONTRIBUTION

MICHAEL CHICHKAN

I have an impression that most foreign students in the United States think that their education will be a great contribution to their native countries some day. Just how this contribution may be analyzed in terms of self-sufficiency in regard to their native countries many of the foreign students find some difficulties in determining. It is understood that every one of us has a belief that knowledge in a given line is the main source for all countributions possible. The word knowledge is a limited term and it seems to me for many reasons cannot be submitted in general as the extraordinary phase of contribution to our native countries.

Although the scientific terms or facts upon which our knowledge is based are the same all over the world, the applications and demonstrations of these facts are carried by each country in a number of different ways. Thus, an engineer, for instance, may learn various types of machines that are used in this country; he may know how to operate each type, but going back to his native country he may not find the same type of machines; he may not be able to operate them and as a matter of fact he may not know the scientific terms in his own language.

The doctor may become familiar with the highest technique of operations; he may know perfectly well his work, but going back to his native country he may become puzzled by various types of diseases which he had never seen in this country like leprosy, scurvy, et cetera.

Does all this mean that the foreign students in the United States, and particularly the Russian students, have very little to say about the contribution to their own countries? Does it mean that foreign students will have hardship in competing with the fellows of the same profession in their native countries? Do all these minuses, that can be enumerated toward the contribution on the basis of our knowledge, make us doubt our self-sufficiency in regard to our own countries?

It seems to me our knowledge is just a minor thing. President Roosevelt, summarizing the ideals of the human race, said that every great nation owes to its individuals a part of its greatness, not merely the material effects, not merely the laws formed, but an immense moral influence produced by individual deeds upon national character. If this is true, what influence then may college men bring from the Land of Democracy to their native countries?

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Whether this is a problem or just a phantom of contribution, the solution in each case must be the same. The college men and women in the United States have a growing feeling all the time that they are going to be bound some day to do their full share of work for American public life. The foreign students in this country feel the same obligation to give their full share of work to their native countries. But how can all this be expressed in terms of American education?

European countries as yet have no equalities of rights. They are thrown into conflict through which there is no prosperity, no progress for future life. It is exceedingly hard by individual effort to influence the destiny of a race, but it is possible for a college man deeply imbued with the American spirit of life to become a vital force in his country. He can, in every walk of life, challenge the existence of wrong. By the virtue of a complete American education the foreign student is able to show that his action is that of a true American in spirit, hope and purpose and this will fit him to stand shoulder to shoulder with his friends of every rank, and face to face with his foes. With the spirit of a true American one can accomplish more than any of the Europeans can do and this is probably the only means that can gradually burn the fallacy of the European system of life.

Dr. J. C. Bay, librarian of the John Crerar Library, found that Europe has no interest in forming a correct impression of America. European libraries have very little or nothing American. He states that European interest in the United States is occasional and not historical and it looks as if America is hardly essential to a knowledge of continental Europe.

This is a true basis for saying that the fallacy of the European system of life is probably the whole trouble of the Universe. This is just like a chronic disease that cannot be cured in a short period of time. It will take centuries again to rebuild the system of a nation, if the new forces operating for the people and by the people will be available. It is this that makes me think that the foreign students in the United States with their American education can make a great contribution to their native countries some day.

By American education I mean, just what Milton says—a complete and generous education that can fit a foreign student to perform justly and skillfully all the offices of public life exactly the same as an educated American would do.

This much is the prerequisite for a complete American education. In other words—the foreign student in the United States before his graduation must have a balance of 100 per cent as a foreigner and 100 per cent as an American. It seems to me below this standard our contribution would mean very little or nothing.

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O. HENRY INVADES RUSSIA

(Reprinted from *The Mentor*)

ALBERT PARRY

Courtesy of *The Mentor*
Cover Design for "The Gentle Grafter." A best-selling collection of O. Henry's stories in Russia

THINGS American are much in vogue with the Russians just now. A foreign novelist need only be announced as an American, and his stories immediately take their place in the Moscow bookshops among the best sellers. I suspect that even the present popularity of Joseph Conrad in Russia is due in great measure to the surprising notion that "he is partly American."

But O. Henry's is a genuine popularity, nevertheless. Russians not only read him and enjoy him but they also try to understand his subtleties. They are so earnestly enraptured with him that in true Russian fashion they try to attach a new "O. Henrian" philosophy to his works and build a literary school around him.

Three points: Unexpected endings; incomplete clarity of the situation instead of the usual mystery; the author's irony at his own expense, and that of his heroes and even of the readers—are denoted by Russian critics as essentially and exclusively O. Henrian methods. Russian beginners in the literary field are enjoined to follow the methods and optimistic theories of "the greatest American writer"—just as young Americans of today are advised to follow Chekhov, the Russian writer of short stories, in his philosophy of sad humor and searching analysis.

And why is O. Henry so much admired in Russia? Surely, his methods and psychology can be understood only by the intelligentsia and not by the masses of new Russian readers, recruited from the ranks of peasants, factory workers and Red soldiers, who only two or three years ago first mastered their A B C's.

K. Chukovsky, a prominent critic, writer and translator, and a keen champion of the American author, insists that the "chief

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strength of O. Henry lies in his language: laconic, rich in intonaion, original, powerful and fresh." It is regrettable that not infrequently, through faulty understanding of the idiom, something of the characteristic flavor, meaning and vitality of O. Henry's stories are sacrificed in stilted translation.

For a comprehensive answer to the question, "Why is O. Henry popular with the Russians?" we must look to that stage of transition through which Russia is laboring at the present time. The Russia of Gorky's shiftless barefoots is slowly awakening to a feverish tomorrow. Industries, skyscrapers—the life of great cities is dawning upon rural Russia, which once knew little and cared less for the world that lay beyond the bounds of its wheat fields. Russians see mirrored in O. Henry's tales their own yesterdays and tomorrows—all at once. "They are near to us," says Azov, the critic, "these tough, rough cowboys in their wide-brimmed hats, who by day brand the cattle and at night sleep under the open sky, with their boots for pillows." And, no less than his prairie stories, O. Henry's pictures of New York's rushing, crushing life are liked by the awakening Russians.

Most jealously the name and fame of O. Henry is guarded by his new champions! With what zeal they watch for errors in translation. Mistakes, curious and ludicrous ones, abound in the Russian editions of O. Henry's works. The title of the story *The Country of Elusion* is rendered in Russian to read "The Country of Illusion." In other stories the English word "county" is denoted by a Russian term meaning "earldom," and so the Russian reader receives an impression that there is an Earl of Ulster in the state of New York, and many other earls (an earl for each county) in other states of the Union. The familiar title, *Sixes and Sevens*, is translated literally and not figuratively, as it should be.

In a recent issue of a Moscow magazine a writer ascribes to O. Henry the Christian name "Otto"—Otto Henry! The mysterious initial of Sidney Porter's pen name is deciphered at last! But it is safe to say the inventive commentator will not get off without an avalanche of indignant protest from the army of O. Henry connoisseurs scattered all over the great republic of new Russia.

Courtesy of *The Mentor*
"The Marionettes"—Cover drawn by a Russian artist for a group of O. Henry's tales that bear the title of a short story comparatively unfamiliar to American readers.

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RUSSIAN LYRICS

V. Boris Sheremetyeff

FROM A RUIN IN THE BALTIC

WITHIN a forest dark and deep
A castle stands forbidding, old and gray.
Its walls are moldy, cobwebbed; spiders creep
O'er broken windows that no light of day
May enter. Cold dustladen halls
Re-echo deathly silence from the walls
And deathly silence sits, a host
To Owl and Bat and Ghost.

And creepy broken stairs their upward way
Between the walls wind to a secret room
Where, ah, so long ago, one day
Wild passion slew a romance in its bloom—
The walls have ears, yet, silently they stand
And guard the secret of a ruthless hand

But nights when all is dark, when all is still,
With grewsome melodies a wind sweeps by,
Now weeping softly, now in anger shrill
To moan o'er graves and bones now dry—

. . . And over all the clamor of a breath
Of desolation - - Death!

AUTUMN WINDS

AUGUST of wind, a dusty road,
A flock of geese above me southward fly,
And over hope deep shadows lie.

The river soon will rest
'neath ice and snow
And hear not winter's lullaby—
The jazz song of a crow.

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NIGHT

. . . waiting
For the morn and light.
Eyes strained to pierce
The shadows of night,
Endless, endless
The silence of darkness—
Only a wind's mournful chant in its flight—
Waiting for the morn and light.

ALONE

AT last—the hush of night
Beneath a silvery lace
Of sparkling stars to light
all space.

Grotesque long shadows spread
Across the silent street,
Deep shadows that I dread
to meet.

My weary steps resound
Upon the pathway stone
As I am homeward bound
alone.

AM MEER

LASHING relentlessly, furiously,
Waves of an angry sea
Against sharp cliffs ceaselessly crashing—
White foam-covered riffs in the dark I see.

The crash of the waves' tempestous fury,
Tho' deafening to the ear it be,
Can never, ah never, silence and bury
The woe you left in the heart of me.

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WHY DIFFERENT?

KSENIA POLEVITZKY

THEY were just little kids then—two funny little beings just as alike as two peas and looking just as round in their short warm coats with black collars made of curly lambs' fur, and little hats to match with fur-lined ears that met under the chin in a neat black bow. That day was a special day for them and their long braids were tied with new black ribbons, which danced behind their backs like a pair of large, black butterflies.

Brightly and gayly shone the sun over the streets of Petrograd and sent its reflection into every bright crystal of the white, clean snow and turned each into a diamond. Bright and gay was the whole world on that day. The hoofs of the horses cracked in gay rhythm over the wooden blocks of Kamenostrovski Prospect and joyfully rang the voices of the "izvostchiki" and the "dvorniki," who were sweeping the snow out of the yards and off the pavements. And how wonderfully that snow creaked under one's feet! The gay sparrows chirped as if they had terribly important news to tell each other and rushed insolently in large flocks from the roofs down upon the street and back again.

But . . . the two little kids were unusually serious on that bright morning. Their old, kind grandmother, from the large window of their home, was sending after them a last sign of the cross and her last encouraging smile that was to bring them luck, and they, thoughtful and a little nervous, held tight to the hands of their maid as they walked up the street and even forgot to notice all the brightness and joy around them. No wonder! They were going to the "gymnasium" for the first time and had to take their examination. They felt the pride and the thrill of the new duties, new worries and responsibilities that dawned upon them on that big day.

. . . A few years have passed.

A grey Finnish climate, a grey Finnish people surrounded them, and they were practically all alone. Separated by a fire of war and hatred of an immense Revolution were the "Reds" over there and the "Whites" over here. There in the Red-maddened Petrograd were their father and mother, unable to join them. And here, in a small Finnish village existed the two little kids with their young governess. They hardly knew themselves how they existed—for they had very meager means, but they managed to prepare delicious meals out of road-way grass and

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they learned to cultivate, all by themselves, their little vegetable garden and a small potato field.

A few more years passed and they still were only "kids."

The sun, however, did not shine brightly for them any more. In fact, it did not shine at all. For two whole months it did not even rise above the horizon in the far-northern city of Murmansk. It was not entirely dark though. In the night the sky sent out millions of sparkling threads—white, green and red—which, faint at first, vibrated and grew into a beautiful band of moving light that hung and played over the high snow-covered mountains, and the black, steaming waters of the never-freezing Bay of Murmansk.

Then the two kids put on all the sweaters and all the mittens they had and also warm, Eskimo hats, of deer fur, with long ear laps which they tied around their necks, and each fastening with the straps a pair of wide, Norwegian skiis to her feet, rushed out to find a thrill upon the dark, glittering hills.

A tragedy hung in the air of the entire city. They heard people say that the English troops, which guarded Murmansk for the last three or four months, had suddenly left, and that the Bolsheviks were entering the city. They were rather thrilled and amused at first, but later on the general feeling of the tragedy penetrated into their minds.

Two more years have passed, but still they have not grown up—out of the condition of being only kids.

Neither the sun nor the northern lights shone upon them now. A steady, yellow electric bulb, weakly lighted the bare room. Rough wooden boards were stretched across half of its space with a couple of filthy, thin, straw mattresses thrown over them to represent a bed. The window—the only window—was fenced off by thick iron bars.

The two kids could not quite understand why it was that they all were locked up in prison only because their father and mother tried, and managed, to escape from Russia to save their lives, but they got so used to all kinds of dangers, risks, misery and absurdities, during the last few years, that their position did not worry them much.

Their faces pressed to the window bars, they watched with an intense interest the life that was going on outside and waited impatiently for the old keeper, who was to bring them their dinner—potatoes, herring and plenty of hot water.

A few more years have passed—they are kids no longer.

The sun shines brightly again for them—the sun of a new land. On a bright and happy morning the full, busy life of an American university begins and the two, who are kids no longer, are a part of it. Grateful and eager they have seized the welcome and the opportunity that have been extended to them by a strange people—a kind, strange people, who are gradually becoming their people, though not quite. For over and over again they hear that one question: "Why is it you are so different?"

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A GERMAN CRITIC ON DOSTOEVSKY

ELIAS L. TARTAK

A BOOK on *Dostoevsky, written by a Western-European critic of prominence, is *ipso facto* bound to arouse the curiosity of a Russian attached to Russian literature. The curiosity is only enhanced by the fact that the European critic in question is German, for literary Germany has for the past ten years become "Dostoevsky's country" almost to the same extent as England has become "Chekhov's country."

The superficial skepticism with which not a few Russians look at times at "foreign criticism" of their literature, ("These Europeans mean well, but are they really able to understand Dostoevsky or Chekhov? These writers are so Russian, and we are so different!") may be at once dismissed with a shrug of one's shoulders. In spite of our being "so different," the finest critical appreciations of various aspects of Russian literature have been written by French, English, American and other "Western" critics.

In beauty and keenness of appreciation there is nothing to surpass the pages of Tolstoi, written by Matthew Arnold (way back in the eighties) or by William Dean Howells. And Melchoir de Vogue's *Le Roman Russe* was deservedly crowned by the French Academy. In fact, it is precisely the sensitiveness, clarity and breadth of understanding, as manifested by responsible Western criticism in dealing with Russian literature that impress so favorably a Russian who has at all studied the subject.

One hesitates, however, to say whether J. Meier-Graefe's book belongs to the group of illuminating writings of Western criticism on Russian literature. One hesitates whether the book contributes anything new, interesting or important on either Dostoevsky's art, thought or personality. One is not certain at all whether the book under consideration rounds off or deepens our understanding and insight into that complicated phenomenon —Dostoevsky.

J. Meier-Graefe's book is a respectable, but not a stirring performance. It is impossible, after all, to mistake a genuine luminary for an honest, but dim candle. We may be dazzled by the first, but that would only make us all the surer of the power of its light. As for the modest candle, it helps us somewhat to see, but it also makes us realize how much we do not see.

In reading J. Meier-Graefe's book, one cannot help comparing it with other and "happier" writings on the same great sub-

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* Dostoevsky. The Man and His Work. By Julius A. Meier-Graefe. Translated by Herbert H. Marks). Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York, 1928.

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ject. One recalls of course D. Merejkovsky's somewhat paradoxical, but certainly thought-stirring, keenly analytical volume, *Tolstoi and Dostoevsky*, with its firm grip of the subject, fertile and suggestive formulations, brilliant and truly illuminating exposition and style. There was indeed a flood of light and no one has ever, to our knowledge, mistaken it for a candle. Much the same applies to V. Rosanov's profound meditations on the most intricate sinuosities of Dostoevsky's religious and ethical philosophy, *The Legend of the Great Inquisitor*.

Compared with these two great expounders of Dostoevsky, J. Meier-Graefe's work is somewhat thin, and, if not exactly undergraduate, smacks of the respectable M. A. thesis,—industrious, cumbrous, but hardly more. Essentially the book is a laborious re-telling of the plots of Dostoevsky's better known stories and novels, rather loosely bound together with an unfulfilled effort to give us a coherent development of the growth of an art. This makes J. Meier-Graefe's book informative, in a school text-book sense, but does not make it either a philosophical or an aesthetical study of importance.

As regards the philosophical side of Dostoevsky, his philosophy of history, of science, his theology and ethics, J. Meier-Graefe barely touches upon all these subjects. In this respect, not only the Russian expounders of Dostoevsky's art and thought, but "foreigners" like John Middleton Murry and André Gide seem to have done work of a more enduring and important character than J. Meier-Graefe's book under review.

Both John Middleton Murry and André Gide have also all the advantage of clarity of style and language. They are perfectly comprehensible, which applies also to the English translation of André Gide's book on Dostoevsky. The present translation of J. Meier-Graefe's book has baffled this reviewer on many a page. Nor am I inclined to suspect the translator. Somehow, the translation seems to imply an even more obscure German original. The obscurity, to this reviewer, at least, is not redeemed by either depth of thought or a successful suggestion of inexpressible mystery. Dostoevsky was deep and dealt with many a mystery of the human spirit, but he was *never obscure*. J. Meier-Graefe's book on Dostoevsky is neither deep nor mysterious, but succeeds in achieving the obscurity of shallowness.

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SMATTER

EVERY ONCE in a while some well-intentioned individual casually refers to the editorial in this publication—which we like to think of as a magazine or periodical, but which the unfeeling insist on calling a pamphlet.

Now, let us announce once and for all time to come that the conglomeration appearing each month under the heading *Smatter* is by no stretch of the imagination written as an editorial. Not so many years ago we indulged in a course in editorial writing and found out, not without sorrow, that we could not write coherently enough to suit the teacher; so when the form of *The Russian Student* was changed we omitted the agony of attempting to write an editorial. The old title *Smatter* was retained as a suitable heading for a personal, chatty column, a feature column, as it were, miscellaneous in character. If this department has a real purpose, it is to entertain and establish, (if that is possible) a personal relationship between the magazine and its readers. Certainly neither the publisher nor the editor considers the opinions of *Smatter* seriously.

While we are about it, we may as well remind our readers that a pamphlet is merely a book of a few sheets of printed matter. The Welfare Division of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company gets out some very good ones on "Sunlight," "Headaches," and other subjects of widespread interest. (?) But according to Daniel Webster a magazine is "published periodically containing miscellaneous papers, especially critical and descriptive articles, stories, poems, designed for the entertainment of the general reader." That's what *The Russian Student* attempts to do, but apparently those who call it a pamphlet do not find it entertaining. We'll have to do something about that!

Now, that we have let off a little steam, we would just love to sit down to a row of turkey dinners—and call it a day.

But we've been told by more than one Russian that this column should be allowed to have a meaning. So I shall proceed to say something serious about Thanksgiving, even if I do

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think I ought to be permitted to write about frogs' legs or monkey glands and send everybody to Guinea when I feel like it—as long as those things are hooked up with Russian students and graduates of American universities. So far as can be judged, at the present moment, there is little danger of inflicting these subjects on the poor but gentle reader.

It was during the Thanksgiving holidays a few years ago that an owl-faced gentleman (we'll call him Feodor) told us of his unsuccessful battle with a common or garden variety of truck. Life meant little to him that day. Tempus fugited and Feodor decided to linger in this world a bit longer. He saved enough money to study for three months in an agricultural college. He had a hard time. We knew he would because he could not speak English with any amount of fluency. But he made good the first term and then the Fund helped him.

When he came back to what Henry Seidel Canby calls "the engine racket of the streets all running nowhere so fast," he was the picture of Pippa Passes singing: "God's in His heaven and all's right with the world." Or rather, we think Pippa would have looked the way Feodor did if she had been a Russian who had gone through fire and brimstone and come out as clean as a whistle.

Say, there must be some kind of a "Kick" to college that many Americans don't know about. These Russian fellows go through a reincarnation, if you know what I mean. You just ought to see them before and after taking an engineering, agricultural or business course.

There are hundreds of instances like Feodor's, yet all are different. There was another—Nicholai—who arrived here from Constantinople (in 1923) to study mechanical engineering. One day he came in the office and explained that he could be some kind of a professor's amanuensis if he only had a typewriter. The catch in this story is—his wife was going to help the family budget by doing the work at home. Fortunately, a horn-rimmed American was convinced that this Russky was the proper kind of person to take good care of a Corona that was not his own.

Nicholas got the job, finished engineering college with the aeronautic option, returned the typewriter, and made an everlasting impression on the American. That was three or four years ago. The other day the American stopped me on the corner and said: "There's one of your men I'd like to know about."

He attempted to describe Nicholas but obviously had forgotten the typewriter incident. "Oh, he's a successful aeronautical engineer. He's right hand man to Mr. Bellanca. He sent a repayment of $50.00 yesterday." "You don't say!" He was thrilled to pieces. "I'm glad to hear that. I knew he had it in him."

All he knew about Nicholas was the clear-cut look in his

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face and the determination in his eyes. The desire within me to add: "Graduates repaid last year $18,760.80" was too strong to resist, but not being able to remember figures with any great degree of accuracy, I could only murmur telegraphically, "something like nineteen thousand, counted on only fourteen," meaning thousands of course.

These are just two samples. They walk into this office by the dozens every day, ten years younger than when we first saw them.

Speaking confidentially, we know that the brilliant purist, who objected to some of the expressions in last June's *Smatter*, is now being stirred to real emotion. But what ———— care we? This is *not* an editorial. So we will speak our mind. Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you, ain't all this rejuvenation somepun to be thankful for?

Yours for bigger and better cranberries
and more turkeys,

— deN

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The Admiralty was topographically the centre of the city of St. Petersburg. From this imposing building radiate three avenues, one of which is the splendid Nevsky Prospect. Basil Mikhailovsky, who designed this cover, is an architectural student in New York.

Richard E. Krengel, a senior at Ohio Northern University, is one of the most popular students on the campus. Last year he was President of the International Club, Treasurer Mechanical Engineering Society, and Treasurer of the local honorary engineering fraternity Nu Theta Kappa. Besides this he takes an active part in athletics and carries more scholastic work than most of the other engineering students. Dean Needy says: "I should say his outstanding quality was hard work, and plenty of it."

Peter Chulkoff, who will graduate, in February, from the Railway Civil Engineering Department, University of Illinois, was a student at the Institute of Ways and Communications in St. Petersburg when the Great War broke out. He has thus had an opportunity to study both Russian and American methods of railway operation.

Rev. Tikhon I. Lavrischeff, who is studying Education at the University of California, was for three and a half years a priest-missionary among the aleuts of Prince William Sound, Alaska. For two years he was employed by the United States Bureau of Education as teacher of English to the natives in Tatitlek, Alaska. Recently *American Anthropologist* published one of his manuscripts—*Two Aleut Tales.*

If honest confession is really good for the soul, Nicholas L. Kozlinsky (Missouri School of Mines, '28) must be feeling very well. We have a hunch that it will be good for the souls of Americans, as well as Russians, to pay some attention to his remarks. The social fraternity to which he refers is the Prospectors' Club at Rolla, Missouri. Mr. Kozlinsky is also a member of the Honorary Engineering Fraternity, Tau Beta Pi. At present he is doing a special piece of research for the Bureau of Mines, University of Alabama.

Michael Chichkan is a medical student in Chicago. We are not sure whether this accounts for his prejudice against the European idea of living, but, at any rate, he is not a mental parasite. He thinks for himself and his contributions to *The Russian Student* have always brought interesting comments from his own countrymen.

When we have asked Russians what American writers they read before coming to the United States, they have invariably said: "O Henry, Cooper, and Mark Twain." The observations of Albert Parry, a New York business man, seem to coincide with this, at least in one respect.

The poems by V. Boris Sheremetyeff were selected from a group of Russian Lyrics, handed to the editor by a former student, Nicholas Holmsky.

Ksenia Polevitzky and her twin sister, Irene, are specializing in chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania.

Professor Elias L. Tartak, lecturer at McGill University and at Russian Collegiate Institute, is a journalist of some note. He is a great admirer of Dostoevsky and knows his writings throroughly.

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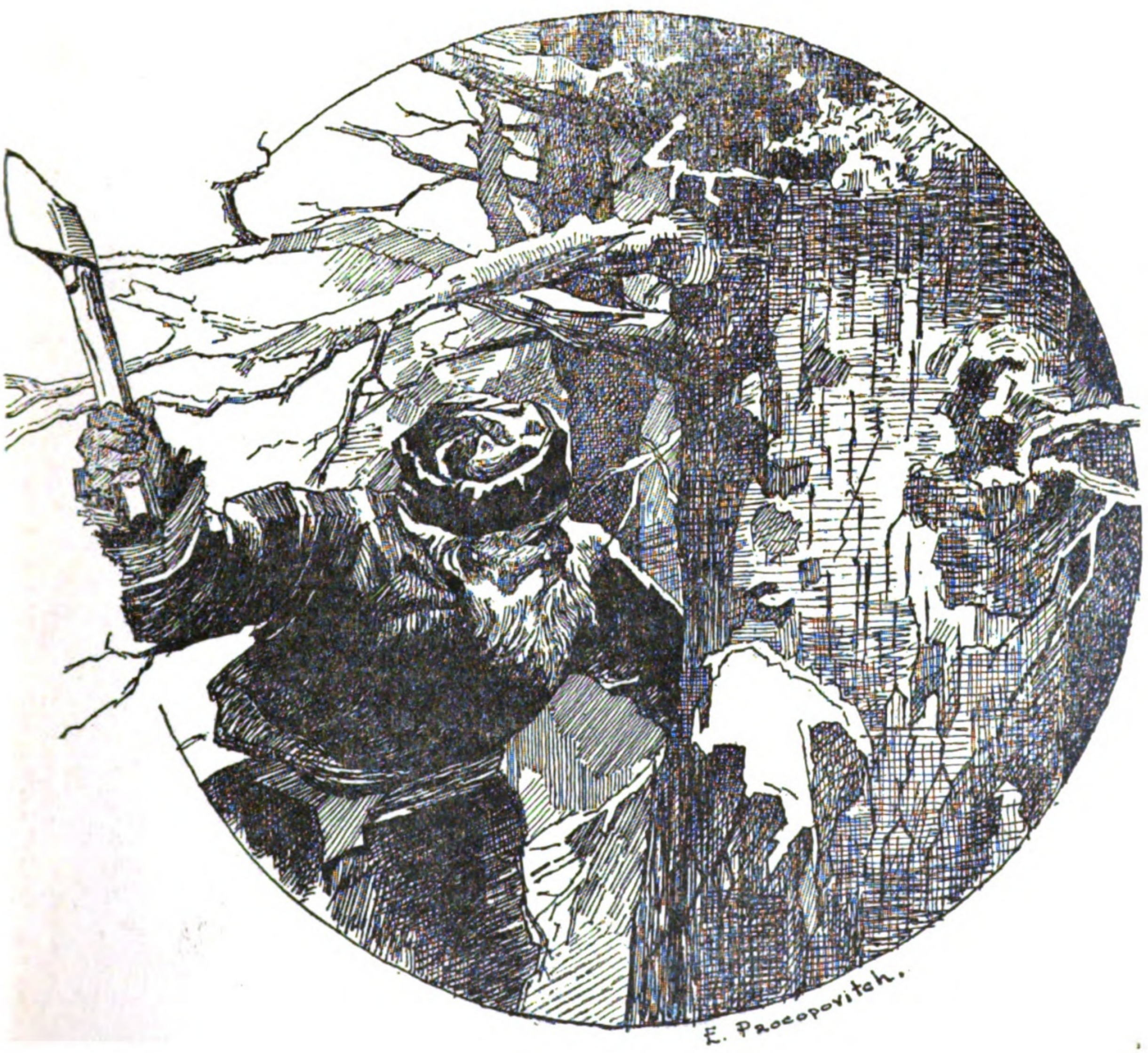

December 1928

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

Contents for December, 1928

COVER DESIGN, *Kriss Kringle*.....*Eugene Procopovitch*

KOLYADKA 1
CHRISTMAS GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA.....*Olga Benderoff* 2
A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS CARD..... 4
THE EINSTEIN THEORY OF RELATIVITY.....*George de Bothezat*..... 5
BOWL SONG 11
STUDENT MIGRATIONS .....*Archie M. Palmer*.....12
THE RED SQUARE.....*Paul Chefranoff* 16
INEXHAUSTIBLE CUP, *A Review*.....*Alexey Fovitsky* 18
SMATTER 20
WHO'S WHO 23
ADVERTISEMENTS 24

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

December, 1928

Volume V. Number 4

KOLYÁDKA

From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, Leo Wiener
Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

BEYOND the river, the swift river,
Oy Kolyádka!

There stand dense forests:
In those forests fires are burning
Great fires are burning.

Around the fires stand benches,
Stand oaken benches,
On these benches the good youths,
The good youths, the fair maidens,
Sing Kolyáda songs,
Kolyáda, Kolyáda!

In their midst sits an old man;
He sharpens his steel knife
A cauldron boils hotly.
Near the cauldron stands a goat.
They are going to kill the goat.
"Brother Ivánushko,
Come forth, spring out!"

"Gladly would I have sprung out,
But the bright stone
Drags me down to the cauldron;
The yellow sands
Have sucked dry my heart."
Oy Kolyádka! Oy Kolyádka.

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CHRISTMAS GLIMPSES OF RUSSIA

OLGA BENDEROFF

THE fire was burning cheerfully in the fireplace of a small modestly furnished living room. The flames danced playfully over the crackling white logs, casting mysterious jumping shadows on the hearth. The wind howled in the chimney and *Morozko tapped on the shutters, as though begging to come in, leaving only his finger prints on the window-panes as fancy designs.

Zina dropped wearily into a chair by the fireside. She had just come in after a long walk from the store in the cold penetrating wind, through streets piled high with snow. She was chilled to the bone and her feet were numb. Shivering she curled up in the armchair, allowing the light from the fire to flicker over her shabby clothes, and the heat to soothe her body to tingling warmth.

Christmas Eve! It was the first time that Zina had ever spent the winter holidays among strange people away from home. It was only last year that she, having lost her parents, was driven out of her country by the revolutionary wave and forced to seek refuge in a frontier city of Poland. She was now renting a room from a native family, and clerking in a store, barely earning enough to meet the essential needs of life.

Zina was all alone in the house. A wave of deep homesickness and loneliness spread over her, and thoughts of home went painfully through her mind. She looked at the fire, as though to seek there relaxation and comfort. The flames were still dancing, accompanying the song of the wind with rhythmic crackles. Gradually they seemed to separate and change colors, taking on queer shapes, then to fade away, leaving behind only the golden glow. A strange sensation of warmth and peace spread over the girl's body and mind; she rested her head on the arm of the chair and closed her eyes : . .

It was still Christmas Eve, but where? A Christmas tree, shining stars on the green branches, familiar faces, laughter, smell of food, a brilliantly lighted room, warmth! Then it was all a dream! Zina is still at home! There are her mother, father, brothers! She has never been away! How happy she is! Smiling faces are around her . . . voices are heard: "The star, the star!" Someone has spied the first star of the evening, a little twinkling light of heaven, which closes the day of fasting and permits the worshipers to participate in the Christmas meal. Brilliant lights, fragrant smell of the hay on the tables under the table cloths, spread there in memory of Christ's birth in the Manger; the sight of food, of roasted turkeys, chickens and geese, cranberries, preserves, pies of all sizes and varieties, red and golden-yellow drinks in crystal glasses, nuts and dried

* The Russian Jack Frost

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fruits—all add color to the big dinner table with the brightly dressed crowd sitting around the board.

The meal is terminated by a prayer. A large star is seen outside the window and the carolers' voices are heard singing "Glory to God in the Highest." Little peasant children in sheepskins with silver stars in their hands are earning their Christmas dinner by singing carols. Zina looks at their rosy faces over the collars, frosted from the moisture of their breath, and wishes to join the singers. Food and gifts are given to the boys, as they wander from house to house. For a long time after, the song of "Birth of Jesus Christ, our Lord" rings in her ears . . .

The evening goes on . . . There is Zina, with a crowd of young people in a large sleigh drawn by swift horses, galloping through the clear frosty night to the estate of the Ivanoff's. The silver bells jingle on the harness and cut the crisp air; the runners squeak and crack on the frozen road. Zina cuddles in her furs, nose and all, and only her breath is seen rising from under her cap. Such laughter and noise that begins as the crowd arrives at the Ivanoff's and frightens them with their fancy costumes of disguise! There are bears and goats among the newcomers and also inhabitants of the underworld in red jersey suits and horns. As soon as the greetings and shrieks of surprise subside, the guest in the goat's outfit strikes a cord of a jolly tune on the harmonica, and the merry revelers drop into the swing of folk dance, followed by the hospitable Ivanoffs. One can see the devils stepping with bears, the monkeys with lambs, and the goats stamping their hoofs and shaking their beards to the tune of a Cossack dance.

While refreshments are being served, the young people start fortune telling. Everybody makes a wish, then melts the wax and pours it into cold water. The queerly shaped figures of wax serve as answers to the wish. Zina timidly takes her turn . . . The shadow cast on the wall by the bit of wax rescued by her from the water resembles a bell and a ring. Eager friends congratulate her, and promise her wedding bells in the near future . . . What else could it signify!

* * *

A log cracked in the fire and fell apart. Zina opened her eyes with a start. The bright picture of her home life in Russia was only a dream! She was still in the Polish home, sitting now by a nearly dead fire. The room cold and dark, and her mind was still in a blurr. The dream was so real, she hated to part with it. So . . . the fortune of years past promised marriage ! Such mirth of fate to play with her destiny! Bells never would ring for her wedding, instead they mourned the funeral of her parents. And yet, she distinctly remembered seeing a ring in the little lump of wax, that came to her mind so vividly in her dream. Perhaps she still had something to look forward to . . .

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A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS CARD

RUSSIA'S love for the strong, simple representation of things symbolic is responsible for a certain influence noticeable in many of the American Christmas cards this season. Russian artists in this country and abroad have created several of the designs which are most popular here. They are frankly and enthusiastically Russian in spirit and show the same tendency toward brilliant colors, bold drawing, all-over designs and poster effects which is found throughout the whole range of the newest cards this year.

Here is good St. Nicholas himself gracing one of the newest cards. His suit is red, trimmed in white and gold; his beard is snowy white; his Christmas tree is forest green and the star atop it is golden. His background is a warm pink and his greetings are unmistakably

"S Rojdestvom Xristovym . . . . . .!"

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The Einstein Theory of Relativity
A Glance into the Nature of the Question

GEORGE DE BOTHEZAT

IF one wants to understand the Einstein Theory of Relativity, he must first recall a few generalities concerning scientific knowledge.

Science is based on certain fundamental conceptions. These conceptions are nothing more than similarities and dissimilarities that we find in our perceptions by their superpositions in the mind through memory. These conceptions have been more or less accepted without much inquiry concerning their real nature. Through their instrumentality, however, important results were reached. This was their justification. Long use made them appear as something absolute. But the rise of humanity towards the mysterious summit of knowledge is continually revealing broader horizons. Without some systematization it would soon become impossible to handle the innumerable verified facts. The principal aims of science are systematization of knowledge and economics of thought.

Science is open to improvement as soon as new facts begin to appear, which are difficult to locate in the old frames. It is just such facts that have brought Einstein to formulate his theory which affects the very fundamentals of the scientific conceptions of the Universe. In order that such a tendency may be fully understood, we must make clear what is the real nature of our fundamental conceptions; how far we are at liberty to modify them; what are the facts that have demanded such reshaping; what are the advantages reached.

FUNDAMENTAL CONCEPTS AND THEIR EPISTEMOLOGICAL DEFINITION

Let us consider any conception; triangle for example. A triangle is defined as a plane geometrical figure formed by three intersecting straight lines. This definition has a meaning only for those who already know what straight lines and plane figures are. Each concept, such as triangle, which is a combination of other concepts, is called *complex concept*. The decomposition of complex concepts brings us finally to so called *fundamental concepts* which we are unable to reduce any further. In defining geometrical objects we finally reduce them to combinations of point, lines, surface and volumes. From these elements, we construct space. But what is space? Such concepts as space and time are fundamental concepts. We are brought to them by the great process of abstraction. I will illustrate this process by a typical example.

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What is time? A shooting star has disturbed the calm of the constellations by the brilliancy of its short appearance! A body, heated to white hot temperature, turns dark again when cooling, passing through a succession of different colors and we can feel its decreasing temperatures! The succession of the states of our consciousness is also a thing that we are able to note! Let us survey in a glance the totality of all variations that our mind can conceive; let us reject all those elements that differentiate each variation from the other; let us note that element which is common to all variations, that element in the presence of which there is still a variation, but in the absence of which there is no variation. *Time* is just the element common to all the variations that we can conceive.

The very process by which we are brought to the conception of time does not determine in a perfectly rigid manner, the properties of time. On the contrary, it is up to us to establish its fundamental characteristics, guided exclusively by making time fit its purpose. Let us briefly discuss at least one of the fundamental characteristics of time as usually accepted.

Time is generally conceived as something perfectly uniform. How do we judge about it? What tells us that the second just elapsed is equal to the one following? By the very nature of time the superposition of its successive intervals is impossible. How can we then talk about the relative duration of time intervals? It is clear that any relationship between successive time intervals can only be conventional. Uniformity of time is not an absolute property of time. It is only a possibility among others—the one which appears the simplest. In so far as uniform time will satisfy our purpose—the description of varying perceptions—this fact will just be the sufficient reason for such selection. Uniformity of time must not be understood otherwise. But we are at liberty to make other conventions regarding the flow of time, if any requirement appears which cannot be met by the conception of a uniform time.

It is by a similar process of abstraction that we reach the conception of space.

The foregoing concerning time may be accepted as being inherent in time. But concerning lengths, it may be thought that we are able to verify absolutely their equality and invariability. Let us have the audacity to verify this statement. We have two lengths, in the shape of two rods, which coincide perfectly when brought together. What can we conclude from such coincidence? Only that the two rods considered have equal lengths at the same place in space and at the same moment. It may very well be that each rod has a different length at different locations in space, at different times, only, both have the same lengths at the same location at the same times.

Such changes can never be detected if they affect equally all objects of the universe. We cannot even ascertain that both

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rods remain straight because both can very well take the same curvature everywhere in space and in time , and we will have no means of detecting it, if such curvatures would be a general phenomenon. Euclidean Geometry assumes that geometrical objects have sizes and shapes independent of position and orientation in space and invariable in time. We now see that the properties presupposed by Euclidean Geometry are only conventional and not subject to direct verification. In regard to space, we are thus standing in the same conditions as in regard to time. We cannot even ascertain geometrical space to be independent of time because when comparing geometrical objects we have to conceive them first located in different places and afterwards brought to coincide which involves two successive instants of time.

It must be thoroughly understood that all the foregoing is not merely a logical game but the very nature of our conceptions.

The Two Epistemological Possibilities of the Development of Science

This remarkable freedom which is left to us in the selection of the principal characteristics of our fundamental conceptions, opens two paths to the conception of the Universe.

The first path is the historical one. We accept our fundamental conceptions as they have developed more or less instinctively from the narrow field of our common life experience; then afterwards we formulate laws in such a way as to describe correctly the world of our perceptions. For centuries, science has developed in this direction. But with time, some difficulties began to appear. We certainly want fundamental conceptions which are easy for a human mind to conceive, but we also want our laws of nature to be simple. If the laws begin to become intricate, why not reshape, somewhat, the fundamental conceptions in order to simplify the scientific laws; because finally it is the simplicity of the scientific system as a whole that is our principal aim.

The second path to be followed in the establishment of the system of science, is to select first, some standard laws, and afterwards, to shape the fundamental conceptions in such a way as to meet the laws adopted, the whole giving an exact description of the outside world. This is the path followed by Einstein for the first time in the history of evolution of the physical sciences.

Einstein reached the complete generality of his theoretical tendencies in two steps.

The Special Theory of Relativity

The facts that brought Einstein to the first step called *special theory of relativity* were these: At the end of the Nineteenth Century, science was developing on the following general concep-

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tions. The whole motionless space with its physical properties was called *ether*. The motion relative to the *ether* was called *absolute motion*. Unfortunately all attempts to find a motionless body failed. Men were brought to the conception of absolute motion merely by atavism. In the early development of humanity, our planet, the Earth, was thought absolutely immobile. But when it further developed that the Earth was revolving around the Sun, the last in addition moving in some way in space, men still could not abandon the idea of absolute motion and every effort was made to give a meaning to this conception.

In the field of mechanical phenomena we have no means of detecting absolute motion.

Light propagates in space. The motionless ether was thought to be the carrier of light. Great hopes of detecting absolute motion by observation of light propagation were entertained. But to the astonishment of everybody, the most improved methods of investigation, the deepest scientific experiments—one of which was carried out in America by Prof. Michelson—showed that light propagation is in no way connected with ether and that the velocity of light is totally independent of the speed of the post of observation. The experimental evidence of the last fact, and some other observations caused scientists great perplexity. Let us examine more closely the results of the experiments in light propagation, and we will be quite as surprised as were the Scientists.

Imagine two observers moving toward each other with a certain velocity. When the two observers cross one another, a light flash is produced by an electric contact. Either observer can consider himself at the center of the light flash and consider the other as catching up with the rays of light sent in the direction of his motion and running away from the rays sent in the other direction. The speed of light propagation ought to be smaller in one sense and bigger in the other sense for the other observer. Now the striking fact is that experiments show the speed of light propagation to be exactly the same for both observers, in all directions.

The first attempts to explain such state of affairs were made by Fitzgerald and Lorentz who advanced some hypothesis. In proceeding thus they were following what we called the first path of scientific development.

Einstein adopted the other path. He proposed that we consider the laws governing optical phenomena and all phenomena in general to be fully independent of the *uniform speed* of motion of the post of observation. The velocity of light propagation must thus be an absolute constant. He afterwards reshaped the conceptions of space and time in order to render them compatible with the requirements selected. He finally systematically deducted all consequences that follow from such statements of the problem of nature description. It appeared that space and time acquired quite peculiar properties. Space and time came to de-

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pend upon one another: lengths and times to depend upon speed. Two events may be simultaneous for one observer but not for the other . . . and so on. A new mechanics had to be established in agreement with the last conception. But nowhere did Einstein meet with any logical contradictions, because all the new developments displayed themselves in the field of the liberty left for the reshaping of our fundamental conceptions. The new conceptions of Einstein may be called unusual but they are perfectly logical.

From the new conceptions a set of the most remarkable consequences followed. Such things as the Michelson experiment became self evident. Many other experimental facts, difficult to explain before, turned out to be a direct consequence of the new theory. New and important views were reached. Energy appeared to have inertia. The energetical equivalent of mass was established and its value proved to be tremendously large.

After all these important achievements, there still remained some facts difficult to grasp. Einstein soon realized that he had only to be fully consistent with himself in order to achieve the conquest of the rest of the World. Let us put at the ground foundation of the whole conception of the Universe, the fundamental requirements that all phenomena must be described by exactly the same laws from any post of observation, independent of its motion, whatever it may be, and let us see how far it is possible to meet such requirement. This was the second step made by Einstein, and which brought him to his

General Theory of Relativity

In order to meet the demand of the General Theory of Relativity, Einstein first gave a remarkable interpretation of how the transition from one post of observation to any other must be understood. We will explain the fundamental relation that holds in this case by an example. Suppose that we find ourselves in a lift descending from the top floor of a high building. Suppose the lift mechanism to be improved in such a way as to allow the descending of the lift at any rate. Suppose later that we make this lift descend with such an acceleration (that is, with such a rate of speed variation) as would be observed for a body free to fall under earth gravity without any resistance. Suppose now that we are standing in the lift and are holding in our hands an ordinary balance made of a beam with two scales and that we would put a body on one of the scales. To our astonishment, the balance would show nothing; the body would appear as having no weight.

Those who doubt that it would be so, can imagine a balance dropped, in its regular position, from the roof of a house and at the moment it is dropped, a body put in one of the scales. During the fall, the balance would show nothing because body and balance would both be falling at the same rate. The same takes

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place inside our lift. If we would set the lift running down with only half the acceleration of earth gravity, the bodies inside the lift would show half their weights. Such weight variations could be well observed with the aid of a spring balance. For an upward acceleration of the lift an increase of weights would be produced.

The general conclusion to be drawn from such observations is that the observed weights of bodies depend upon the acceleration of the post of observation. This is an absolute physical fact. A space in which *all bodies* show a weight is called a gravitational field. *The transition from one post of observation to any other can thus be interpreted as a variation of the gravitational field.* This does not mean that every gravitational field can be interpreted as a field due to a special motion of the post of observation, but only that the transition from one post of observation to another is equivalent to a variation of the gravitational field observed.

The above being understood, it is clear that if we want to put our physical laws in a shape fully independent of the motion of the post of observation, we must find the general influence of gravitational fields on physical phenomena. It is just this that Einstein has attempted to do in his General Theory of Relativity.

The fulfillment of this great program has not yet been completed. But Einstein has already succeeded in establishing a thoroughly general theory of gravitation which holds for any post of observation and which includes the whole mechanics in its most general sense. In order to reach a result of such generality the Euclidean Geometry could not be retained. Even the post of observation cannot be considered as rigid any more. Einstein pictures it as some kind of four dimensional *reference mollusk* embracing space and time. Time, space and velocity of light turn out to depend upon the gravitational field. Light does not necessarily propagate in straight lines any more. Thus, a still further reshaping of our fundamental conceptions becomes necessary. But we must not be surprised at such astonishing aspect acquired by the fundamental conceptions. All the generalization still occurs in the field of the liberty left for the reshaping of the fundamentals of thought and as reward for such reformation, we succeed in satisfying the general demand that the physical laws hold for any post of observation. In addition to the unity reached in this conception of the Universe, important consequences are obtained.

Some peculiarities long since observed in the motion of the planet Mercury, for which the Newton Mechanics could not well account, has been explained by the General Theory of Relativity. This theory made also the very wonderful prediction of the deflection of the light rays by the Sun, giving the exact amount of such deflection, which was lately experimentally verified in a brilliant manner by a Joint Committee of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies of England during the Solar Eclipse of

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May 29, 1919. Other experimental confirmations of predictions made by the General Theory of Relativity are to be expected.

It should be noted that the three stepping stones, the anthropomorphic science, the special and general theory of relativity are in perfect mutual harmony. Each step reduces to the one before under special limitations. Thus, in the case of weak gravitational fields, the general theory of relativity turns into the special theory and if in addition the motions considered are slow—all motions of material bodies on earth are such—we are brought back to the Newton conception of the Universe.

The careful reader of the foregoing may well think that some reshaping of this great Theory can be expected. Evolution is the main characteristic of science as well as of the whole Humanity. Any scientific system that will operate with fundamental conceptions closer to our everyday conceptions, will certainly have all advantages over the Einstein system, if it will but reach the same generality.

It is by powerful conceptions, derived from our perceptions, that the conquest of the Universe will be achieved by Humanity.

BOWL SONG

From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, Leo Wiener
Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

A grain adown the velvet strolled—Glory!
No purer pearl could be—Glory!
The pearl against a ruby rolled—Glory!
Most beautiful to see—Glory!
Big is the pearl by ruby's side—Glory!
Well for the bridegroom with his bride—Glory!

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STUDENT MIGRATIONS

ARCHIE M. PALMER

A CONSERVATIVE estimate would place the number of students from foreign lands studying this year in institutions of higher education in the United States at a figure well over ten thousand. There are at least several thousand others pursuing preparatory courses in the secondary and other schools lower than college grade, which would swell the total to approximately fifteen thousand.

This vast army of earnest young men and women studying in a foreign land represents what is perhaps the greatest student migration in the history of the world. Even in the last decade of the Nineteenth Century when Germany occupied such a preeminent place among the nations of the world in its attractiveness for the foreign student the number studying in German universities and other higher institutions never approached that figure. Nor did the migrations to France in the post-war years ever exceed more than seven or eight thousand foreign students. In the Far East similar currents of student migration between China and Japan may be observed. In 1898 the first two Chinese students were officially dispatched to Japan. Ten years later there were approximately ten thousand Chinese students in Japan, but since then the tide has steadily receded.

To those acquainted with the history of American education and with American student life this ebb and flow in the tide of student migration presents a fascinating study. In the last analysis it is the physical embodiment of the interest of the students of one country in the institutions, psychology and culture of another people. Let us examine this phenomenon first, in its historic background, and second, in its present significance.

IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Before the invention of the printing press opened the broad road to popular education, the acquisition of knowledge was no easy task. We have the story of the vagrantes, these wandering students of the Middle Ages, who have bequeathed to us a tradition of student movement and also a very considerable literature of Latin student songs. These students went from town to town in search of learning and, still more, of adventure, often begging their way and leading anything but exemplary lives. "Far from their homes" declares one author, "without responsibility, light of purse and light of heart, careless and pleasure-seeking, they ran a free, disreputable course." In like manner their masters moved about although not always enjoying

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so jovial and care-free a life. This shifting from place to place of teachers and students during the medieval period, which did so much to spread learning and goodwill, was greatly facilitated by the existence of the common international language, medieval Latin.

These academic migrations had a significant influence upon the trend of our educational history. It is very probable that to them the university as an institution owes its origin. Excepting only the Jewish Synagogue and the Catholic Church, the university is the oldest organized institution of Western civilization. Like cathedrals and parliaments, it is a product of the Middle Ages. While the modern university may rightly be considered the lineal descendant of medieval Bologna and Paris, the contrast between those earliest universities and their modern counterparts is broad and striking. Throughout the period of its origin the medieval university had no libraries, no laboratories, no museums, no endowment, no buildings—it was truly, as Pasquier so aptly phrased it, "bâtie en hommes."

The beginnings of the oldest universities are obscure, and often uncertain. They probably developed, here and there, out of some cathedral or monastery school of the early Middle Ages, built around the superior teaching of some early scholars. The university organization gradually assumed shape, by the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, as a privileged association of scholars and teachers gathered together for the purpose of discussion and study.

There is reason to believe that the earliest universitas originated with the foreign students at Bologna in the last quarter of the Twelfth Century. Mutual protection and assistance on the part of the foreign students, initiated in all probability by the German students congregated in Bologna, was the motivating force. As local students and faculty members were not admitted to membership in the corporation, the early Italian universities were virtually guilds of foreign students, similar in purpose and legal status to the non-scholastic guild. Their purpose was announced as "fraternal charity, mutual association and amity, the consolation of the sick and support of the needy, the conduct of funerals and the extirpation of rancor and quarrels, the attendance and escort of our 'doctorandi' to and from the place of examination, and the spiritual advantage of numbers." In many instances the organization of the university took the form of several nationality groups combining in the maintenance of a single rector for a united student group or of a separate rector for each of the various nationalities and a division of the university, i.e., the student body, on the basis of nationality.

Just as the university as an institution owes its origin to student migrations, so also to a marked degree do individual universities owe their existence to special student migrations

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—secessions, virtually, from older universities. These defactions were usually the result of a desire to follow and continue work with an itinerant professor or of dissatisfaction with the treatment accorded them at a particular university. The departure of Placentinus from Bologna in the second half of the Twelfth Century resulted in such a migration, first to Mantua, then to Montpellier. The next two centuries saw a series of these academic migrations, as for example, one to Vincenza in 1204, and another to Arezzo in 1215 arising from a quarrel between the Lombards and the Tuscans. In 1222 there was a student migration to Padua followed six years later by one from Padua to Vercelli. A body of students went to Pisa in 1338 in consequence of a papal edict laid on Bologna, while migrations were made to Sienna in 1321 and in 1338.

This restlessness and nomadic tendency of students grew so pronounced, indeed, that at Bologna and elsewhere it became customary in engaging the services of the doctors, to exact of them oaths that they would not teach outside the city for a period of two years. In fact severe repressive laws, sometimes exacting the death penalty, were directed against all who might conspire to bring about student migrations from the various university towns of Italy.

Portugal offers a striking illustration of the migratory habits of students. The university founded by papal bull in Lisbon in 1290 was transferred to Coimbra in 1308, returned to Lisbon in 1338, to Coimbra again in 1355, to Lisbon once more in 1377, and finally, in 1537, to Coimbra, where it has remained to this day.

One of the most interesting medieval student migrations is the "dispersion of 1229" from the University of Paris, which from its earliest days was a popular center for foreign students. Unable to gain satisfactory redress after a furious quarrel with the local authorities and townspeople, the masters and scholars migrated to Oxford, Cambridge, and the other "studia generalia" of France, at Toulouse, at Orleans, at Rheims, and especially at Angers, whence the university probably dates its existence as such from this dispersion. The return to Paris of most of the masters and scholars was brought about in 1231 by a series of papal bulls, providing for the punishment of the ecclesiastical authority at Paris whose severity toward the students had occasioned the dispersion, and what is even more important, establishing the great charter of privileges that has been called the Magna Charta of the University.

Oxford University probably owes its inception to an academic migration caused by a series of ordinances issued by Henry II between 1165 and 1169, recalling English scholars from France. This recall is presumed to have emanated from a quarrel between Becket and the English king. The theory that this recall led to the founding of Oxford University is

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supported by the fact that though there had been important schools at Oxford, there is no evidence of the presence of more than one master at a time there before 1167. The theory ascribes a casual relationship to the recall of the English scholars, whom it supposes to have congregated at Oxford, and the elevation of that town into a "studium generale," which occurred about that time.

A student migration from Oxford seems to explain the inception of Cambridge as a university center. The dissatisfaction at Oxford originated in a quarrel in the course of which two or three imprisoned students were executed with the knowledge and consent of King John. Writing with what is thought to be nothing in excess of the usual medieval exaggeration Matthew Paris states that altogether three thousand scholars left Oxford at this time. Started in consequence of this secession movement, Cambridge University was undoubtedly strengthened greatly through becoming, together with Oxford, a place of refuge for a part of the throngs of students who turned their backs on Paris in 1229.

It is very evident that extensive student migrations were common occurrences throughout Europe durng the Middle Ages. The academic history of that period reveals frequent references to such movements and to the vagabond form of existence these students led. Professor Paul Monroe, in discussing the educational renaissance of that time, attributes the wandering life adopted by students in the late Middle Ages to "several phases of earlier medieval life, such as the habits of the wandering priests, of the pilgrims both clerical and lay, of the crusaders, and of the itinerant merchants and craftsmen."

(To be Continued)

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THE RED SQUARE

PAUL CHEFRANOFF

THE past has a strong hold on the imagination of human beings, and there are some places in the world, where this past is more easily felt than anywhere else. The Red Square of Moscow, situated in the heart of the Kremlin, is one of those places where the past seems to be more real than the present.

This place has borne this name for centuries. A legend names the "Red Square" from the days of the Czar Ivan the Terrible, when after an execution the blood trickled on its stones and all the place seemed really red. The surroundings only give more strength to the feeling of the past when one happens to be in the Red Square, provided that the person has at least a little knowledge of Russian history. The blackened walls of Kremlin, that withstood so many attacks of Tartars and Poles, and that saw Napoleon's invasion, form its background. The shining golden domes of numberless churches, palaces, museums, and monuments all are watching this small spot on which so many events of Russian history have taken place. Old cannons and cannon balls, captured from Poles, Germans, Swedes, Austrians, Persians, Turks, Italians, English and French, and lying now on this Red Square are the trophies of the old Russian army that fought on so many battlefields. Most of the buildings that encircle the Red Square are of the pure Byzantine style introduced into Russia by the wife of the Czar Ivan the Third, Sophie Paleolog, the daughter of the Emperor of Byzantinum.

It is easy in these surroundings to close one's eyes for a moment and try to revive the events that happened in this same place—the bloody and holy Red Square. Here Czar Ivan the Terrible executed his enemies, and after atrocious cruelties, prayed and knelt before God asking Him to give peace to his troubled soul. Here the children of the Czar Boris Godunov were killed by a furious mob, and here took place the execution of thousands and thousands of "mutinous Streltzy" (a regiment in the Czar's guard) by Peter the Great when he returned from Europe.

In this Red Square the body of the self imposed Czar Dimitry was burned, and the ashes put into a cannon and fired into the air so that no one could find the place of his burial. Finally here stood Napoleon and saw his army demoralized, in a burning city where all inhabitants were enemies.

How many plots, assassinations, revolts, executions, corona-

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tions, inaugurations, parades have taken place on the Red Square it is impossible to say. The Moscow legend animates this Red Square, and according to it, at night the shadows of all persons who died in this place gather together and cries, prayers, moans are heard by the passers by.

The Red Square of Moscow is the picture of all Russian history. Whatever changes happened in Russia there was always new blood on the stones of the Red Square.

Courtesy of World Traveler Magazine Corporation

THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW

One of the courts inside the walls is The Red Square

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INEXHAUSTIBLE CUP

A Review by ALEXEY FOVITSKY

LE SUJET of Shemlov's story or "poem," as the author rather justly names it, is not new. Russian literature has dealt with the life and fate of a gifted serf, full of high aspirations and varying torments and trials. But *le sujet* is not so important when we have a creation of literary art before us.

Le sujet is a canvas. On the canvas the flowers of creative style the beauty of esthetic form, the new revelations through new artistry may be interwoven. By "secret alchemy," to use Shelley's expression, the old values, if they existed, are transformed into new ones, very often more precious and also more closely related to the epoch within which they are born. Although Alfred Tennyson in his *Idylls of the King* retells the old Arthurian romances, the motives, the feelings, the entire manner of their exposition, all "esthetic form" and methods of expression are new. "Monstrous ivy-stems claspt" with their charms not only "the grey walls with hairy fibred arms" but the soul of a new reader.

So with Ivan Shmelov's "poem." The author himself says in his preface: "A creation of art, if it really deserves this distinction, must speak for itself." And the "poem" does. Its charm is not only in its theme but in the character of the narrative, and in its style. The style has magic. "Magic of style is creative," wrote Arnold. "Its possessor himself creates, and he inspires and enables his reader in some sort to create after him, and creation gives the sense of life and joy; hence its extraordinary value."

The theme of Shmelov's story is the inexhaustible cup of a creative, artistic soul, burning with highest aspirations— a sense of duty and divine beauty bordering on religious feeling. The joy of faith and hope, which, having passed through torments, finds a remedy for suffering people. It finds it in the everlasting burning of a clear human soul in its communion with the Divinity. The unrolling of this theme is shown through pictures of past Russian and Italian life, varied and bright, but always harmonious and soft in their shades. Only the first pages of the narratives are connected with our time in order to tint the light and dark sides, both of the past and present.

The narrative, though realistic in its form, is imbued with a kind of tender and deep intimacy so familiar to Russian writers. Sometimes it becomes rhythmic: "And running back to the forest road, he said farewell to the forest! To the nightingales he said farewell and to the forest stream in the glen."

* *Inexhaustible Cup* by Ivan Shmelov, author of *The Sun of the Dead*, et cetera, translated from the Russian by Tatiana Dechtereva France. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $2.00.

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Its aroma recalls either the quiet Russian April garden in the springtime, the dear white birch trees, or the very spirit of old Russian *Lives of the Saints*, which soars above the hero's soul. The hero himself, a poor peasant boy, born a serf, who turns out a Russian interpretation of Raphael, is the real "Russian Ilia" as he is named by an Italian friend. His "searching for" soul is the very centre of the narrative. All the divergent facts in the story explain gradually the ascending process of the Victorian spirit—the subtleties of the Russian nature, the life of the peasantry, the pictures of noisy but attractive fairs, the life around the cloister, the curious scenes of the caprices of old Russian landowners, treated in a rather humorous manner, the world of Italian painters, the enchanting image of the Russian Madonna, in the tragic person of a landowner's young wife, the divine visions seen through nature's beauty (like those in Roerich's pictures), the funny but lovely image of the old warm-hearted Arefey, a Russian religious painter, et cetera.

In the *Inexhaustible Cup* Mr. Shmelov has managed to combine the values of Italian culture and its mastery in art with those precious peculiarities of Russian spiritual beauty.

Before the Russian revolution, this author was known primarily as the poet of "poor men," and as a connoisseur of Russian provincial life. His lyricism recalled Anton Chekov. His vocabulary vied with the colorful language of Leskov. Now having suffered, as his hero Ilia, many trials of life, he has become an almost universal poet. Having kept his previous values he found his central esthetic and perhaps religious idea of highest beauty. He is able now to put them into his stories, such as *The Sun of the Dead*, and *Inexhaustible Cup*.

The latter story, though written in 1918, may be recommended as one of the best examples of Russian fiction of recent years. It may be especially recommended because of these tumultuous times, when many are searching for guiding ideals.

In 1927 the author himself wrote in his preface: "And now I wish to give this still poem to the Russian youth who passed through every trial, who rose above everything personal in order to sacrifice to her, the beloved, like my simple hearted Ilia. And, not only to these my own pure youth, but I would give it to all youth, which is destined to guide and renew life, to all fresh youth for whom the sky is not yet dimmed, to whom is not yet lost the imperishable image—the beautiful image—the ideal of purity and perfection for man."

The translation by Tatiana Dechtereva France preserves the qualities of Shmelov's style as perfectly as it is possible. The decorations by Alexander Koiransky correspond to the spirit of the book.

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SMATTER

Dear Santa Claus:

Perhaps you don't remember, and I dare say you wouldn't have such unesthetic pieces of furniture as files, but before I knew how to spell I carried on a steady correspondence with you. At that time I was led to believe that you harnessed your prancing reindeer to a great big sleigh and drove them from the top of the world down to our chimney, and filled my stocking with the things I had asked you to bring.

I believed in you then. And now that I am supposed to know how to spell and want something—oh, so very much, I have faith in you again. Santy, you know from all your past experience that it's not exactly what I say but how I am going to say it that will bring this perfect Christmas gift. (Somebody help me to say this right!) I promise you that if you grant me this one little wish that I will feel like the Spirit of Christmas, who in my childhood, in crown, scepter and tinsel, advanced smilingly to the platform, greeted the teacher and told us that she was going to be in our hearts all through the Christmas season. Don't you agree with me, dear Old Santy, that a feeling like that is a worth while achievement for you to thrust upon an adult who is afraid she won't get what she wants for Christmas?

You know, Santa Claus, you have that unusual faculty of whispering into the hearts of people: "A year's subscription to *The Russian Student* is a compliment to the good taste of the recipient," and: "That friend of yours, with the inquiring mind, will gather round the Christmas tree and say: 'Just what I always wanted.'" You know, Santy, it costs only a dollar and that's not enough to be missed by any distinctive or original person in this *prosperous* country—emphasis on the prosperous a la campaign. It's not such a bad magazine at that, even if I do say it as shouldn't. We have some good writers. Imagine any other periodical of the quality group printing an article on the Einstein Theory that can be understood by anyone of average intelligence and above. You'd love it!

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Among your acquaintances, Santa, there are 2,000 people who can pay a dollar for *The Russian Student* quicker than they can sneeze. If you'd only tell them! That man, for instance, who writes that he can appreciate the work of the organization better than anyone else, because he has been in Russia and knows the Russians (compliments himself, doesn't he?). Where's his dollar? And all those other males and females who write such glowing things! Why don't they write checks too? Couldn't you tell them?

Some of our students insist on sending their own dollars. We don't encourage that. If you've been to college, Santy, you will agree with me that every dollar a student spends may mean that he will have to go without a few meals before the year is over. You're a nice, jolly fellow—but don't you think these long, thin students should count their calories?

But there are 306 men and women who are not studying; most of them are graduates. And Santy, some of the men are getting about fifty pounds too fat. One of them—he happened to be a lean one, though, wrote me the most fascinating letter about the success of *The Russian Student*. Don't you think, Santy, if he really feels the way he says he does that he could be at least one of the two thousand who are going to make my eyes pop right out of my head on Christmas morning?

Santy, in managing this, you'll have to be careful and not interfere with repayments. In October 161 of these 306 repaid $2,503.78. Fifty-nine of these appreciative Russkies have paid their own dollars and several have obtained subscriptions from others. When we were very young, Santa, we were made to study Milne's Arithmetic, and we still can't figure very well. So we'll just give you this problem to solve. You must be a rapid calculator or you'd never have stood so highly in the graces of the world all these hundreds of years. This is it—if fifty-nine former students can send a dollar each to a magazine of dignity, let us say, how many dollars can 247 graduates send? That looks like a problem in mental arithmetic to me.

You know 33 of these graduates have repaid everything that the Fund advanced for their education. They don't have any repayments to worry about. A chemist who has repaid in full told me just a year ago that when my hair began to turn gray over repayments to come to him. Don't you think if that man really wants to save my hair, he could do something about subscriptions as the lack of them may turn it white? The other day a radio engineer sent his own check for ten dollars, together with the names of ten friends whom he wanted to read the magazine. The other day was not Christmas, either. It wasn't even Hallowe'en.

Now, Santa, get out your pad and pencil and give me the answer to this: If one graduate who has repaid in full can send ten dollars to *The Russian Student* two months before Christmas, how many dollars can 33 fully repaiders send by Christmas

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morning? If you don't give me the right answer, Santy, I won't ever believe in you again.

One of the last letters I wrote to you begged for a bracelet and a stove! Did you know that I found in my stocking early on Christmas morning a duet of stoves and bracelets? That's why I have a feeling that you won't disappoint me now, even though I am supposed to be grown up. If you could give me twice as much as I asked for when I was just a tiny tot and couldn't spell, what can you do for me after I've learned how to spell, even if I can't figure? But—I don't want stoves and bracelets, indeed not.

I am asking for only 2,000 subscriptions—and if you really have your heart set on restoring my belief in you, it would be easy enough to make twins of all the checks you send to my desk. I'll leave the window open and the radiator on so you can get in and be comfortable. My desk's the one that looks as though it wanted to move. But I'll find the checks if you put them there by the telephone.

Yours for two thousand checks doubled,

—deN.

Santa Claus, Esq.,
Reindeertown,
Top-o-the World.

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WHO'S WHO
In This Issue

Eugene Procopovitch, who designed the cover, is now consulting architect for Schulte-United.

At Christmas time Russian boys and girls marched through the villages, and obtained food by singing the Kolyadas. Miss Benderoff mentions this custom in her story (page 2) as well as the fortune-telling activities. A bowl-song, similar to the one printed in this number, was sung and then a ring, earring, salt, bread, or something else was taken from the bowl.

When Olga Benderoff was a student at the School of Nursing, Western Reserve University, she not only made an excellent scholastic record, but was an outstanding leader in the School. During her last year, she was President of Student Government. Miss Benderoff graduated last June and has been connected with Lakeside Hospital in Cleveland. Recently she was appointed to serve as assistant to the instructor of practical nursing, helping freshman students to adjust themselves to the patients and procedures on the wards.

A complete statement of the scientific discoveries, investigations and inventions of Dr. George de Bothezat (Doctor Es Sciences, Paris, 1911) would occupy more than a page of this magazine. His contributions to scientific literature include studies of: Airplane Stability, (the first mathematical investigation of the question), the great law of inertia, general theory of blade-screws, laws of air resistance of aerofoils. Perhaps his most important invention is the *de Bothezat Helicopter*. At present Dr. de Bothezat is working on various applications of his general blade screw theory for the de Bothezat Impeller Company, of which he is president.

A few weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Paul Chefranoff sailed for Buenos Aires where they are employed by Armour & Company. Mr. Chefranoff graduated from the School of Business, University of Kansas, last February. Readers of last year will recall their four and a half day's hitch-hiking experiences in an effort to save money and be on time at the University after working in New York.

As Assistant Director of the Institute of International Education, Archie M. Palmer is in close contact with a large number of students from different countries. Mr. Palmer is a graduate of Cornell University, received his M. A. degree at Columbia University and served with the American forces in France and Germany during the World War. Mr. Palmer's practical experience includes almost everything one can think of—from writing sales manuals for a soap company to serving as Secretary of the College of Arts and Sciences at Cornell, and holding an executive position at Columbia. The second part of Mr. Palmer's article, dealing with migrations of students in recent times, will appear in the January number.

Russian students and graduates of American colleges always enjoy the lectures of Professor Alexey Fovitsky, President of the Russian Collegiate Institute, New York. American readers have been interested in his studies of the mutual influences of Russian-American writers. In 1919 Professor Fovitsky was editor of the Magazine of the Department of Education in Russia. His articles have appeared in the *New York Times* and *Evening Post Literary Reviews*.

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The October issue of *The Russian Student* has been exhausted. If readers do not wish to keep their copies, please send them to Room 508, 307 Madison Avenue, New York. Thank you!

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JAN 22 1929

The Russian Student

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1929

COVER DESIGN, *Russian Boyar* ..... *Eugene Procopovitch*
THE NEW EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY ..... *Michael J. Demiashkevich* 1
CHARCOAL DRAWING ..... *Eugene Procopovitch* 7
STUDENT MIGRATIONS ..... *Archie M. Palmer* 8
AFTER FIVE YEARS ..... *Victor Ivanoff* 12
WHAT ELEVEN YEARS DID TO TURGENEV ..... *Dmitry A. Shiriaeff* 15
POEMS IN PROSE (*Senilia*) ..... *Ivan S. Turgenev* 17
DMITRI IVANOVITCH MENDELEEFF ..... *Alexis N. Sokoloff* 18
SMATTER 20
WHO'S WHO 22
BOOKS TOO! 23
ADVERTISEMENTS 23

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

January, 1929

Volume V. Number 5

THE NEW EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY

MICHAEL J. DEMIASHKEVICH

"Oh Socrates, I used to be told before I knew you, that you were always puzzling yourself and others; and now you are casting your spells over me, and I am simply getting bewitched and enchanted and am at my wit's end . . ." **Plato**

ACCORDING to an Arab story there lived once upon a time an industrious and virtuous peasant. In fact, he was so good a man that his irreproachable ways of life caused a great deal of uneasiness to the mullah of the village.

The mullah himself being not of high character, in his capacity of justice never missed an occasion to try to throw a shadow on the name of the peasant. This naturally grieved him not a little. But still more was he perplexed since the mullah always found a justification of his unjust decisions in the Koran, reading in the court fitting quotations. Is it possible that the sacred book should be faulty? Such was the question the good man asked Ali the Wise. And this was the answer of the sage: "Do not occupy your mind with things which do not concern you. It is not of our province, humble men like myself and you, to know whether all that is written in the book is perfection or not. What really does matter is how it reads when we are concerned. A prudent man knows how to avoid being hurt while the imprudent does not."

Cannot a similarly modest position be taken by average people in their everyday life with respect to doctrines, philosophic, political, and economic?

An Adam Smith, a Fourier, a Tolstoi, a Dewey may have conceived and put forth a doctrine. It may fit perfectly only in the organization of life built completely after its author's outlook on life. Or it may contain suggestions as to a good way to improve the actually existing society without radically recasting after the theory of a certain author.

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At all events, a theory brought forward by him if at all gaining ground, is more likely than not to become reduced in the course of percolating downwards, to a sort of current, prevailing version in which it becomes generally known, judged and practiced. The original thought may or may not be distorted in the process. As often as not it is, due to the various causes of which the most frequently recurring can be traced to the natural desire of the author himself to boil his theory down to brief, rounded off, portable slogans and catchwords. Or, his successors and followers mistaking the husk for the kernel, the movement has more to fear from its disciples than from its critics. Professor Dewey is not the first and, presumaby, not the last thinker to find himself called upon to address a reproof to the advanced educationists who advocate in his name hardly tenable views. In a word, it is in its popular interpretation that the profession of a creed, a doctrine, a law affects or fails to affect, positively or negatively, the life of the majority.

For all most vitally concerned, that is to say the parents whose children receive the new education, the children themselves and the society into which they will enter when they have grown up, little does it matter who, in what particular phraseology and in what time, set going a certain formula that the educational authorities and teachers propose. What *does* matter is the formula.

In this essay, an endeavor will be made rather to analyze the new theory of the school while placing one by one its principal current precepts against the background of natural difficulties and expectations, of anxieties and responsibilities of those who are directly concerned with education of the maturing members of a nation striving to organize itself into an ever-progressing democracy.

For good or evil, it appears to be in the order of things that there be people commonly called philosophers, who occupy themselves with producing and propounding ideas, or merely speculating and playing with ideas. It seems also in the order of things that there should be a vast army of the rank and file in every sphere of human activity. They, the humble folks, do not, as a rule, play with the ideas determining their occupational duties. When they take an idea, or are commanded to take it, they take it, in all earnestness, of the ones who bear the real brunt of life. In common with the ancient philosopher they believe that "we must practice what we preach; for philosophy is not a subject for popular ostentation, nor does it rest in words, but in things."

It is in the hope to be of service, however modest, to them that this essay has been written.

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The Principal Tendencies of the New Education

What year it was, you figure out!
What land it was, you guess yourself!

Nekrasov

IN the course of the last twenty-five years, and in particular since the end of the Great War, many important and fruitful changes have been worked out in democratic countries in the organization, administration and financing of education. Many of these innovations are remarkable and destined to influence the spirit of democracy. A few decades ago they would hardly have been thought feasible. Consequently, they can be called really new.

One would expect the New Education to be the collective name for writings and oral discussions that go under the title of the New Education in this country and elsewhere. Yet the term is practically monopolized by certain theories related to the general method of education.

What is then, substantially, the New Education?

It is a demand that schools should discontinue feeding children on bookish facts and formal discipline. The old bills of fare could not fail, it is asserted, to make the young anaemic, physically and mentally. If their latent possibilities are to be realized, vital activity must take the place of mechanical memorizing, and learning by doing, by experiencing and experimenting, must be substituted for learning by sitting still.

The school, it is claimed, must be converted into a living creative influence, producing self-directing citizens and not stultified masses of graduates. To that end, the detrimental characteristic features of the orthodox education, such as coercive discipline and dogmatic instruction on the side of the teacher, and automatic obedience and passive receptivity on the part of the child, must be banished from the school. They must be supplanted by free and joyous activity, devolving upon the child's interest, and based on his environment.

That the school be true to real life, it must, it is pleaded, be the scene of physical activity of the child, of handling things. Allowing for individual differences, there are certain cravings inherent in natural youth, we are reminded. Among these, the insatiable hunger of the young for making things, for being active, is of great educational value. While working with their hands, children accumulate first hand knowledge of the world of things. Learning by merely looking at or hearing about those things can never be of the same benefit to the student: only life can teach life.

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It is maintained that such a school of experience and activity will be at the same time the school of productivity. The new school will take children away from the sickly, barren intellectualism which is alleged to be the greatest curse of the conventional education. To save the wits of children from getting as worn out as their elbows, their inventive powers and creative instincts are to be set free in workshops. The type of production can be determined by the needs of the school, by orders from without and by the vocational character of the community. It is held that manifold advantage will result from the method advocated. Children will "find themselves" vocationally.

They will develop not only the skill valuable for material production, but also the sense of responsibility and the spirit of cooperation. Physical labor, performed by all children in the school would integrate them. They would be made into a real educational community. Furthermore, through the school cultivating reverence for the working man, a strong, humanizing influence would permeate all the walks of life, and eventually, would smooth out the ugly phenomena of social inequality and degrading exploitation of man by man. The school, organized as a cooperative group for work and life, it is asserted, constitutes the broad way leading toward that social order which may be called economic democracy, if the word "socialism" should sound formidable.

The customary method of education, it is further argued, fails chiefly because it does not develop in the child the ability to meet new situations, to attack problems which constantly crop up in real life. The break in the gauge existing between the passive, tedious learning in the familiar school, and the active work of life must be avoided. How? By the simple device of leaving the child free to choose and execute his tasks. This will make the child happy and will eliminate the hurtful divorce between the school and life. The atmosphere of freedom is best for all, for a nation, for a man and for a child.

Learning and thinking, it is still further stressed, are superlatively stimulated and fructified when the student recognizes the purpose of learning, when he takes up the problem as his own. Those who are not convinced have but to watch the child at a game. Indeed, all school work should be penetrated by the spirit of play. It is by busying himself with real problems and overcoming real obstructions that mind consciousness can be best fostered in the mind of the student; the need of the three R's and, by implication, proficiency in them. Besides, the *what* of school work is less important than the *how*, the principal objective of school education being to afford the child means of developing complete, harmonious personality rather than to impart to him information which can be simply

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memorized. Education is not a mere packing of articles, however exotic, in a trunk. If the quality most desired in a democratic community is the ability to think for one's self, then the method of free school activity is a great pillar of democracy, since it does nourish independent thinking as against parrot-like conventional book learning.

The traditional teaching by chalk and talk, guided by official regulations instead of the child's interests, we are told, is particularly wrong because it ignores the fact that children want to learn as respects both method and rate of speed, not in our way but each in his or her own way. Once give children the chance to work as they like and you will be surprised at what they can accomplish. In conceding the child his freedom the school must go, it is demanded, unflinchingly all the length of the new road. The school must not be discouraged at the sight of a pupil breaking away from the task he has undertaken or at the other irregularities. Some among the advocates of the new education insist on holding sacred every desire and feeling of the child. Dissipative as the new method may be, it is helpful, they affirm, to the growth of the learner. Desultory, scrappy, haphazard learning, though conducive to shortcomings, is infinitely less so than the tyranny of established programs of study and rigid time schedules.

Artificial stimulation of interest of the learner, we are counselled, must be abandoned. In place of the more or less cunning application of a system of rewards and punishments, the interests that are already present of their own accord are to be permitted full play. Under the new method, competition, a great weapon of the old regime, will cede its dominating position to cooperation; self-activity, self-government and self-discipline, will be enthroned where formerly sat coercion on the one side and hypocricy, resistance, passive or active, on the other. In short, while the old system is militarism in education, self-activity is the real way of democratizing education.

Since pupils should be permitted and encouraged to discover and to acquire matters instructional by their own efforts, it is only logical, we are advised, to depart from the artificial splitting and chopping of the subject matter characteristic of the old school. Integrated instruction, the one which dispenses with time schedules and separate subjects has been made the order of the day: students must be granted the liberty to swim right in the stream of life which is a living unit. Then they will learn how to swim in it well. Furthermore, it is reasoned, the child has his roots in the home environment. Accordingly, the school can derive its greatest strength if it lays the foundation of education in the native soil of the home locality or region.

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Finally, it is emphasized that the self-activity school presupposes a kind of teacher vastly different from that of the old school. In the new school, which is the school of free experience, he is not to rule supreme, an incessantly talking dictator. He is there to listen and to aid rather than to command and to contract a throat disease. Every child being a self-activist, his teacher's job is to provide the setting, or, at best, a suggestive environment where the free creative spirit of the student could operate.

The method of education that would carry into effect these principles would, it is contended, constitute the way of educating the young, which, being the only natural way, is at once recommended by the modern science of education demanded by the interests of democracy and appointed to serve the ideal of social progress.

Such, in substance, are the tenets of the New Education.

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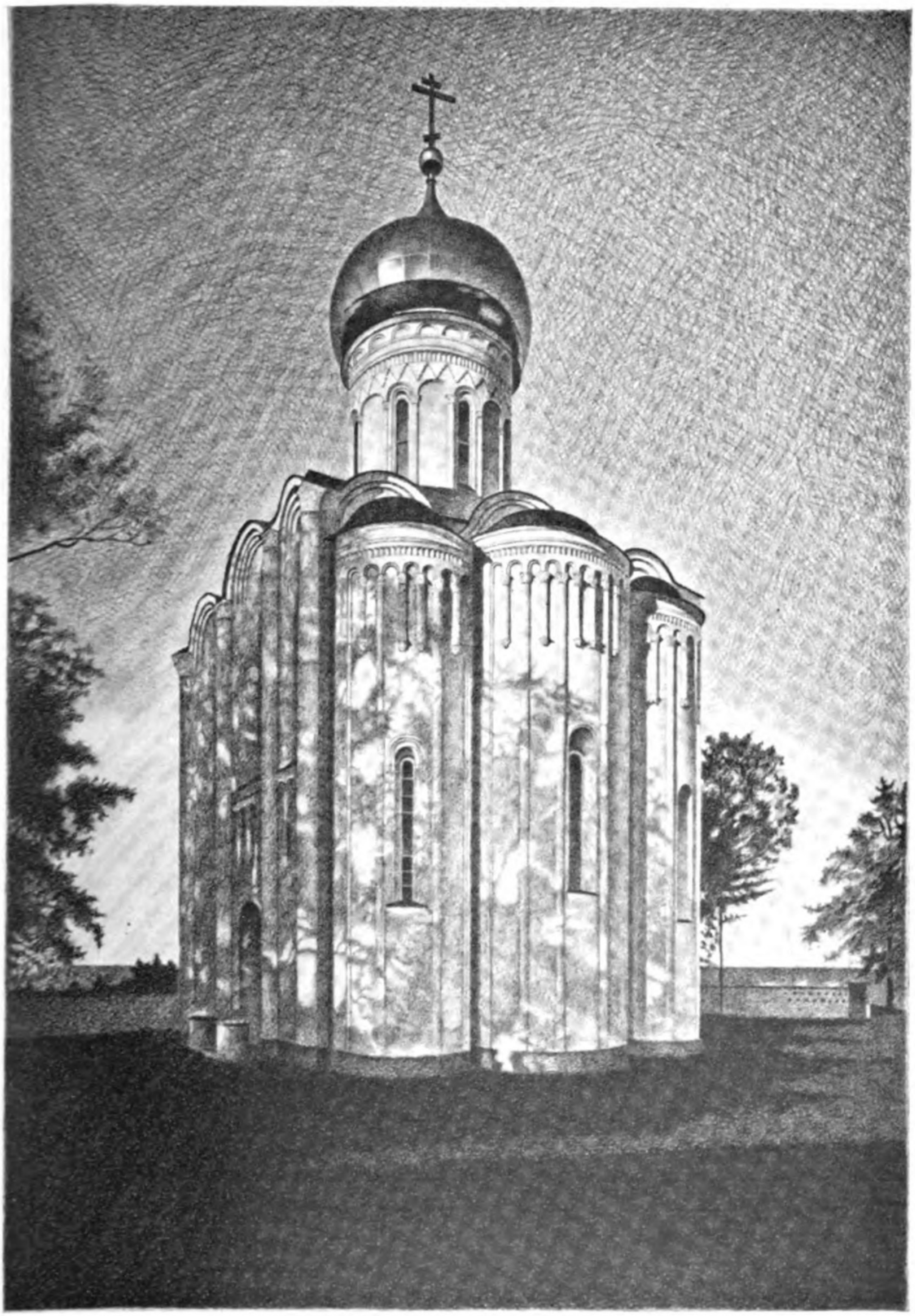

CHURCH OF THE INTERCESSION OF THE VIRGIN MARY

Charcoal Drawing by Eugene Procopovitch

This church was built by peasants about 1165 on the River Nerly near the town Vladimir and is considered by authorities to be one of the finest examples of early Russian architecture.

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STUDENT MIGRATIONS

ARCHIE M. PALMER

(Continued from the December Number)

IN an age of oppression the universities stood for freedom and in an age of might they made their contribution to the progress of mankind by stimulating the substitution of reason and law for brute force. Upon their return to their home communities these students who had studied in a distant university and had met there men from all over the civilized world, accomplished a great deal in dispelling the ignorance, prejudice and superstition that was so prevalent in the Middle Ages. The practice of inviting a master from one country to serve in the university of another was equally important in this connection.

The gain to mankind which resulted from the disintegration of medieval unity during the Renaissance was accompanied by a real loss in this respect. As the national states arose and became consolidated, their universities also became national in character and the former movement of students from all over Europe to great centers of learning almost ceased.

In Modern Times

It was not until well into the Nineteenth Century that we observe any significant revival of this practice of the students of one nation seeking intellectual nourishment in the universities of other nations.

It has been stated that the "English universities gave origin, quickening and form to higher education in America." Harvard College owes its inception to the sons of Emmanuel College and the other Cambridge colleges. The original provision was "for a college at Newtown," but in recognition of the English University where many of the colonists had been educated, the name was soon afterwards changed to Cambridge.

Student migrations to the universities of Great Britain were of very early origin. It is recorded that in 1369 Edward III ordered the expulsion of foreign students from Oxford and Cambridge. The manner of electing the rectors of Aberdeen and Glasgow Universities still suggests the old nationality group organization. During the Colonial Period many Americans attended the Inns of Court in London, among them five signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Each year a selected group of about 175 scholars from the British Dominions and the United States entered Oxford on three-year scholarships provided by Cecil Rhodes a quarter of a century ago. In a survey of foreign students in Great Britain

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and Ireland during 1912-13, there were found to be more than two thousand, without including the Rhodes Scholars. In 1924 there were in academic residence in the United Kingdom, 4,171 foreign students, over one-quarter of them from Africa.

With the foundation of Yale, through the special influence of graduates of Harvard, the native American movement became dominant. The English tradition in academic government, methods and content of instruction continued, however, until the outbreak of the War of Independence. Following upon the close of the war a new foreign academic influence, the French, appeared. From the very beginnings of university life in the Middle Ages, France, and especially Paris, had been a center of far-reaching intellectual influence and of student migrations from many lands.

During the War of Independence and in the years immediately following, French influence in literature and in philosophy was most pervasive among the American people. Thomas Jefferson was an ardent advocate and a frequent expositor of appreciation for French science and education. In founding the University of Virginia he patterned it in many respects on the French ideal. Yet, the number of American students who matriculated at the Sorbonne and the provincial universities of France during the Eighteenth Century was never very large. It was not until the world war that the American people were aroused and brought to a full realization of the wealth of intellectual and inspirational opportunities available in France.

The total university enrollment of France in 1914 was over forty thousand, of which 6,132 students were from foreign lands. In 1919 the figures were 28,899 students enrolled in all, of which the foreign students exceeded six thousand. The American students in France were 54 in 1914 and 2,772 in 1919. It was very aptly remarked at that time that "there is no doubt that France has definitely replaced Germany as the mecca of American students."

A study of the literature of Latin America or of Russia before the Revolution, provides a striking conception of the vitality of the influence of French culture upon the intellectual life of great ethnic groups. Nearly one-third of the foreign students in France in 1909 were Russians, and in 1914, one-half. In Germany, in Belgium, and in Switzerland, Russian students comprised the largest component part of the foreign student groups of that time.

With the opening of the Nineteenth Century and the waning of French academic influence in the United States, the German universities assumed a very significant part in the development of American higher education. This movement, which resulted in such a lasting contribution to higher education in America,

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forms a most important chapter in the study of student migrations. Credit for the origination of the university idea in America may be attributed to the experiences in Germany of George Ticknor, one of a group of four New Englanders who studied at the University of Göttingen in the second decade of the Nineteenth Century. Profoundly impressed with the thoroughness and systematic administration of German education, Ticknor, upon his return to the United States to fill a chair in the language field at Harvard University, proposed many reforms which gave the initial impulse to those changes which ultimately transformed Harvard into a university in the broadest sense of the word.

According to official records less than two hundred Americans had enrolled in different German universities prior to 1850, among them Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Edward Everett, George Bancroft and J. Lothrop Motley. Included in the advantages cited for study in a German university was the elasticity of the curriculum, the mental activity required of each individual scholar, and the extreme freedom from restraint so highly prized by a student in a foreign land. To these factors is ascribed Longfellow's preference for Göttingen over Oxford. Subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, which was a necessary requirement for matriculation in the English universities, caused many American students to turn to Germany rather than to England.

During the century prior to the World War, about ten thousand American students matriculated in Germany. About one-half of this number attended the University of Berlin; the Universities of Leipzig, Heidelberg, Halle, Bonn, Munich and Göttingen each enjoyed a goodly number of the remaining five thousand. More than one-half took their work in the department of philosophy; the other half were divided among the faculties of theology, law and medicine.

In the spring of 1922 there were some 1,500 Russian students in Germany, while about one thousand Chinese students were reported to have been resident in Germany during the following year. The ratio between Germans and foreigners in the universities has hardly changed since then. According to official statistics about ten per cent of the students in Germany are foreigners. It is to be noted, however, that the real number of German students has increased materially. The latter now amount to about one hundred thousand, and the number of foreigners in the Hochschulen would approximate nine or ten thousand.

The Russians have long occupied a very prominent place numerically in every foreign student center in Europe, even before the Revolution. Estimates vary but it is safe to assume that the present number of Russian students resident in foreign

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lands is in the neighborhood of twenty thousand. This migration of refugee students has spread over the whole of central and western Europe and into Syria, Egypt and the United States. In 1921 there were about two thousand Russian students in Constantinople. At the end of that year most of them left for Prague. The Czechoslovak government offered scholarships and transportation to Russians desiring to study in the universities of Czechoslovakia. So large was the Russian group in Prague that there were established in 1922 a Russian faculty of law and a Russian Institute where the instruction was given by Russians in Russian.

The whole history of medieval culture and civilization is marked by the influence of the universities of one people over the universities of another people. It may truly be said that the medieval university took its place with the empire and the papacy as an institution providing for international contacts and relationships. And so to-day, as we look to the universities and to their graduates for the dissemination of knowledge and better understanding, so may we look to the student who has returned from study in a foreign land for the promotion of international amity and mutual understanding. This applies equally to the student who goes to the university of a distant state.

Some years ago at a meeting of international societies the late Andrew Carnegie remarked that in time there would be no place in the world for the peace societies which he had founded, but that there would always be need for organizations and movements which would bring different countries together in points of intellectual contact.

Whether one is a foe or a friend of internationalism, whether one believes in a society of nations or thinks that the human race will prosper best when parcelled into small, assertive nationalities, one must admit that in the future, as in the past, nations will be stimulated by the contact of one civilization with another. The understanding and appreciation of one's neighbors can be best realized through a comprehension of their culture, of their social life, and of their psychology. In what more effective way can this end be attained than through the interchange of students and teachers, thereby effecting the interpretation through the observing eyes of discerning youth?

Student migrations have been, and will continue to be, one of the most effective media for the realization of this ideal.

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AFTER FIVE YEARS

VICTOR IVANOFF

TIME has been a powerful factor in changing the life of many Russians who came to this country five years ago. Their manners, habits, professions, material conditions, social standing, as well as points of view, have been modified; and without bias one may say that their achievements are considerable, especially if they have been connected with American higher educational institutions.

Being deaf and dumb to the mighty roar of American life, it was difficult for a Russian to find himself. It is true that American sounds at first easily rebounded from our ear-drums, without any marked effect, and it was a hard problem to catch the strange sounds correctly and in due time. When I came here, I fortunately knew more English than several of my friends, who were perfectly familiar only with two expressions: "Morning" and "Good Morning," but that was at the same time a disadvantage because I imagined and claimed that I knew *pure British* English.

Once, after two months of my life in America, I was waiting for a couple of hours to see a person, who might give me a job, and when that gentleman came, he asked me in a friendly manner: "How long have you been in *this country?*" "That's all right. Just half an hour," I answered modestly. I thought that he was anxious to know how long I had been in discomfort, waiting for him. The gentleman was generous enough and did not pay any attention to my poor hearing.

I often confused the words: "floor" and "ceiling." I used to send visitors, on one of my temporary jobs, to the twelfth ceiling. "You mean the thirteenth floor?" asked a nice lady, widely opening her blue eyes. "Yes, madam, if you count the basement, too." Her long eye-lashes started to swing rapidly. Apparently she was stupefied by my prompt answer. No wonder—I was always strong in mathematics.

But once I was given a hint to clear up my ears! The University, which I was going to attend, kindly furnished me with a recommendation to visit an oil-refinery. In five hours I studied the description of that factory in the Carnegie Library and I came to the plant quite familiar with the chemical process (as I had enough chemistry in Russia) and even with the arrangement of the shops. I was wise enough not to talk much; asked an engineer a few technical questions, but sometimes failed to understand the answers. Regardless of that, the visit

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was very helpful to me as I saw some new machinery. The engineer, however, who gave me an exhaustive explanation, finally was puzzled by my "yes" and "no," or "I see" and "certainly," which not always were put in the right place and shaking my hand, when I thanked him cordially, he suggested that I clean my ears, as the badly smelling vapors of acids could do some harm to my ear-drums. I should say also that I received a large piece of green soap, prepared from oil without any charge at all.

Two years passed! Russian students overcame many difficulties. They understood professors delivering their lectures in plain and explicit English as well as in highly technical language or in pseudo-scientific style, when simple ideas shadowed by "verbiage" were not easy to understand even by American born students. Many hundreds and thousands of pages in scientific books were read and many writing pads of paper were used, a diploma was received and the period of hard and strenuous work was over. But that meant that the eyes and ears became opened to American life, science and industry! This was done in a comparatively short period of time.

A self-made American engineer or any successful professional worker, when he had occasionally a lucky chance for self-education, must spend a longer period of time "earning, while learning" and performing a lot of experiments, at the expense of the company which sometimes does not realize how much that overhead costs.

Some experienced Russian engineers, who graduated in Old Russia, and who were fortunate enough to follow their line in America and for whom, mainly, it was necessary just to master the technical language or to become familiar with American methods in their trade, regardless of their success, will always lack some elementary knowledge of their profession and will meet many disadvantages in comparison with Russian graduates of American colleges. This is due to a lack of system in their self-education. They were forced by life to study American text-books without knowing how to select them or were badly entangled by tremendous technical material, which one finds in libraries. For this education we will be always deeply thankful to our American Alma Mater.

After graduation there is usually a connection with large and well-known concerns. The horizons of life widen. There are new problems, new experiences and new friends. Life itself becomes more interesting and worthwhile. By and by the whole country with all its peculiar traits is becoming more and more familiar to us. What is more important, several years of observation and patient study have brought a real understanding of the creative spirit of this country.

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When the five year period ends, the man who took the right way in this country sees now a clear and beautiful picture of a prosperous land, and, without loss of his individualism, he thinks and feels in the same manner as the best Americans do.

He finds himself proud of seeing gigantic battleships, enormous airplane-carriers, the world's largest dirigibles, or scores of aircraft soaring in the blue sky and calls them "Ours." And he will be more proud to stand under the Star Spangled Banner, when the bugle sounds will call him. Old Glory reminds him of the great figures of the famous leaders of the United States in the past. He sees in the foggy history of America the shadows of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, and others, who, due to their sincere devotion to their native land created the best ways for the present brilliant progress.

Indeed, he may be proud of the country, with numerous water, land and air lines; the country of the greatest industry and mineral deposits, producing three-fourths of the world's output of crude oil; the country of rare political stability, based on wisely created laws.

At the same time, nobody intends to wash out his natural and tender love to the Old Russia, the memory of which will never die in his heart.

Being associated with the best forces of this country, due to his education and conscientious work, one may hope that he also supports this great country on its path of progress.

Only years and years and forces accumulated in number may bring tangible results, but philosophically appraising them one must recognize the absolute, effective value of these minute, but positive, forces. The great historical disasters in the life of nations and countries were due to a considerable lack of those elementary, positive, supporting members.

And so, these minute forces with strong determination and enthusiastic devotion to the higher ideals which, it may be, led us many times to sacrifice self in our old native land, may be considered as our modest gift to the country which has befriended us.

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WHAT ELEVEN YEARS DID TO TURGENEV

DMITRY A. SHIRIAEFF

THOSE unable to read Turgenev in Russian have become familiar with his writings through French (some of his novels were first written in French) and through the English translations of Mrs. Garnett. Among Turgenev's famous works are FATHERS AND CHILDREN, *published in* 1862, *seven years before he filled out this questionnaire, and* POEMS IN PROSE *in* 1882, *written after he revised his set of answers.*

AMONG the literary heritage left us by I. S. Turgenev has been found a very interesting questionnaire answered by Turgenev himself. This is in the possession of the grandchildren of Poline Viardo, at Paris. The novelist answered the questions twice, once in 1869 and again in 1880; the answers show a change in attitude and philosophy—at least a superficial one—between those dates.

This questionnaire was filled in by Turgenev in French. The following is a translation of the Russian translation as it appeared last July in Number 30 of *Krasnaia Panorama*, a weekly Russian magazine published in Leningrad, Russia.

Question	*Answer of* 1869	*Answer of* 1880
What is your favored virtue?	Sincerity	Youth
Your favored quality in man?	Kindness	Age of 25
Your favored quality in woman?	Kindness	Age of 18
Your favorite recreation?	Hunting	To sniff tobacco
Characteristic feature of your personality?	Laziness	Laziness
What is your idea of happiness?	Excellent health	To have nothing to do
Your idea of unhappiness?	To be blind	To work
Your favorite color?	Indigo	Gray
Your favorite flower?	Narcissus	Cauliflower
Your favorite writers?	Cervantes	I do not read any more
Your favorite poets?	Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Pushkin	The same

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Your favorite artists and composers?	Rembrandt, Mozart, Schubert	I do not go to concerts or exhibitions
Your favorite heroes in history?	Washington, Pericles	The man who discovered oysters
Your favorite heroines?	Madame Rolland	All dark-complexioned maidens
Your favorite heroes of Romance?	King Lear, Prometheus	Falstaff, Gargantua
Your favorite heroines of Romance?	Juliet	*Mme. Korobochka
Your favorite dishes and drinks?	Meat, Champagne	What my stomach can digest
Your favorite names?	Boris, Mary	Spiglazoff
Upon what vice do you look most leniently?	Drunkenness	All
Your favorite Motto?	(None)	Goodnight!
If you were not what you are, what would you like to be?	My dog, Pegas	Nothing

* Heroine of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Miserly type.

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POEMS IN PROSE (SENILIA)

IVAN SERGYEEVICH TURGENEV (1818-1883)

From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, LEO WIENER

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

NATURE

I DREAMT that I entered an enormous subterranean hall with high vaults. It was all filled with an even, subterranean light.

In the very centre of the hall sat a majestic woman in a flowing garment of a green color. Bending her head on her hand, she seemed to be buried in deep meditation.

I saw at once that that woman was Nature herself, and, with a sudden chill, a reverential awe entered my soul.

I approached the woman who was sitting there, and making a respectful bow: "O our common mother!" I exclaimed. "What are you meditating on? Are you, perchance, pondering on the future destiny of the human race? Or, how it may reach the highest possible perfection and happiness?"

The woman slowly turned to me her dark, piercing eyes. Her lips moved, and there issued from them a ringing voice, like the clanking of iron.

"I am thinking how to add greater strength to the muscles of a flea's legs, that it may more easily save itself from its enemies. The equilibrium between attack and defence has been impaired—It must be re-established."

"What?" I lisped an answer. "Is that what you are thinking about? But are we not, men, your favorite children?"

The woman barely frowned: "All creatures are my children," she spoke, "and I take equal care of them, and equally exterminate them."

"But goodness—reason—justice—" I muttered again.

"Those are human words," was heard the woman's voice. "I know neither good nor evil—Reason is not my law, and what is justice? I have given you life, and I will take it from you and will give it to others, worms or men—it makes no difference to me—You defend yourself in the meantime, and do not bother me!"

I wanted to retort—but the earth around me gave a dull groan and trembled, and I awoke.

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DMITRI IVANOVITCH MENDELEEFF

(1834 - 1907)

ALEXIS N. SOKOLOFF

THE name of Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeleeff is enrolled with those of Boyle, Dalton, and Lavoisier as one of the founders of modern chemistry. A well known English chemist, pays this tribute to him: "No man in Russia has exercised a greater or more lasting influence on the development of physical science than Mendeleeff. His mode of work and of thought is so absolutely his own, the manner of his teaching and lecturing is so entirely original, and the success of the great generalization, with which his name and fame are bound up, is so strikingly complete, that to the outer world of Europe and America, he is to Russia, what Berselius was to Sweden, or Liebig to Germany, or Dumas to France."

The father of Mendeleeff was the principal of the Gymnasium in Tobolsk. Shortly after the birth of Dmitri in February, 1834, the father was compelled to resign his post and soon died. The mother, Maria Dmitrievna, a wise woman of unusual energy and ability, and greatly respected by the local community, managed the glass works at Tobolsk. When Dmitri was fifteen years old, his mother took him to Moscow and then to the Pedagogical Institute in St. Petersburg where the future scientist enrolled as a student. Shortly after this his mother died.

After graduation from the Institute, Mendeleeff taught in the Simferopol Gymnasium in Crimea but in 1856 he was admitted to the Degree of Magister Chemiae of the University of St. Petersburg and was made Privat-Dozent. Here, as later, his work covered a wide range from questions in applied chemistry to the general problems of chemical and physical theory.

In 1860 he obtained permission from the Minister of Public Instruction to travel, and fitted up a small laboratory at Heidelberg for his own use. In 1861 he returned to St. Petersburg and in 1863 was appointed Professor of Chemistry in the Technological Institute, and three years later was appointed to the same chair at the University. During this period, he investigated the petroleum resources at Baku in the Caucasus, edited *Technic Instructions*, and made experiments for the Imperial Farmer-Economic Society, investigated the solutions of alcohol, based on atomic weights and received the degree of Doctor of Chemistry in 1866.

About this time he was invited to the Siberian University to occupy the position of Professor of Chemistry. He wröte

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Fundamentals of Chemistry and started in 1868 his first work on Periodic Law which he finished in 1870. This was undoubtedly his greatest achievement. Although Lothar Meyer and Mendeleeff arrived at this law independently about the same time (1869), Mendeleeff's statement of it is different and in some ways superior to that of Meyer. The Periodic Law is fully explained in Mendeleeff's classical text book—*Principles of Chemistry*, published in 1869. A brief statement of the Periodic Law is usually given as follows: "The properties of the elements, as well as the forms and properties of their compounds, are in periodic dependence on, or form a periodic function of, the atomic weights of the elements."

The book *Principles of Chemistry* has been published in various editions and languages. For his work on the Periodic Law Mendeleeff was awarded in 1882, with L. Meyer, the Davy Medal of the Royal Society and in 1905 he received the Copley Medal. One hundred and fifty of his scientific contributions appeared in German and French scientific journals.

As a member of the Council of Commerce and Industries, Mendeleeff formulated the policy of Russia in the protection of home industries. The petroleum industry of Baku has attained a prosperous condition, mainly owing to the exertions of this famous chemist.

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SMATTER

WITH our heart bowed down in grief because we had not kept our last New Year's Resolutions to help give the postmen a holiday on Christmas, we mouched along the crowded avenue until we found halting space in a bookshop. Before we knew what we were at all about, we found ourselves staring at the motto of that most American of poets, Walt Whitman—the motto being, "Make the Works." A nice motto to hand a person who can't even keep a perfectly good New Year's Resolution!

But over in the middle or thereabouts of this book edited by a Bostonian, Clifton Joseph Furness — to be exact — and published by the Harvard Press, no less, we found out that Walt Whitman was interested in the Russian personality and knew an old Count—a Russian refugee of the period between 1863 and 73. In a letter to I. F. Lee, who wanted to translate *Leaves of Grass*, Walt, (who presumably did make the works whether he made New Year's Resolutions or not) wrote: "You Russians and we Americans" — we are quoting from *Walt Whitman's Workshop*—"our countries so distant, so unlike at first glance—such a difference in social and political conditions and our respective methods of moral and practical development the last hundred years—and yet in certain features and vastest ones, so resembling each other." There's a lot in that book that we didn't have time to write down. The clerk in the store cast aspersions in our direction. No wonder! The book costs seven and a half! It's probably worth it.

Sometime after the first of November a reader of *The Russian Student* wrote us a letter and used the word magazine facetiously, spelling it with capitals. We thought little of it until we happened to have lunch with her one day and she had something emphatic to say about a magazine. In the end she wrote a check for four dollars which was duly deposited and credited.

But there's nothing that's been quite so satisfying to our libidinal instincts as an epistle written by an American to one of his former Russian classmates, who happens to be a graduate of the Fund. The writer of this letter said he would like to write to the editor and tell him (or her)—that's exactly the way he put it and the editor would like to know what on earth that young man learned in college. Anyway he thought the November number was the best ever published and here's how

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he says so:

"I will agree with the editor that *The Russian Student* is a magazine and not a pamphlet. When I received the *Magazine*, I started to read here and there as I have been doing lately. Well, the first thing I started to read was an article of comparison of Russian and American railroad systems. My first thought was 'here is a student about to tell all about his father having been head of all Russian railroads and now he, the son of this railroad magnate, must shine his own shoes.' Instead, to my utter amazement, he dashed off an article that the most simple minded layman, including myself, could understand. Yes, not only understand but appreciate. Next, Nicholas Kozlinsky's article under the caption, 'I Confess", was fine. We can, however, forgive him for making the American student a big good-natured, democratic fellow . . . And now for the masterpiece by one Ksenia Polevitzky. That girl shows, in my humble opinion a marked ability in the field of description. She has in a rather short space painted a picture of a personal touch of the revolution. We all more or less have a general knowledge of the historical revolution, that is the mass conflict. But Miss Polevitzky tells something of the personal struggle. One time I told you that *The Russian Student* would interest American readers by telling something of Russia. Many contributors in the past have spent much time and space telling us about the American system of education or telling us of the difficulties they encountered in the American colleges and universities. After all, their biggest difficulty was the same as ours—FINANCE. Language, it is true is a handicap, although I know of cases where absolute thick-headedness was excused by the fact that the man could not understand the language."

Now, what do you think of that?

In case there's anyone who is a subscriber to *The Russian Student* who has not read all the news that's printed in *The New York Times* we would like to be permitted to announce that the Class of 1928 has started to repay. An editorial writer of the *Times* took cognizance of this fact on Sunday, December the ninth, a few days after the Board of Directors of the Russian Student Fund had expressed its intense gratification. Said editorial writer thought it was quite an achievement, and so do we, if the truth were known, but we believe it would be showing a sense of the fitness of things if we inhibit our elations, on this subject.

We are very much afraid that all this talk about subscriptions in the December number has given us what might be known in certain circles as a subscription fixation. The other day we walked into a drug store with a cold and said, dazedly: "I want a subscription."

So, now we fain would read about the "friends of the golden-haired Dawn, friend of the gods of the hearth," the romping waves, the whistling winds, the far moon shining through the misty night and all those daggers, reeds, demons and morning songs, which methinks are to be found in the Russian section of Mark Van Doren's *An Anthology of World Poetry*.

Yours for broken resolutions and everything you want in 1929,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The attractive cover on this number of *The Russian Student* is by Eugene Procopovitch, who designed the much liked October and December covers. We are also indebted to Mr. Procopovitch for the work of art on page seven. He sat up nights to do it, and we think he did a good job.

After Michael J. Demiashkevich obtained his Doctor's Degree from Columbia University in 1926, he was a member of the staff of International Institute at Teachers College. In the summer of 1927 he went abroad where he has made a first hand study of French and German educational systems. At the time this issue goes to press he is in Paris, waiting for a visa for England where he hopes to continue his research work. Dr. Demiashkevich was educated in Russia for the teaching profession, having completed courses at Historio-Philological Institute and Archaeological Institute in Petrograd. For eight years he taught in the public schools in Petrograd before coming to the United States in 1923. Other chapters from Dr. Demiashkevich's book *The New Education and Democracy* will appear in later numbers of *The Russian Student*.

The article by Archie M. Palmer, Assistant Director of the Institute of International Education, is the second instalment of his study of the migration of students. Mr. Palmer, who is a graduate of Cornell and holds his Master's Degree from Columbia, will receive his Ph.D. from Columbia this year.

Victor Ivanoff obtained his Master of Science Degree from the University of Pittsburgh in 1926. He took special work in the Oil and Gas Department of the School of Mines. Since his graduation he has been employed by Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Sikorsky Manufacturing Company, Boston Aero-Marine Manufacturing Company, and is at present engaged in consulting engineering and research work along such romantic lines as aviation, air-ports, applied geophysics, optics.

Dmitry A. Shiriaeff was born in Astrakhan-on-the-Volga although he received his intermediate education from the Classical Gymnasium in Petrograd. Before going to Dartmouth College, he studied at American International College. Mr. Shiriaeff has a keen interest in poetry and music although he is specializing in chemistry. He will graduate in June.

At the time of the Russian Revolution Alexis N. Sokoloff was a student in a gymnasium at Odessa. He came to the United States with his father, a priest of the Russian Orthodox Church, in 1923. Mr. Sokoloff studied at evening high school until he saved enough money to enter the day session. He is now a Fund student at Armour Institute of Technology.

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BOOKS TOO!

ADEPTS IN SELF-PORTRAITURE—CASANOVA, STENDHAL, TOLSTOY. *By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cesar Paul. New York: The Viking Press.* 1928. $3.00. An exquisite interpretation of the inner life of three great men by a famous European critic. A chapter of this book, *The Artificial Christian,* appeared in the September issue of *The Russian Student.*

THE HAMMER AND THE SCYTHE. COMMUNIST RUSSIA ENTERS THE SECOND DECADE. *By Anne O'Hare McCormick. New York.* 1928. *Alfred A. Knopf & Co.* $3.00.
A collection of articles which appeared last year (1927, if our memory is correct) in *The New York Times Magazine.* An excellent characterization of all sides of Russian life and interesting reading too.

THE NEW RUSSIA. *By Dorothy Thompson. New York.* 1928. *Henry Holt & Co.* $3.00. Likewise a collection of articles! This book is a rewrite of the articles written by Miss Thompson (now Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) for the *New York Evening Post.* Should be read by those looking for a discriminating discussion of conditions in present-day Russia.

DREISER LOOKS AT RUSSIA. *By Theodore Dreiser. New York.* 1928. *Horace Liveright.* $3.00. Likewise a collection of articles! These originally appeared in the *New York World,* we believe, shortly after certain other articles appeared in a certain other New York paper. Revision and cutting might have improved them and caused less controversy.

NAPOLEON THE MAN. *By Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. Translated by Catherine Zvegintzov. New York.* 1928. *E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.00. An unusual biography. Merezhkovsky feels that Napoleon was not quite just to the Russians. "Not all of them", he says, "are 'barbarians'; there are among them such as love Europe and know it better than the Europeans themselves. Even so, Russians now see that which is invisible", but why don't you read it yourself?

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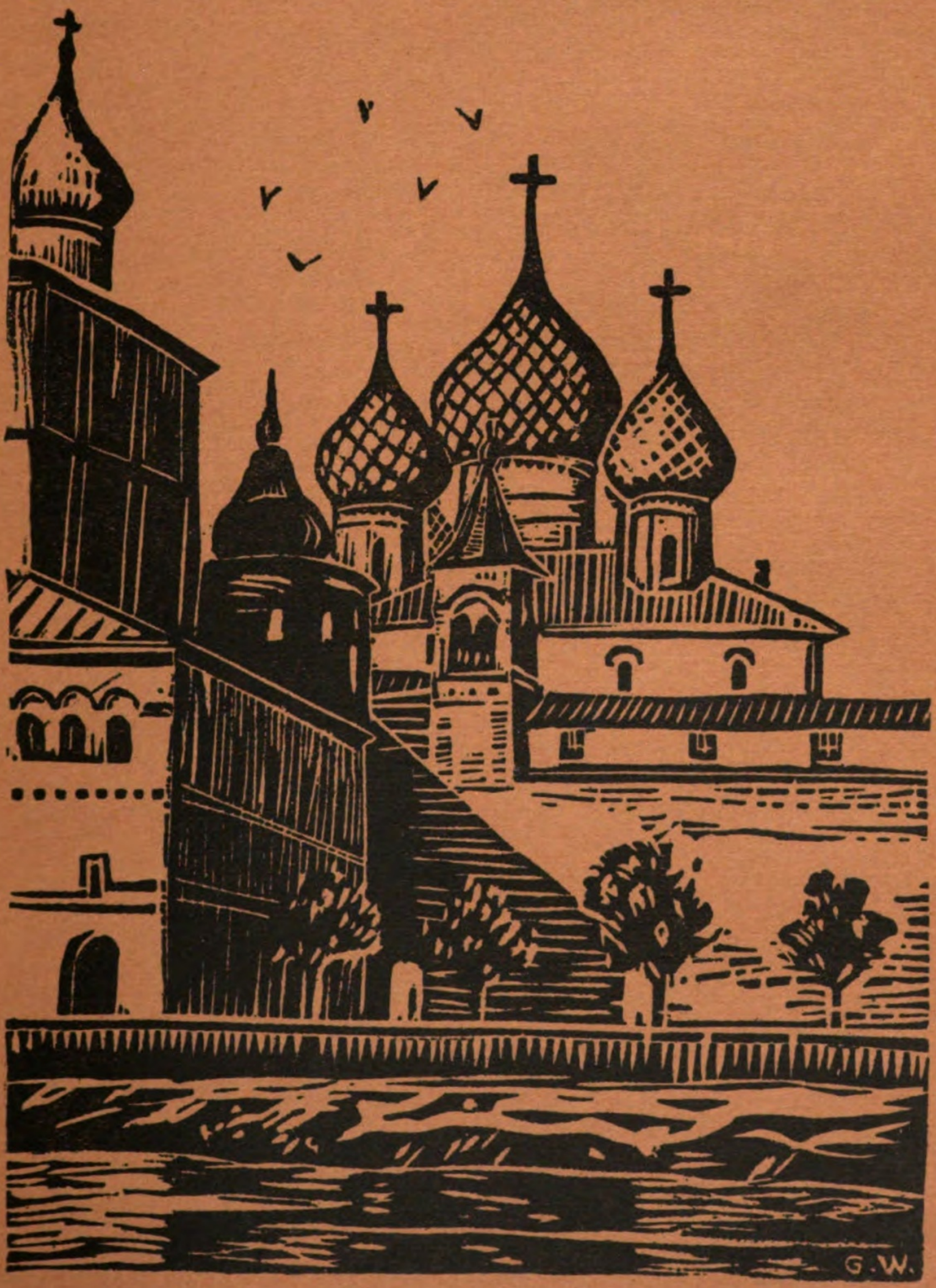

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1929

COVER DESIGN, *Holy Russia*	*Georges Wiren*	
GINGERBREAD ART OF RUSSIA	*Georges Wiren*	1
BEHIND THE MASK	*Mstislaw Loukomsky*	4
CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN MUSIC	*Clifton J. Furness*	
	Elliott C. Carter	6
THE SHRINE OF ALEXANDER NEVSKI		12
THE TREASURY OF THE HERMITAGE	*Stefan Zewig*	
	Translated by Leo Nasarevich	13
MOSCOW	*Fedor Nikolaevich Glinka*	
	Translated by Nathan H. Dole	15
GORKY AND ANDREYEV	*Alexander S. Kaun*	16
CONTEMPORARY SOCIOLOGICAL THEORIES, *A Review*	*Dimitry T. Pitt*	18
SMATTER		20
WHO'S WHO		22
BOOKS TOO!		23
ADVERTISEMENTS		23

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund assists young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. Over 400 men and women, of whom 105 are still studying, have been advanced over $300,000. Former students have repaid $63,669.58; 37 graduates have repaid in full.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 6 February, 1929

GINGERBREAD ART OF RUSSIA

GEORGES WIREN

With Illustrations by the Author

IF you never had a chance to put your teeth into Russian gingerbread from Viazma,* you surely have missed two great pleasures: a gastronomic one of tasting the delightful dream of Oriental and Slavic imagination in sweetmeat pastry, and more sophisticated and ascetic exultation of observing an object of fantastic beauty in decorative art—a thing that not everybody can easily digest.

Ginger, the spice of Arabia, India and China, found its way to Moscow at an early date, traveling through many winding caravan routes to the shelves of sweetmeat vendors, where it was blended with many other spices and ingredients, of which honey played an important part, and finally was offered for the enjoyment of mortals, also being quite fit to grace the repast of gods.

I would not hesitate here to think that the Russian gingerbread could successfully compete with the rather fabulous ambrosia of the Round Table of Olympus.

So much for its food value.

But the merit of Russian gingerbreads from purely an artistic point of view, lies in the carved wood moulds in which they were fashioned.

It is because of the national spirit embodied in these designs, carved skilfully in wood, that the moulds found their way to many art collections of Russia, and are appreciated by lovers of peasant craftsmanship.

It would be most proper to dwell here a little longer on the

* Russian town of gingerbread fame.

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The Double-headed Eagle of Russia was the most popular subject depicted in gingerbread moulds.

subject of Russian decorative art, as the face of gingerbreads has revealed to us many varied forms and subjects, ranging from abstract geometrical patterns to purely pictorial representations of everyday life.

Being sandwiched between the Occident and the Orient, Russia naturally came into close contact with the life and arts of both the East and the West, and received outside influences from many different sources. With an open and receptive heart the Russian craftsman readily accepted and absorbed foreign motives and then set to work to modify them with his native ingenuity to answer the requirements of his own land and customs

Some of the forms and ornaments that appealed to Russian fancy were easily transformed by an age-long skilful use of simple instruments and backed by local traditions into designs of national character and harmoniously merged with purely Russian native art.

The rich country of the mighty Czars, with dim forests inhabited by numberless animals, the wide steppes and meadows with various flowers and plants, stirred the imagination of the artist craftsman on every step, and guided his hand that gayly transformed wooden planks into moulds for gingerbreads.

The peculiar Russian love for mysticism has expressed itself freely in the choice of decorative forms.

Among hundreds of designs one will find that the greater number have some emblematic significance, the origin of which is often lost in time, preserving only the traditional shape.

One can trace the relation to the East in the form of the sacred tree of life in the sign of good augury—"swastika," symbolic animals, such as lions, stags, birds. From the West—this matter-of-fact West—came the influences of realistic tendencies making the craftsman attempt to represent landscapes and people in costumes of the time.

And finally the native ingenuity and imagination gave birth in creation of fantastical flowers, fishes, roosters, horses with highly curved necks, et cetera.

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But the double-headed eagle, the national emblem of Russia, the double-headed eagle that watches and snarls at the East and the West, is the most popular subject depicted in gingerbread moulds, followed closely by two fabulous birds: "Sirin" and "Alconost," who assume woman's form, and according to very reliable sources, live in Paradise to delight the saints with their songs!

Though gingerbread is still known among us, it was at its heights in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when it served not only as a national article of food, but was a much appreciated gift. It was offered on different occasions, such as birthdays, weddings and sometimes even at funeral feasts, changing accordingly the meaning and subject of design.

Assyria and Byzantium have influenced this design of a gingerbread mould.

History has preserved for us records of some exceptionally magnificent gingerbreads "of honor" that reached the quite considerable weight of as much as one hundred and fifty pounds.

They were offered as a welcome, a gift of honor to patrons, by the young to the old as a sign of humility and respect.

Princess Alexandre Sidamon-Eristoff and Mlle. N. de Chabelskoy, in an article on *Peasant Art of Great Russia*, give us some interesting historical facts:

"Thus, on the occasion of the birth of the Czar Peter the Great, many huge gingerbreads of different designs were presented to his father, amongst them one bearing the arms of the city of Moscow; two others, each weighing one hundred pounds, with enormous double-headed eagles; one in the form of a badge, weighing one hundred twenty-five pounds; and others in the shape of a duck, a parrot, or a dove; and great decorative gingerbreads representing the Kremlin, with its turrets, surrounded by horse-soldiers, and so forth. Altogether there were offered to him on this occasion more than one hundred and twenty gingerbreads and other sweet dishes. This same custom was also very widespread among the nobles and peasants."

The fancy for gingerbread may die with passing years; the modern diet and doctors may proclaim them taboo for consummation purposes, but the wooden carved moulds in Russian museums will jealously preserve their former splendor for years and years to come.

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BEHIND THE MASK

MSTISLAW LOUKOMSKY

THE other day I was reading over again the old copies of *The Russian Student* and it struck me somehow that there is something in our students which keeps us from a complete understanding of Americans. In one of the stories the author wonders that American students ask Russians: "Why are you so different?" What is that something which makes this difference?

When I was in a university of one of the big northern cities where there were quite a number of Russian students, I observed that in spite of the fact they were friendly with American students, always talked together, and joked, they represented spiritually a separate unit. Externally they participated in every aspect of college life, but internally they were by themselves. And why is this? Because American students are not sociable? Because Russian students like a flock of sheep tend to their own company, and do not venture to go out among those whom they do not know well, and do not try to know, and understand? I think that is where the trouble arises. Russian students, it seems to me, are a little inert socially. They usually visit only one group of friends, who are as a rule Russians. This social inertia prevents them from making friends with Americans.

Russians *think* that they cannot understand Americans, that Americans are so different from Russians, and the trouble is that they *think* but *do not try* to make an experiment to get a real proof of their preconceived notion.

If Russian students would try to understand Americans, and what is most important try to understand the spirit of America, it would be a great advantage for them. When one does not quite understand something, it often seems strange, and sometimes unattractive, but as soon as one understands it, the situation changes for the best.

Life in Russia was, certainly, very different from that in the United States, and Russian youth educated in their country bear the marks of it. When they arrived here, they found different people, different life, and different surroundings, and the trouble with them is that they keep their own ways, and associate among themselves, and after that many of them wonder why they feel sometimes so miserable here.

I lived but a short time in the North, and I could not form a complete and a definite opinion of Russian students as well as of Americans there. What I have said is my impression which I formed while I was there.

I think that if Russian students would form a closer friendship

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with American students, would talk sometimes to them sincerely about everything, discuss with them different questions, would try to get their points of view on different things, picking up the right fellows for this purpose, they would change their opinion, if they have a wrong one, about American students.

Two months ago I made a very interesting friendship with one American student. From the first glance I thought that he was the type of fellow that would like to discuss a football game for several months after it was over, or to discuss how many times who got socked in the jaw in the last prize fight, but later on I changed my mind.

One Sunday I went hiking with him. We reached an old family cemetery with old, cracked monuments a couple of hundred years old. It was situated on a little hill among the woods and grazing fields. It was so beautiful and calm. I wondered what kind of a fellow he really was. To make a trial I asked him whether he was interested in something more serious than football and boxing. Imagine my surprise when I discovered that he was quite an accomplished fellow. He knew many of the great European composers and writers, and displayed a fairly good knowledge of Russian classics. We talked until very late.

That evening I felt that all students are very much alike, no matter where they are from. Only they wear a different mask, and what a Russian student needs now is enough skill to see through it, to detect the real face behind that mask.

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CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN MUSIC

CLIFTON JOSEPH FURNESS AND ELLIOTT C. CARTER

MUSICAL creators in Russia seem to trace two trails, chiefly, since the war. There are those who follow in the logical tradition of Scriabin. Then there are others who do not appear to derive much except an antipathetic influence from Scriabin. Of the second group, Igor Stravinsky is undoubtedly most in the international public eye today. Independent of these factions, and of Belgian extraction, Reinhold Glière is probably the most popular composer in Russia itself, where Stravinsky's influence is deprecated as being "occidental", while Glière is encouraged by the government in his musical productions based upon a native Russian folk idiom.

Alexander Scriabin, who died in 1915, is still present as a strong influence upon contemporary musical thought. He composed chiefly for piano, beginning in a Chopinesque manner, but gradually evolving a distinct harmonic system of his own. He dreamed of an eventual union of the arts, in which even the use of perfume, controlled by an organ, might be combined with shifting light effects, correlated with music, dancing, and singing. He conceived himself as high priest of the arts. His cultic tendency drew many adherents, but repelled the materialistic type of mind. His music has been practically ostracized in America, perhaps for that reason, or perhaps because of certain unjust and unfounded rumors concerning his character which were circulated here during his visit in 1906. Undoubtedly, too, his final symphonic work, *Prometheus*, made many enemies for him, because of its outspoken mystical basis, and its daring harmonic innovations, which appeared ultra-modern at the time of its first production, in 1911. It was composed for combined orchestra and color-organ, and was first produced in this form in New York. It was repeated for the second time with color organ in Los Angeles two years ago.

Still Scriabin remains a composer whose work is much discussed but seldom heard, except in Russia, where his orchestral pieces have been put forward recently as accepted classics of Russian permanent musical literature. The chief exponent of Scriabin's piano music is Miss Katherine Ruth Heyman, an American pianist of unusual perceptions, who devotes her time chiefly to an exposition of his works and ideals, in England, France, Austria, and other European countries. She has accomplished more than any other single personality to spread a knowledge of Scriabin, and stands in the same relation to his work, as authentic interpreter, that Sergei Koussevitzky occupied at one time.

Of the contemporary composers living and working in Russia,

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whose thought may be said to be more or less directly connected with Scriabin, Nicolai Roslavetz and Sergei Protopopoff are outstanding. Roslavetz, however, is essentially scientific rather than mystic in his approach, although he builds up a tonal system somewhat analagous to Scriabin's, he does it with the conscious purpose of a physicist endeavoring to establish an absolute esthetic, rather than a mystic working through intuition. His theoretical complications result in a harmonic system not unlike Scriabin's, although arrived at in a totally different manner, and used with more calculating intellectual effect. This is particularly the case in some of his unusual instrument groupings, such as his nocturne for strings, oboe, and harp. The same general tendency may be noted in the young Russian, A. Mossolow, so far represented by only three sonatas, published by the State Music Press in Moscow.

Sergei Protopopoff is the most recent man to step into the train of those whose compositions involuntarily evoke the comment: "This could not have been, had there never been a Scriabin". He is represented by two sonatas (opus 1 and opus 5) in which his pronounced emotional, rather than harmonic, complications place him one step farther along the road of sensuously spiritual music which Scriabin conceived as the highest goal. This music of Protopopoff has a disconcerting feeling of being sur-charged with an emotional intensity that is not wholly legitimate for pure art. It seems to seek to grip and asphyxiate the listener, or perhaps even hypnotize him, with its strange succession of booming and palpitating resonances. Themes, in the ordinary musical sense, it can hardly be said to possess. It is based largely upon the *lade*, or modes which underlie much Russian folk music. (See E. Leneba's book on Russian folk song, *Velekorysskeya Pyesne*, Petrograd, 1904, p. lvi).

An interesting young composer named Oboukhow, now in Paris working as a brick-layer to gain his living, is recently gaining attention since he was sponsored by Ravel as one of the great potentialities of future Russian music. His work is also espoused by Koussevitzky and by Nicolas Slonimsky in this country. But little of his music reaches performance. Those specimens of his work which the writers of this article have been able to examine show a strangely lurid mysticism, less attached to the actuality of the present than even the music of Scriabin. Yet he calls his choral ritualistic work, *Le Livre de la Vie*. It is characterized by a contemporary Russian critic as made up of "sounds previously unemployed in musical art—whistling, sneezing, hissing, weeping, and the extraction of tones from the piano by the fist." The songs which are in MS. in this country show a strained system of harmony in which every note of the scale is attempted to be sounded simultaneously in

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every chord (The MSS. which have been examined to substantiate this are in the possession of Gertrude Ehrhart and Nicolas Slonimsky). But he is above all imbued with a serious purpose, and if his works could be presented as he conceives them, they would doubtless disprove much of the rubbish and harsh conjectural criticism which has collected around his name.

The work of Nicolas Oboukhow will be introduced for the first time in America by Nicolas Slonimsky in Boston during the present season. His new and unique system of notation for writing a tonal music, supplanting the old system of sharps and flats, is being given publicity in this connection, and arousing a great deal of comment. Mr. Slonimsky's own compositions are the most significant of any modern music composed by native Russians who are now living in America.

An inheritor of part of the Scriabin tradition, in the realm of musical mechanics and physical elaboration, is the young Russian professor of physics in Leningrad, *Léon Théremin*, who is now touring the United States with his "Ether Wave Music". He is engaged in the project of attempting to correlate sound with light. He does not compose music, but performs upon an instrument of his own invention constructed upon radio wave principles. The apparatus responds to movements of the hand in the air, without direct contact with any physical mechanism. This makes it possible to utilize all the subtle divisions of natural pitch, from quarter tones down to infinitesimal differentiations. Thus is provided a basic for musical experimentation looking toward the establishment of a totally new, or at least a much enlarged harmonic basis for future music. The correlation of color and music, first fostered by Scriabin among prominent composers, reaches back in its inception to experiments of Sir Isaac Newton in 1704. See *Die Musick*, August, 1928, p. 824. This fascinating new territory is now within the reach of strictly scientific research. The newest form of Théremin's sound-projecting apparatus may have light producing machines attached, which modulate colors automatically with the flow of tone, running the entire gamut of the spectrum. All this is originated by the free movements of the hands of the performer in the air in front of the instrument. Another possibility suggested by Professor Théremin is that, with future developments, it may be possible to secure tones of different timbres, simply by adjusting a "tone-mixer", which would select certain vibrations and eliminate others, thereby controlling the composition of the tone, very much as would a carburetor in mixing the ingredients of musical sound! Here is an almost infinite field for future experimentation and expansion.

The eminent Russian critic and composer, Leonid Sabaneyeff,

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formerly a friend of Scriabin, contributes some music in the Scriabin manner. He will doubtless be known to posterity as the first man to publish adequate biographical data of Scriabin (in his *Scriabin*, published by the State Press in Moscow, 1923). But in his later writings, Sabaneyeff poses as a detractor of his former friend and model, producing the impression that a little mind is bemeaning its superior because of attainments which he cannot emulate. Before leaving the question of musical material evolution, as initiated by Scriabin, it should be observed that Wyschnegradsky, with his "pansonorite", is eminent in the comparatively new field of quarter-tone composition in Russia.

Turning to those composers who offer strenuous opposition to the Scriabin cult, we find Igor Stravinsky easily the leader. Of his extensive work little need be said, for analyses and expositions of his published works have occupied much attention for years, and his compositions are frequently performed. It should be emphasized, however, that he is not recognized in Russia today as a truly nationalistic composer. Yet he is essentially opposed to the individualistic ego-centric attitude of Scriabin and his followers. Indeed, he is considered by many competent critics as the initiator of the modern universal impulse toward glorification of nationalism. He says himself that he carries the tradition of Tschaikovsky farther than does any other writer.

A survey of Stravinsky's numerous works in major forms shows a distinct series of progressions or developments from one pronounced style to another, comprising at least four periods. *Les Abeilles*, opus 3, shows unmistakable borrowings from Wagner. His early songs employ an almost wholly folk idiom, colored like Rimsky-Korsakov. This trend is later carried farther in the rollicking peasant tunes of his ballet *Petrouschka*, which is essentially popular music although clad in sophisticated modern harmonic color schemes. Then the *Oiseau de Feu* and *Rossignol* aroused the ire of the critics, although they now appear mellifluous in comparison with what followed. The much discussed *Sacre du Printemps* was the zenith of Stravinsky's progression toward complication. After this, he began to reverse his tactics, and "returned to the classics" for inspiration! His opera *Mavra* exalts the Tschaikovsky heritage. His setting for *Oedipus Rex*, and the *Serenade en La* profess to derive from Handel, as do also some portions of the recent piano concerto. His latest work, a ballet *Apollo*, is conceived in the manner of the conventional French ballet. His piano sonata, and string sextette are reminiscent of Bach, while his string quartette, and *Histoire d'un Soldat*, and *Ragtime* keep step with contemporary musical idioms. *Les Noces*, and *Renard*, pantomimes with voice accompaniment, rejuvenate the idiom of

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national folk song.

With this array of varied tendencies, what wonder is it that there are many who ask, "Who is the *real* Stravinsky? Is he but a musical chameleon?" There are enthusiasts who maintain that he has succeeded in mastering all musical idioms scientifically, to so great a degree of precision that he can force any material to accomplish his purpose, no matter how varied or how impersonal that purpose may be.

Following in the neo-classic movement under the influence of Picasso in painting, come the young Russian composers, Arthur Lourie, and Nabokoff. The crude realism of the latter's *Odes* is more barbarous than Stravinsky, who now putters with mildly inoffensive subjects. On examining Nabokoff's scores, one is reminded of what was once said by the American composer, the late Henry F. Gilbert (whose large compositions are now being produced in Russia under the direction of Soviet Committee of Fine Arts, while they lie neglected here). Speaking of music which was composed for the purpose of simulating the nervous reactions caused by the mechanical complexities of modern existence, he remarked, "Why compose music to produce that effect? If you ran out on the street you could easily get the real thing from hearing the trolley cars!"

Other young Russians striving to carry on a "nationalistic school" are M. Griessin, and Grigory and Alexander Klein. Sergei Prokofieff, whose work is officially recognized by the Soviet government although he is classed as an "occidental modern", along with Stravinsky, may also be said to be a "national". He has been more widely recognized and accepted both in Russia and abroad, then have Scriabin, Medtner, or Glière, who represent a more cosmopolitan, if less proletarian, approach to music. He has been acclaimed as the author of an opera of international repute, *The Love of the Three Oranges*, and a symphonic suite, the *Scythian*. His "Classical Symphony" sings the songs of bygone musical masters less cleverly than does Stravinsky. In fact, despite his attempt to be a modern interpreter of the Russian spirit, Prokofieff appears very much the naughty boy in the musical jam cupboard, who brings forth occasional stolen sweets to prove how errant a knave he would like to be considered. But at heart he really feels at home only when he adheres to the good old two-by-four folk song basis, as is revealed in his typical piano works.

Certain miscellaneous composers of real significance do not fall definitely into either the pro- or anti-Scriabin groups, nor into the camp of the nationalists. Sergei Rachmaninov and Nicolai Medtner are both serious composers who have accomplished admirable things. Medtner is often accused of being more German than Russian in his

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musical derivation, and his work does savour of Brahms rather than Russian sources. His newly announced piano concerto is to be featured and published in Germany, where his work is much admired. Rachmaninov's work is too well known in America to require comment here. Nicolai Myaskovsky, another Russian who has received the stamp of Russian governmental approval, has had symphonies recently featured in this country by Koussevitzky and Stokowski. His music is perhaps too palpably influenced by Tschaikovsky via Rachmaninov, but it also shows a thorough knowledge of Scriabin's method of orchestral composition.

Vladimir Rybikow, the first true decadent of modern Russia in music, who died recently, has been strangely neglected. Anticipating Scriabin in certain effects, he was overshadowed by that genius. Yet the few works of his which are procurable reveal a rich store of accomplishment which is just now beginning to be discovered.

Undoubtedly the most influential composer living and writing in Russia today is Reinhold Glière. He too, in earlier works, came under the glamorous lure of Scriabin, especially in the incidental music to *Cléopatre*, as it is now produced by the Musical Studio in Moscow and even in his more recent Third Symphony. His ballet which was mounted this year at the Moscow Grand Opera, *The Red Poppy*, was written upon a commission from the Soviet government. Its theme is the glorification of Communism. In its stage technique it follows the Chinese theatre, and many of the themes employed are Chinese. The tendency to assimilate oriental elements into Russian music, which has always been strong, is now coming more than ever to the fore. The same trend is reflected in the inclusion of a Turkestan melody in Myaskovsky's latest symphony.

Music is an essential part of the life of the Russian people today, even more than it has been in the past. The public concerts are frequent, and of excellent quality, and are always attended by capacity audiences. The opera houses are open for the greater part of the year. They form the backbone of serious musical activities, along with the excellent work of the Moscow Art Theatre and the Moscow Musical Studio. There is a widespread enthusiasm for music, and there can be no doubt that the indomitable vitality which has produced in the past the "mighty *Koochka*" (Big Five) as well as Scriabin and Stravinsky, still survives and performs its purposes.

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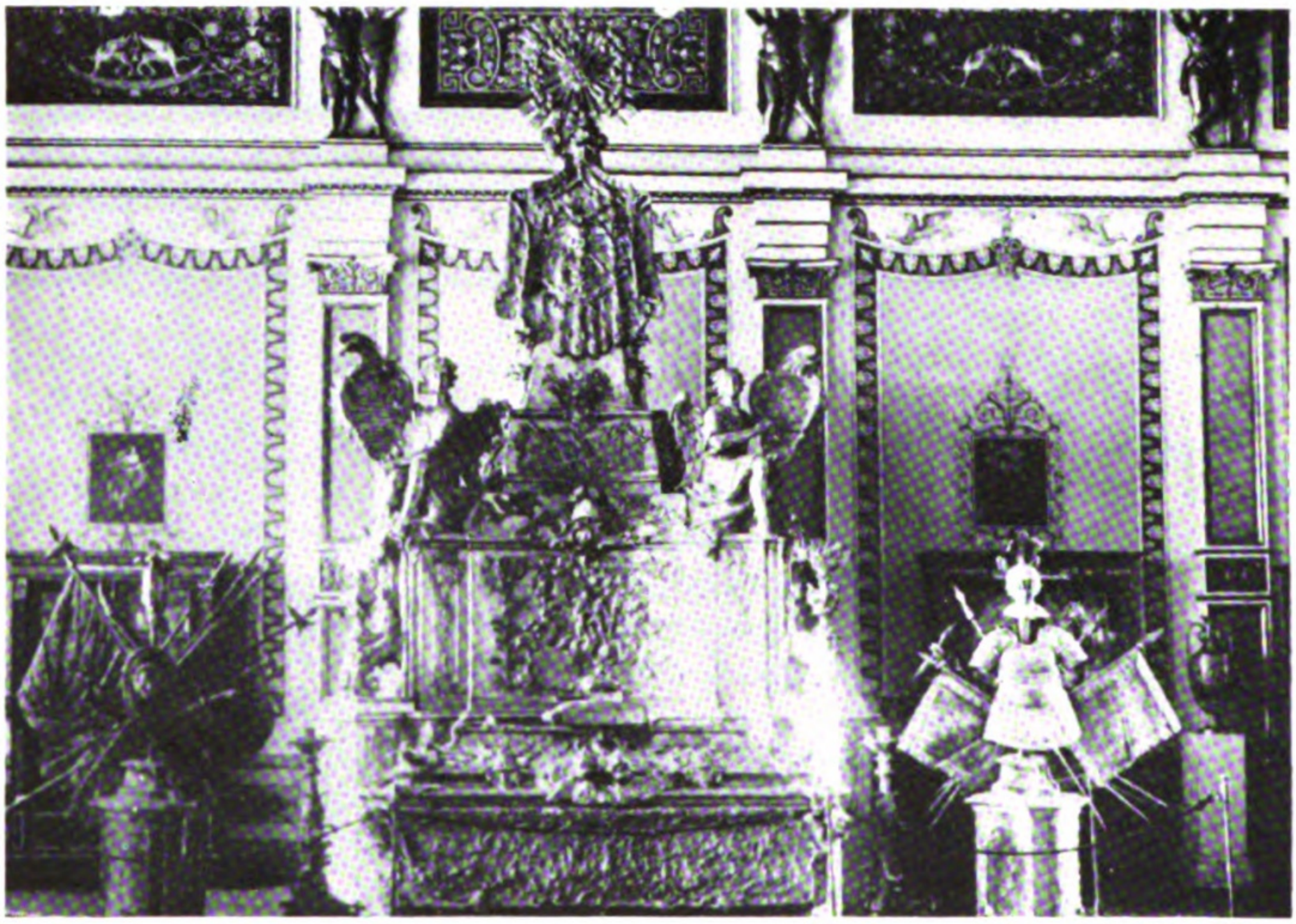
THE SHRINE OF ALEXANDER NEVSKI



Press-Cliche Photo

The silver shrine containing the remains of Alexander Nevski. This shrine was, in recent years, taken from a church and placed in the Hermitage.

"In 1236 Alexander was made Prince of Novgorod, and the memory of this noble character still lives in the hearts of the people. History and literature, sacred and profane, speak of him as a great hero. Every inch a prince, his strength has been compared by the chronicler with that of Samson, and his beauty with that of Joseph. We read that 'his eye was clear and penetrating, and his voice like a silver trumpet.' The fame of his wisdom and statesmanship spread far and wide, and attracted to his side knights from distant lands, who remained to swell the number of his Boyars. One of the Teutonic knights who had visited the youthful prince in the hope of settling peacably the perpetual feuds between his order and Novgorod writes: 'I have traversed many lands, and I know much of the world and its people and rulers, but never have I looked upon or listened to any one who has filled me with greater wonder than Alexander of Novgorod.' . . . In honor of the wonderful victory on the Neva (in 1240), the people of Novgorod bestowed upon Alexander the title of 'Nevski', or 'Of the Neva'."

From *Some Russian Heroes, Saints & Sinners*, by Sonia E. Howe
Published by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1917.

Alexander Nevski died in 1263 and was canonized by the Church in 1380. November 23 has since then been dedicated to Alexander, the patron saint of Russia.

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THE TREASURY OF THE HERMITAGE

STEFAN ZWEIG

Translated from the German by Leo Nasarevich

I WOULD never have enough courage to claim that I really saw the Hermitage—I was only in all of its chambers. For who could see and digest it in a day; in a week. It should not be forgotten that even before the war the Hermitage was as big as the Louvre, the Museum of London or Berlin, and since the Revolution it cubed itself through the expropriations of all the Russian art collections.

To have an idea, imagine the Vienna Gallery, the Lichtensteinshe, the Harrachsche and the Ezernin Galleries in one piece combined with all the private collections of Vienna and add to them all the gems and art pieces from a thousand churches and monasteries of old Austria and if all this could be placed in one museum, it would give an approximate idea of the fantastic extension of the Hermitage during the time of the Communistic expropriations.

Its rooms are naturally widened and broken through into the neighboring thousand windowed winterpalaces and it fills all the living rooms, luxury saloons and reception rooms of the imperial period. Without exaggeration its extension may be expressed in kilometers and merely wandering through it is arduous. I tried to see only the most important pieces and went through forty or fifty halls with closed eyes, stopping only at the Rembrandts', which may have some equals in The Hague or Kassel, and at the Watteaus and Fragonardes, which are hardly to be found at all outside of Paris.

Out of all this richness I wanted to see only the most unusual, that cannot be seen elsewhere, and so they showed me the incomparable in this collection, which ordinarily is not shown — the treasury. In a flat-floored saloon there is a small, almost imperceptible, but heavy-armored, door. It is sealed and we must wait for several officials who will act as witnesses.

Soundless turns the heavy treasury door, disclosing a narrow hall, and closes behind us. A pressing on a button and the hidden lamps throw down light reflected in a thousand ways by shining gold. Gold—pure, dazzling gold, skilfully forged, a century old, a thousand years old—brought from the mythological tombs, from the Greek settlements in Crimea, won from the fortresses of Skyths, a primitive art of which the period and the beginning can hardly be imagined was all here in plenitude and perfection.

And passing all the clumsy, worn-out barbarous masterpieces, one stops in admiration before the cabinets which are full of pieces of finest filigrees, requiring many years of finest work, images, hunting scenes, magic amulets, masks of the dead kings wonderfully propor-

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tioned: a barbarous work but refined and no less artistic than that of the medieval masters, German goldsmiths, or Italian fine sculptors of the Renaissance period. Among these one can see massive golden vessels which can hardly be lifted. They were discovered in Crimea, the old Pontus, and nobody even now suspects where those mines are from which all the precious metals were obtained. Next to these come the crowns, weapons, combs and rings ornamented with precious stones, the fantastic fortune of those nations that lived on horses or in smoky huts but even through the darkness of their existence had the idea of the beautiful and represented it as they could.

The lights are scarcely lighted in the next room as a hundred thousand shining stones flash into the visitors' eyes—this is the jewel chamber. Turkish sabres from handles to the very ends smeared with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, crysopases: diadems of Catherine with yellow diamond and the gigantic white one are laid on the colorful background reflecting soft colored rays: horse saddle-cloths with jewels, fancy boxes, watches, sceptres and all kinds of small articles all with a legendary number of priceless stones, one of which could buy a whole village and in the whole could feed this great country for years.

In two weeks one could only get a flash of an idea of the whole volume of Russia, and the final impression remains — we all consciously or unconsciously wronged Russia and still do it by not knowing enough about it. For how is it that we have been ten times in Paris, ten times in Italy, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Northland, but never took a look into Russia? Before it was due to prejudice against Czarism, now against Bolshevism, but anyhow we kept far too long out of our view the extreme variety of accomplishments of Russians, one of the most interesting and congenial people on this earth, two railroad days from our environment.

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MOSCOW

Fedor Nikolaevich Glinka
(1788-1880)
Translation by Nathan H. Dole
From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, Leo Wiener,
Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

WONDROUS city, ancient city,
Thou enfoldest in thy walls
Villages and smiling suburbs,
Churches, palaces and halls.

Thou art girt by grassy meadows,
Gay with gardens, rich in flowers;
Seven the hills are which thou crownest
With thy temples, with thy towers.

Thou unfoldest like a parchment
Written by a giant hand,
And beside thy little river
Thou art glorious now and grand.

Many are thine ancient churches
Towering like the northern pine;
Where can eye see streets so noble,
Mother Moscow, as are thine?

Capture Moscow's mighty Kreml?
Who on earth would boast the power?
Who could rob the golden bonnet
From the slender Ivan tower?

Who could ever swing the Tsar-bell,
Or the Tsar-gun overthrow?
Reverence at the sacred gateway
Who could ever fail to show?

In thine awful hour of peril,
When thy haughty neck was bent,
All thy children, men of Russia,
Felt with thee the punishment.

White-walled city, thou wast chastened
Like a martyr in the fire;
And thy river, boiling, hastened
Onward to escape the pyre.

Once a captive and dishonoured,
In thine embers thou didst lie!
Now arisen from thine ashes
Changeless, lift thy head on high!

Flourish through the countless ages,
Moscow! many-towered town.
Thou art central heart of Russia,
Russia's glory, Russia's crown!

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GORKY AND ANDREYEV

ALEXANDER S. KAUN

PUSHKIN and Lermontov. Turgenev and Goncharov. Dostoyevsky and Tolstoy. Gorky and Andreyev. . . One is tempted to discuss Russian literature—and for this matter, any literature — by comparing its most representative contemporary writers. Gorky and Andreyev are a particularly apt pair for the characterization of that transitional period in Russia's life and literature, which marked the end of the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth. The two men were close friends and influenced one another, even though they differed in their views and found themselves ever further apart as time went on. As writers, they had hardly a single trait in common, but on the contrary, seemed to represent two diametrically opposed worlds.

Both Gorky and Andreyev regarded the contemporary order of things negatively. Accordingly both of them drew life in drab and unprepossessing colors. But whereas Gorky depended on personal experience, Andreyev relied on imagination and intuition. Gorky had a checkered career: had known misery, hunger, cold, homelessness, hard labor; had tramped through the width and length of Mother Russia, had rubbed elbows with nondescript humanity, had tasted prison and exile for his sympathy with the revolutionists. In describing the seamy side of life and the submerged portion of society, Gorky thus recorded what he had seen and observed and absorbed. His talent is based on the factual; this is Gorky's strength and also limitation. Andreyev lived the normal life of a Russian poor intellectual, went through high school and the university, became a court reporter, and then, with the aid of Gorky, he broke into literature. Despite his limited experience and uneventful life, Andreyev used an extraordinarily wide range of subject-matter. Possessed of a winged imagination and an uncanny intuitive power, he had no difficulty in placing himself in the most unusual situations and experiencing mentally war, insanity, murder, death, let alone more ordinary circumstances.

As a result of this difference of approach, Gorky and Andreyev are at the extreme opposites in their ultimate outlook. Since Gorky's observation is limited by facts, he sees only the concrete evils, which are removable. Despite his bitter experiences and disappointments, Gorky has a buoyant faith in man, in his power to recast the world and remold life. Andreyev's imaginative evaluation has no limits, and the evils he observes, mentally, are universal and perpetual.

Gorky might say: Life is full of evils, but life is potentially beautiful, hence let us endeavor to free it from these evils. Life is

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evil, might be Andreyev's retort, hence all your efforts are futile. Gorky was heart and soul with the revolution, hoping that it would scour Russia of its ugly excrescences and make it worthy of a beautiful life. Andreyev had no faith in man or in men, and he scoffed at mob intelligence. To him man is inwardly a slave; he is too cowardly to face freedom; he needs authority, to which he might relegate responsibility. Of what avail, then, are political or economic revolutions? The change of the surface cannot destroy the inner slavery of man.

Gorky believes that man may eventually become free, spiritually and materially, by virtue of his active mind, his all-powerful thought. To Andreyev, our thought, our intellect is presumptuous and impotent, and is like a broken reed against which you cannot lean without getting bruised. Gorky's is a challenging message, a summons for a life of action and struggle for a common cause. The only message one may infer from Andreyev is that one should rise above the will-to-live, and acquire the supreme indifference to earthly considerations, which distinguishes the saint and the hero.

A palace in imagination of craftsman-artist probably of the sixteenth century.

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CONTEMPORARY SOCIOLOGICAL THEORIES

A Review by DIMITRY T. PITT

SINCE the time of Moses, Plato, Aristotle, thousands of books have been written on different sociological questions. A man who tries to analyze, systematize, accept and reject the theories embodied in these books, attempts a gigantic task. Professor Sorokin's *Contemporary Sociological Theories** is a remarkable achievement and should be read by all who are interested in social problems and desire to understand the underlying forces working in human society.

Professor Sorokin has assembled quantitative data from an amazing variety of sources. He quotes at least twelve hundred authors. He impartially analyzes the most important sociological schools. His analysis is highly scientific, giving pros and cons to each school. His idea of sociology is the most attractive, practical and full of suggestions, which, if they will be accepted, necessarily will clean out the sociological field of its rubbish data and imperfect methods, and will lead the science of society toward a truthful explanation of sociological phenomena. Professor Sorokin rejects scholasticism in sociology, because such endless debates as "What sociology is," "what culture is," "what progress is," et cetera, et cetera, are of no use to scholars and to society. Besides that, they never can be settled definitely because there is no universal criterion to measure them.

Sociologists who devoted their time and knowledge to discussion of these questions "have not given any real knowledge of social phenomena, except a lot of somewhat indefinite words piled one upon another." In the opinion of Professor Sorokin, sociologists should study, first: "The relationship and correlations between various classes of social phenomena, (correlation between economic and religions, family and moral: juridical and economic, mobility and political phenomena and so on): second, that between the social and non-social (geographic, biological, et cetera) phenomena; third, the study of the general characteristics, common to all classes of social phenomena." In accordance with this conception of the subject matter of Sociology, Professor Sorokin divides all fields of sociological thoughts into the following groups or schools:

(1) "Mechanistic" school, which interprets social phenomena in terms and concepts of physics, chemistry, and mechanics.

(2) "Frederic Le Play's" school, important by the new method applied to the studies of social phenomena, taking a family as

* Contemporary Sociological Theories by Pitirim Sorokin. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1928. $4.00.

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the social unit and family's budget as the basis for a quantitative analysis of social processes. The new method includes also the "Nomenclature," or definitions of terms, which is a very good guide for the formation of sociological conceptions and conclusions based upon the facts.

(3) "Geographical" school, which counts hundreds of representatives, who believe that the behavior, social organizations, social processes, and historical destinies of a society depend almost exclusively upon the geographical environment.

(4) "Bio-Organismic" school teaches the doctrine of society as a specific variety of biological organism; i. e., the origin, development, functioning, variation, all processes of society exhibit the characteristics similar to those of any organism and subject to the same biological laws.

(5) "Anthrope-Racial, Sectionist, and Hereditarist" school emphasizes the race, heredity and selections as determining factors of human behavior, of social processes, organizations, and the historical destinies of a social system: the branch of biological school, called by Professor Sorokin "The Sociology of War" is represented by the well-known, but, at the same time, very poorly understood and misunderstood slogans: "struggle for existence," "survival of the fittest," "adaptation," et cetera.

(6) "Demographic" school which assumes that the demographic factor, i. e., increase or decrease of the size and density of a population is of primary importance and all social phenomena are the functions or resultants of this factor.

(7) "Sociologistic" school based upon the conception that the psychological phenomena should be interpreted through sociological phenomena, and that sociality "is the psycho-social reality of sui generis which exists apart, and is different from, that of the individuals who compose a society." Professor Sorokin places in this school also theories which take a certain social condition as a variable (religion, family, economic condition, et cetera) and which interpret all social phenomena in terms of religion, economics, et cetera.

(8) "The Psychological" school, in contradiction to the Sociologistic school takes the psychical characteristics of an individual as a basis and interprets social phenomena as a result of these characteristics; and—

(9) "Psycho-Sociologistic Theories of Religion," built upon the conception that beliefs and religion in general play one of the most important roles in determining the structure and shape of social phenomena.

Such is the wealth of Professor Sorokin's unique book.

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SMATTER

THE other day a several years' old graduate said without the slightest provocation: "I am glad that I had to take American History in college. Without that course I never could have understood what Americans have suffered." This raised a doubt in my mind that any Russian could entertain seriously a belief in suffering Americans, but he seemed sincere enough and I was in no mood for an argument.

So he eulogized America and Americans to his heart's content and unmolested, while I pondered with considerable pain over my own struggles with Shinn's green-backed history. I wonder why it wouldn't be a good thing for Russians (who for one reason or another did not take the chance of slipping in a history course along with their calculus and strength of materials) to read a chapter a day. Almost any standard text would do to say nothing of the numerous biographies of the great all around us.

Occasionally we burn to know just how much American history was taught a Russian before he landed at Ellis Island, not that it seemed to be necessary for him to know much about it any more than the most academic Americans were called upon to know, before 1917, the salient points in Russian history. We have a sneaking suspicion that more than one Russian expected to find America modeled after the novels of James Fenimore Cooper and that it was more than passing difficult to reconcile that picture with what he actually found.

Looking at the other side of this question, we would like to suggest that Americans read Sir Bernard Pares' *History of Russia*. There are also other good volumes to be had in English and some of them at second-hand book stores. Kluchevsky, Platonoff and Kornilov have written unbiased histories.

It's a far-cry from appropriate celebration of the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln to a declaration that there really *is* a Santa Claus, but the most critical can not expect me to keep this letter for another year:

"Dear Editor—Merry Christmas and best wishes for 1929. Enclosed is one dollar for *The Russian Student*. It is sent by the request of your old friend Santa Claus, Esq. from Reindeertown.

And this old gentleman is doing his best not to disappoint you this Christmas, as he thinks that your letter to him was the best of beggar's letters received.

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With my sincere congratulations and best wishes for further success,

One of your friend's friends."

When we read that, we turned on our left heel, shrugged our right shoulder and said to the office, with all the nonchalance that we could assume, "I know exactly who wrote that clever little note." We're just holding our breath for fear that person won't walk into the office and claim the receipt and our devout thanks. The letter was mailed at Grand Central Station.

Once upon a time the president of a polytechnic institute intimated that it was a waste of time and money to continue aid to a certain student. It happened that the Fund had a good opinion of the character and ability of that student so they gave him another trial. When the student graduated, the president had some mighty good things to say about him.

Two or three weeks ago this erstwhile student, who is now a more or less successful graduate, was telling us about his brilliant prospects. Just for fun we told him what happened when he was at tech. We both had a good laugh over it. The name of another graduate in the same line of engineering was mentioned. "It's a shame he has such bad luck. All his companies go broke," I said. "It's not luck. He misjudges the companies," was the immediate reply.

Then we recalled Waldemar Bonsels' words in his most delightful book *An Indian Journey*:

"There is no such thing as 'having luck.' What is called luck is intimately associated with adroitness, just as ill-luck is intimately associated with maladroitness. Nor does this truth relate only to outward happenings. Ill-luck—or unhappiness—within the mind is in the last analysis maladroitness, though in a far more exalted sense, whose significance finds expression in the ordering of the universe."

Perhaps this truth might also be applied to that low mark in differential equations or to the state of being broke even before making a repayment.

Yours for adroitness and historical understanding,

—de N.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The block print on the cover is by Georges Wiren (M.I.T.'23), an architect and artist of Springfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Wiren also wields the pen in quite a literary fashion as is evidenced by his article dealing with a form of Russian art little known in this country.

Mstislaw Loukomsky was born in Tsarkoe Selo but spent a great deal of time on his grandfather's estate in the province of Kiev. He received his intermediate education with the Alexandrovsky and Moscow Cadet Corps. In 1920 he was in Sarajevo and Belgrade, Serbia. After seven years' separation from his family, he joined them in the United States. This is Mr. Loukomsky's second year at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and from all accounts he is headed for a brilliant record.

Clifton Joseph Furness is now in the Graduate School of Harvard, preparing for a Ph.D. degree in English. He is a graduate of Northwestern University Music School and continues musical activities. Besides *Walt Whitman's Workshop*, a book recently issued by the Harvard University Press, Mr. Furness has an article on Old French Music in a recent number of the Cambridge University *Modern Language Review* and one on African and Arabian music in *The Musical Quarterly*. At present he is completing a book on *The Re-Creation of Music* and preparing material for a biography of the American composer, Henry F. Gilbert.

Elliott C. Carter is a student in Harvard University. He interests himself chiefly in musical composition, specializing in the interpretation of modern music.

Leo Nasarevich graduated last June from the chemical engineering course at Pratt Institute. He is employed by the chemical laboratory of Hearst Publications.

Nathan Haskell Dole is a well known author, literary adviser, musical and literary editor, and friend of Russians. Among his works are *Young Folks' History of Russia* (1881), *Life of Count Tolstoi*, (1911); translation of Tolstoi's works and hundreds of songs and lyrical pieces for music from the Russian.

Alexander S. Kaun, Associate Professor of Slavic Languages at the University of California, is a frequent contributor to *The Dial* and other literary peiodicals. Professor Kaun translated Kornilov's *Modern Russian History* and is the author of the last chapters dealing with the reign of Nicholas II.

Pitirim Sorokin, Professor of Sociology at the University of Minnesota, is well known as a sociologist and writer. His *Contemporary Sociological Theories* has been translated into German, Japanese and Czech and is used as a text in a large number of American universities, the University of Berlin, Köln, Tokio, Pekin and elsewhere.

The review of Professor Sorokin's book is by a Fund graduate, Dimitry T. Pitt, (University of Vermont, College of Agriculture, '26). Mr. Pitt is making a special study of farm problems for the Department of Agriculture, Rutgers University and expects to resume his graduate work in sociology at Columbia University the spring term.

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BOOKS TOO!

THE DIARY OF DOSTOEVSKY'S WIFE. *Edited by René Fülöp-Miller and Dr. Eckstein. Translated from the German edition by Madge Pemberton. New York. The Macmillan Company.* $7.00.

The wife of the Russian genius was an excellent diarist. Mixed in with accounts of Fyodor's grumblings against "the Germans, the hotel, and the weather" is valuable and interesting information about the Russian character in general, especially the Russians who are away from home.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE. *By Edmund A. Walsh. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.* 1928. $3.50.

A readabe story of the background of the Russian Revolution and observations on recent events, although some of the statements have been seriously questioned. Especially interesting to those who have read little and know less about Russia. There is a helpful bibliography in the back of the book.

RASPUTIN: *The Holy Devil. By René Fülöp-Miller, New York. The Viking Press.* $5.00.

A melodramatic story of a Siberian peasant's activities and influence on the Russian royal family. Not much as literature but highly praised by such geniuses as Romain Rolland, Dmitri Merezhkovsky, and Stefan Zweig.

RED RUSSIA AFTER TEN YEARS. *By George London. Translated from the French by G. E. R. Gedye. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co,* $2.00.

Amusing snapshots and interviews, anti-Soviet in spirit, written by a correspondent of the *Paris Journal.*

SHIFTING SCENES OF THE MODERN EUROPEAN THEATRE. *By Hallie Flanagan. New York. Coward-McCann, Inc.* $3.50.

The director of the experimental theatre at Vassar College writes of her experiences in Europe as a fellow of the Guggenheim Foundation studying the contemporary theatre. Miss Flanagan feels that the censorship in Russia has not curbed the creative energy and art of the Russian theatre.

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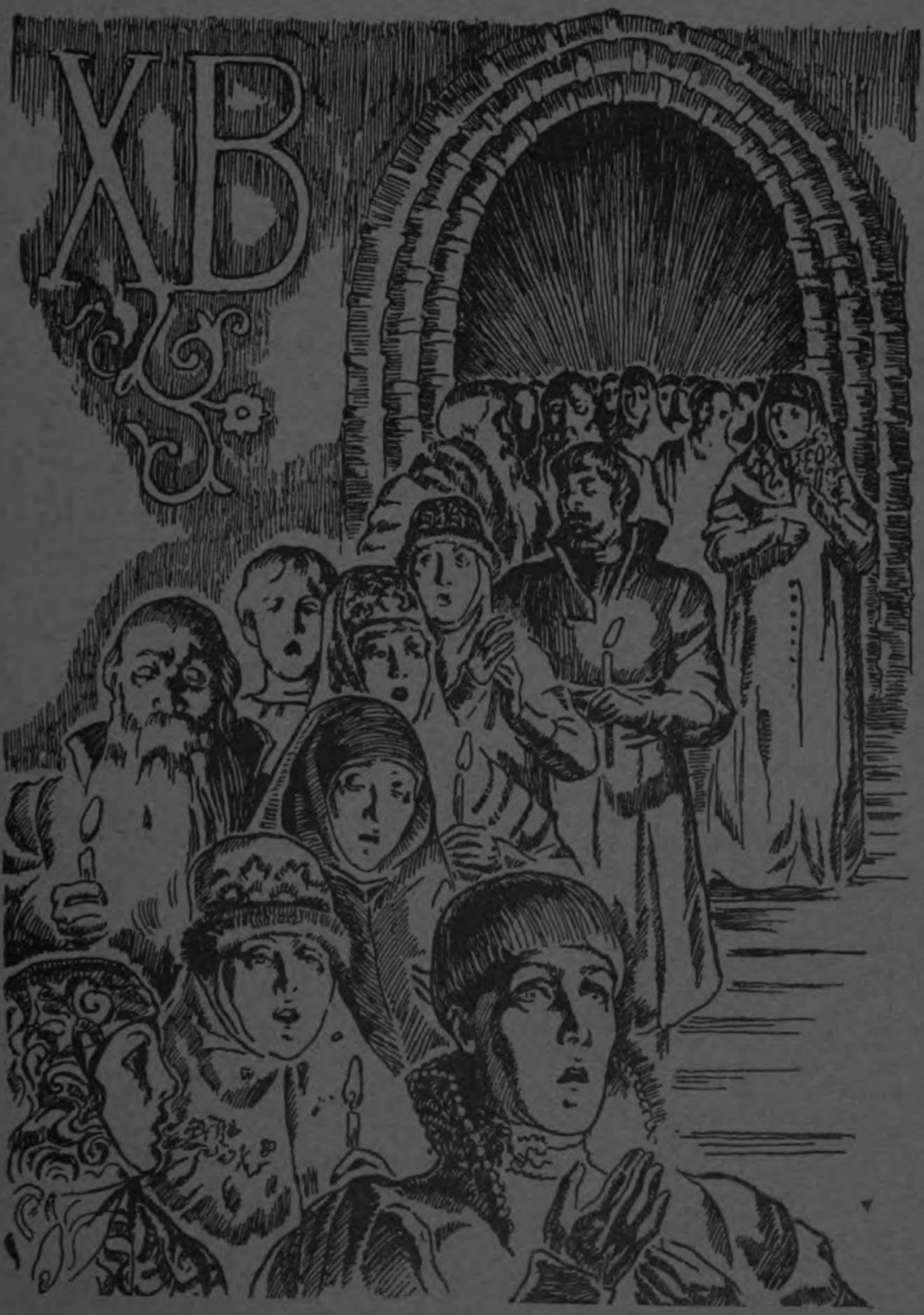

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1929

COVER DESIGN, *Christos Voskrese* . .
EASTER IN RUSSIA . . . . . *Lydia Buketov* 1
OUR TURN . . . . . *Alexis N. Pestoff* 4
THE OLD BELIEVERS . . . . . *Clarence A. Manning* 6
HONOR TO BORIS DANILOFF 11
THE RED SQUARE . . . . . *Oleg Lissitzyn* 12
CATHEDRAL OF SAINT BASIL,
Photograph 13
WHAT IS NEW IN THE NEW THEORY
OF EDUCATIONAL METHOD? . . *Michael J. Demiashkevich* 14
A LEGEND . . . . . *Aleksyey Nikolaevich Pleschev*
Translation by Nathan H. Dole 16
SO IT SEEMS TO ME . . . . . *Michael J. Polivanov* 17
CHEKHOV FOR THE AMERICAN . . . *V. Gsovski* 18
SMATTER 20
WILL SHE OR WONT SHE?
Drawing by Nicolai Pavloff 21
WHO'S WHO? 22
BOOKS TOO! 23
ADVERTISEMENTS 23

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund assists young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. Over 400 men and women, of whom 114 are still studying, have been advanced over $300,000. Former students have repaid $66,075.42; 38 graduates have repaid in full. Since September 1928, repayments have been averaging over $2,000 a month.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 7 March, 1929

EASTER IN RUSSIA

LYDIA BUKETOV

RECOLLECTIONS . . . . Years and years ago Easter . . . . childhood . . . . dear old Russia. Easter! That biggest and most joyous holiday of the year which the young and the old equally await with anxiety in the course of the seven long weeks of Lent. What is there in this holy day that makes one's soul so overwhelmed, which makes one as if born anew? And not only human beings, but nature too changed into its new attire seems to feel and respond differently. I don't know what it is in this holy day that makes it so very different from not only Easter of any other country, but so unlike any other holy day of Russia. Perhaps it may be that it is the holiday of the Russian people, of whole Russia and not simply of Russian Orthodox Greek Catholic believers in God. On this day everyone celebrates: the young and the old, the believer and the atheist, who this only day in the year comes to church if not to pray, then just to hear those beautiful, magic words: *"CHRISTOS VOSKRESE!" It can be denied that God exists; it can be said that the value and necessity of religion are overestimated, but no Russian have I heard to

*Christ is Risen.

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criticize the beauty of Russian Easter Church services. It is these services which are mainly responsible for that gladness which overtakes our souls on this big day.

Every Easter Day my thoughts travel far, far away to my hometown. Before my eyes is again that precious, many hilled, at times quiet and thoughtful, at times noisy and talkative Sevastopol overlooking the now dreamy, then furious blue waters of the Black Sea.

Beginning with the first week of Lent the atmosphere becomes filled with the doleful ring of the church bells. In churches the clergy are dressed in black, the services are long and sad. At home conversations are on serious topics, pleasures and entertainments are given up and no meat or dairy products are being served at the table, being substituted by fish and vegetables.

Any week, mostly during the one preceding the Palm Sunday people prepare themselves for confession and holy communion. They go daily to church to stand thruout the long services. On Palm Saturday they go to confession, after which they restrain from food and unnecessary conversation in order to be fully prepared for the following day and the Holy Communion. It is a big day for them as they relieve their souls and are then ready for Easter Day when they will receive the joyous news that Christ has arisen. On Palm Sunday the churches are too small to hold the crowds that come to get the holy branches of pussy-willows which are to be then placed over the ikons in their homes.

The last week is the busiest week of all. There is a mobilization of all the forces at home and the house in a few days takes a new aspect. There reigns in the house now a clean disorder: everything glistens and shines with cleanliness, but the tables, window-sills and stoves are loaded with various meats, hams, dough, eggs ready for painting, and many other things without which a Russian Easter could not be a real holiday.

The Holy Thursday with the reading of Twelve Apostles, Good Friday, the day of Burial of Christ pass quickly amidst the worries and preparations. And here is Saturday night at last. The work is completed in the house, the table is almost breaking down under the heavy load of the elaborately decorated paskas, culichi, and other traditional bakings and foods.

At last we are in church. It is almost midnight and a little chilly, but no one regrets for a moment for having worn the new light silk dresses and coats.

We are now in the Cathedral, The Sobor of St. Vladimir,—a navy church. After much effort we squeeze thru the crowd to find a more or less convenient corner in the back of a carpeted

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space, set off especially for the naval officers. Dressed in their uniforms, officers of various ranks with their families occupy almost the entire space and present a colorful picture which adds to the holiday atmosphere. Throughout the church are spread out in form of a cross, lines of sailors dressed in uniforms also which thus adds to the orderliness of everything, by establishing passageways for the newcomers.

Overtaken by unearthly ecstasy, I look at the stately holy procession around the church, of priests and people carrying the cross, ikons and banners, being accompanied by the singing choir and the triumphant ringing of the church bells. From the hill on which the church stands I glance at the town. The usually quiet town presents now a picture of a sea of illumination. The numerous churches, scattered throughout the city are encircled by thousands of people marching in processions with lighted candles around the churches. This picture is replenished by the bells of all the churches which join together in one song of glorification.

I am again back in church, listening to the rejoicing, singing of songs which seem more and more beautiful to me with every Easter. "About your resurrection, Jesus Christ, are the Angels Singing in Heaven, and you on earth honor us to glorify You with pure hearts" . . . .

"Easter! With joy we will embrace each other. And those hating us we will forgive all by Your Resurrection," sings the choir and my soul is now overfilled with joy.

"A holiday of holidays" . . . . I hear again. Yes, indeed it is the holiday of holidays for when does one experience such joy, when does one embrace and kiss his enemy thrice with a greeting "Christos Voskrese", just to hear him say *"Voistinu Voskrese" and to feel that this day everyone is your friend.

---

* He is Risen Indeed.

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OUR TURN

ALEXIS N. PESTOFF

ALEXIS N. PESTOFF
President, Alumni Association

OUR beloved Russia is sick! Because of this illness many young and intelligent people are without a country and without a future! They may be chauffeurs in New York or Paris, struggling and toiling all their lives for their daily bread. Many thousands of Russian emigres are doing this today all around the world.

There was only one opportunity for us to save ourselves, and develop our mental treasures. This opportunity was given by foreign higher educational institutions. From a desperate life of hard toil in the coal mines, sugar plants, biscuit factories, et cetera, we have received the right to be engineers, doctors, lawyers, professors, agriculturists and business men. Now that we have been granted these rights, we do not have to worry all the time about our daily bread. We have some time to think, to live mentally and spiritually.

We know that without Americans who have given freely of their money, this would not have been possible. There are others too, who without wealth, have been instrumental in accomplishing the results achieved by the Russian Student Fund. Their attitude is decidedly against any outward show of gratitude except proof that we as individuals merit the trust placed in us and as a group are worthy sons and daughters of our mother country.

We can do a great deal in expressing our appreciation and gratitude by taking an active part in the Alumni Association which is helping other Russians to obtain a higher education and is eager to form a closer union and acquaintanceship among all Russian graduates of American colleges and universities. It is easy for us to give one dollar a month to our younger compatriots who need an education in America, at least as badly as we needed it. This dollar a month can not possibly interfere with our regular repayments which we are honor bound and

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have pledged to make—yet less than fifty per cent of the Fund alumni have become members of their own Association.

When circumstances change, and we return to our dear Mother Russia, we will leave here many American friends. Then it will be our task to keep our friendly bonds with Americans as close as they are now. We must prepare for that task. Our present organization may in the future develop into a Russian-American Society for the promotion of good will between these two great countries.

You remember what Alyosha Karamazoff said to the boys at his speech at the stone: "Let us make a compact that we will never forget one another, and let us remember how good it was once here, when we were all together, united by a good and kind feeling."

In conclusion I would like to remind the alumni we are all members of the Russian Student Fund. We once asked for help and it was given. Now, it is our turn to help someone else.

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THE OLD BELIEVERS

CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MANNING

NO one would undertake to write a history of English or American civilization without at least mentioning the great movement of Puritanism. Victorious or defeated, it left an indelible mark on the development of the life and thought, even of those authors who reacted most strongly against it. In the same way a real appreciation of the values of Russian life can only be understood by a careful study of that combination of conservatism, nationalism and fanaticism which developed the Old Believers or the Starovyery.

It is easy to point out that these sectarians opposed the march of progress and found themselves in a blind alley from which there was no egress. It is easy enough to indicate the ridiculous extremes to which many of the more fanatical went in their desire to escape from the "corruption" of the Orthodox Church and to maintain the "pure faith" as they understood it. It is easy enough to show that the movement was relatively insignificant and played a small part in the development of modern Russia. Yet such a point of view would be only technically correct and it would ignore the wide-spreading feelings of which these sectarians were the outward expression.

To understand such movements as these, we must forget at once our preconceived theories of civilization and of Christianity. We must cease the traditional neglect of the Eastern Christian world and forget also the sharp division which we are accustomed to make of Catholicism and Protestantism. Our new division will be between the East and the West and we must try to place ourselves squarely in the attitude where we can look as calmly at the Mongol Empire as at the Holy Roman Empire of the West.

It is thus that we come to mediæval Russia with all of its virtues and its vices. We can admire the splendor of the Moscow tsars, the mad dignity of Ivan the Terrible, the struggle against the Tatars. We can see the growth of national pride and the doctrine of the Third Rome, that conception of the Russians that Moscow was the only Christian capital, since Rome had fallen into heresy and Constantinople had bowed beneath the Turkish yoke. European travellers scoffed at Moscow in the sixteenth century but the natives retorted with equal correctness and equal bigotry that they represented the norm of civilization and that it was Europe which was absurd.

Thus everything combined to produce a Russian civilization that stood outside the Western conceptions. Artists and schol-

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ars might visit and influence but Russian civilization went on. It produced the splendid ikons of Rublev and of the other masters. It created the elaborate and unparalled churches of Moscow as the Church of the Blessed Vasily. It covered Russia with wooden churches constructed on a national pattern. We may call it primitive or strange; we may question the taste and the artistic canons of the artists but it was a creation worthy of study and of development, even if it had not passed through the period of the Italian Renaissance or the Perpendicular Gothic.

There was a darker side to the picture in the vast amount of illiteracy in the savage cruelties of Ivan, in the remains of Tatar heathendom but these might have been abolished without destroying the national fabric.

It was not to be. The seventeenth century saw two great movements. On the one hand there was a tendency on the part of the higher clergy to bring the Church nearer to the other Orthodox Churches of the East. The latter were better educated; political subjection had not yet destroyed the intellectual achievements of the past. They still were conscious of what they had been and what they hoped to be. They admitted Russian political power but they refused to accept its mental leadership. Nikon and his friends realized this and sought through them to raise the Russian standard. On the other hand the pressure of Catholic Poland and of Protestant Sweden was forcing a readjustment on Western lines of efficiency. Kiev and its scholars became the intermediary and the task of reshaping the Orthodox culture went on apace.

That policy created the Russian Empire. It gave Russia an international position. It produced a Peter the Great. It made the Tsar one of the great rulers of Europe. It opened up a virgin field for artists and merchants and adventurers of every sort. It created a great and a luxurious society such as Europe had not known for centuries. It prepared a new culture to be the admiration and the amazement of a continent.

Nevertheless it destroyed the old. By 1750 not a single boyar residence remained in Russia. Not a single palace remained to illustrate as an ancient museum the manner of life of the century preceding. Orders had been issued to destroy the Old Church books which had been used for centuries and which were known and loved by the people. The old costume, the beard were gone as hopelessly as the Golden Horde itself. Nothing was left in the clean sweep that was made in the name of progress and all wanted to forget that past.

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The result was naturally the growth of discontent in both political and religious spheres. There was the long century of revolts in the Volga Valley which ran from Stenka Razin to Pugachev. There was a bloody series of suicides by fire, and of religious upheavals. There was the teaching that Antichrist had come and that religion had disappeared from the earth. The price was tremendous and we cannot say definitely whether the gain was worth the cost.

This was the background of the Old Believers. They dared to admire the past. They had the courage to say that mere change was not progress and they collected the old ikons, the old service books. They preserved the Russian past until the craze for Westernism spent its force and people could more calmly take account of the situation and strive to strike a real balance. This was an enormous asset for Russia and the nation can never forget it.

The vast majority of the Russians who sympathized with the national traditions sympathized in part with the Old Believers but no leader save the fanatic Avvakum, whose autobiography is a landmark in Russian literature, appeared. A vague restlessness arose but no one was able to capitalize it and in time the positive values were again merged in the Orthodox Church. Gradually the latter swung back to the national standpoint and such movements as Slavophilism and such writers as Gogol and Dostoyevsky came to preach as Orthodox ideas which had long lay dormant in the ranks of the Old Believers.

On the other hand the very fact that no great leaders arose to organize the mass of discontent led to a serious situation in the ranks of the Old Believers. They had boldly declared that the Church had come to an end, that Antichrist was born, and they had to maintain their position. They were bound by the teaching of the Orthodox Church; they accepted the same doctrine of the Faith and the Sacraments,—but they had no clergy, no bishops, no priesthood.

The resulting developments are one of the most striking vagaries of Christian theology. They accepted the teachings of the Church and then with absolutely correct logic, they reworked all the teachings of the Church so as to dispense with the clergy. In this they were perfectly Orthodox. In ages of persecution the Church had often for short periods of time accepted a similar solution. Now they sought to make it permanent and to declare that Christianity was in a permanent state of persecution.

Of the Sacraments, Baptism was of course given by laymen.

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The Eucharist was dispensed with. The sacrament of Matrimony was lost and a new theory of family life was substituted which had much in common with early Slav paganism. In one way and another life was reworked and made livable.

Yet it was not normal. That was the obvious thing and that led to the rise of wave upon wave of teaching, each one advocating some change, some reform. Many of these were childish. Men died over the method of placing their fingers in making the sign of the cross. They wandered to the East and West; they went out into the wilderness to find a world where they could live and worship. They carried Russian influence, that influence which they were trying to avoid far and wide, into Asia Minor and the Balkans, the Caucasus and Siberia, the Arctic seacoast and Central Asia. Everywhere they wandered, pathetic, persecuted figures, forgetting the content of their mission in a desire to preserve the letter.

This prospect of a continued belief in the Church along with the belief that the Church had ceased to exist as a real body was a pessimistic belief and many of the less fanatical sought continually to reestablish the priesthood and thus bring back a normal religious life. Some of them employed fugitive priests from the Orthodox Church and tried in one way or another to escape the dilemma that they could not have received valid orders from an invalid Church. They resorted to subterfuges that seem childish to escape this. Others again sought a hierarchy of their own. Finally after two hundred years they succeeded in the middle of the nineteenth century in securing a bishop from Bosnia who consented to join with them. At first his see city was in Austria-Hungary and it caused many a heartburning to these nationalists to have as their sole hope of developing the traditional Russian Church a Bosnia bishop resident in Austria. The so-called Austrian hierarchy was finally acclimated in Russia and before the Revolution it was steadily making its way among those who were dissatisfied with the Orthodox Church.

The future of these bodies is doubtful and no clear survey of them has come out of the post-Revolutionary country. With the Orthodox Church dis-established and stripped of its property, there seems little or no reason for the Austrian hierarchy to continue an independent existence. The more sober and reliable of the Old Believers will probably merge again with the Orthodox Church. The more fanatical will continue to play a lone role, struggling against tremendous odds to develop their peculiar tenets.

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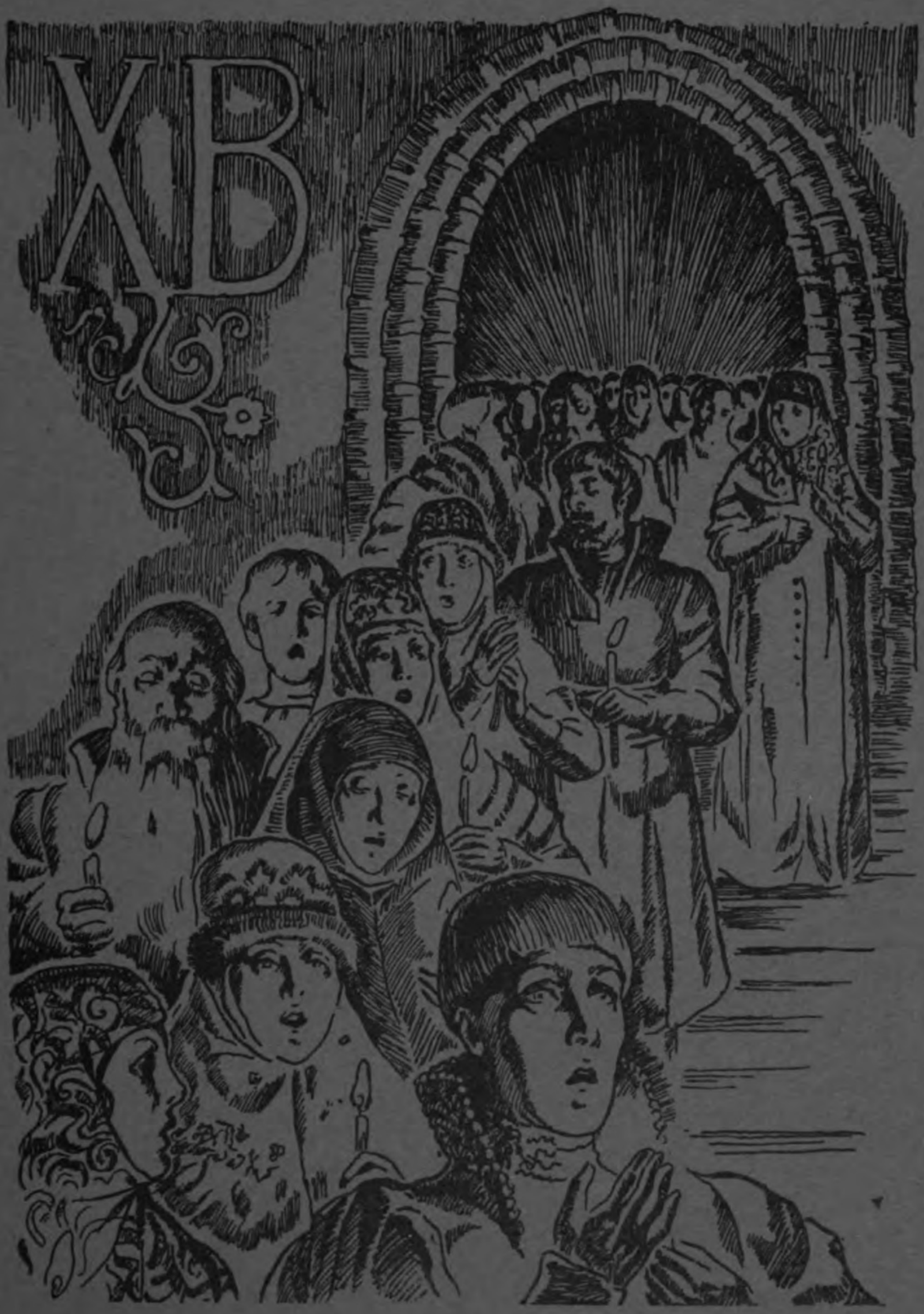
THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

MAR 11 1929



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It is hard to believe that groups which rest their case on a refusal to cross stone bridges or refuse a definite habitation, which separate on the kind of wood to use in the Cross, can long endure in the midst of the present upheaval. They will survive in ever diminishing numbers and will be regarded with more and more curiosity and unsympathetic mockery.

Thus back of the whole movement rests a distinct national spirit, a definite attitude of ritualistic and nationalistic fundamentalism, as we may well say. This is the important factor in their life and not the quixotic and often unintelligent fancies which are usually quoted of them. They have played an important role in Russian life and in the study of the Russian past and yet it is most significant that Russian literature has scarcely spoken of them. The writers of the last century, striving to Westernize and modernize the country at all costs, could not stop to look at these groups which seemed so plainly and definitely on the wrong path. A few authors as Andrey Pechersky and Merezhkovsky have mentioned them but it is only in the last quarter century that the educated world has come to find a real interest in them and to study the problem psychological and cultural which they present. The non-Russian world has almost entirely disregarded them but for an understanding of the various sides of the national thought and the national history no one can disregard these people who have sought in their own way to preserve their folk traditions, even though they have often lost the content and retained only the form. From every standpoint they form an important factor in the formation of the Russian character and in a general survey of Russia and Christianity, they will not occupy the last place.

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HONOR TO BORIS DANILOFF

Special Article to *The Russian Student* from Missouri School of Mines

ROLLA, MO., Feb. 8. Boris N. Daniloff of Chita, Russia, was among those announced as pledges to Phi Kappa Phi at the assembly period of the School of Mines and Metallurgy here this morning.

Phi Kappa Phi is a national honor society, drawing its membership from all branches of learning. To be eligible for membership here one must rank within the first seven of the graduating class. Selection, therefore, means a very high standard of scholarship on the part of the student pledged.

Daniloff was born and grew to young manhood in Siberia.

After the Russian Revolution he crossed the border into China and obtained work at Harbin where he stayed for two years, earning sufficient funds to bring him to the United States. He arrived in San Francisco in 1923.

It was Daniloff's ambition to study mining engineering that he might return to Siberia and help with the development of that country. He worked as a painter in San Francisco and had saved almost enough to continue his education in this country, when he fell from a scaffold and was badly injured. There were doctors' and hospital bills to pay and when he had recovered there was nothing left for his studies. He applied for assistance to the Russian Student Fund, Inc., and was sent to the Missouri School of Mines and Metallurgy for his training. Daniloff had his preparatory training in Chita, Russia, at the Tomsk Institute of Technology.

At the School of Mines and Metallurgy he has made a splendid record in spite of the handicap of a strange language. During his first year he ranked first in a class of 148 students and won the slide rule offered as a prize by Tau Beta Pi to the highest ranking freshman. Last year he was made a member of Tau Beta Pi. Tau Beta Pi is a national honorary fraternity and to be eligible for membership one must rank within the top eighth of his class. The actual selection is based upon personality, character, leadership, loyalty, ability to mix, and such other qualities as go toward making a successful engineer. Daniloff will graduate in the spring with the degree of Bachelor of Science in Mining Engineering, Metal Option.

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THE RED SQUARE

OLEG LISSITZYN

AN ARTICLE by Mr. Paul Chefranoff, describing the Red Square of Moscow appeared in the December issue of *The Russian Student*. This article contains several inaccuracies regarding the situation of the Square and the derivation of its name.

The Red Square is situated by the side of the Kremlin, but not within its walls. Two gates connect the Kremlin with the Square; the Spassky Gate and the Nikolsky Gate. On the east of this vast square is found the beautiful building of the Upper Market (Verkhniye Torgovye Riady) while in front of this building is the monument to Cosma Minin and Prince Pojarsky, Russian patriots who three hundred years ago freed Russia from internal disorders and foreign invasion. On the South the Red Square is terminated by the Church of St. Basil (or Pokrov Cathedral) of a very remarkable and beautiful architecture. The Outer Wall of the Kremlin bounds the Square on the west, while the building of the Historical Museum is situated on the north.

The name of the Square is not derived from blood. The place of public executions was in the southern corner of the Square near the Church of St. Basil. In Moscow, as in all other cities of Mediæval Europe, all executions were public and took place in the principal squares of the city. But this custom was so general in those times that nowhere did any square receive its name from blood or executions. In fact, the word "red" in the old Russian language had the meaning of "good," "beautiful," "solemn," "grand." Thus, not far from the Red Square in the Kremlin, there still exists a "Red Staircase," used during solemn receptions at the Palace.

In every Russian home there was found a "red corner," where honorary guests were seated. A pretty girl was called a "red girl." The solemn ringing of the church bells is still called "the red peal". Happy days are called "red days". A great number of similar examples may be mentioned, but the above are sufficient to show why this square, the most beautiful in Moscow is called the Red Square.

It was the place of solemn parades, receptions of foreign ambassadors, public prayers and festivals, solemn departures of Czars from the Kremlin, et cetera. Therefore the name Red Square means State Square or Gala Square.

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Courtesy of Brentano's

CATHEDRAL OF SAINT BASIL

FACING the Red Square is the Pokrovsky Cathedral, (usually known as Vasili Blajenyi—Vasili the Beatified). On account of its fantastic style of architecture, this church has long been one of the wonders of Moscow. According to American encyclopedias, it was started in 1554 at the command of Ivan the Terrible to commemorate the conquest of Kazan, but not completed until 1679. *The Cathedral of Saint Basil* was plundered and desecrated by the French in 1812, but was restored in 1839-1845.

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WHAT IS NEW IN THE NEW THEORY OF EDUCATIONAL METHOD?

. . . Homer says that men always prize that song the most which rings newest in their ears.—PLINY.

MICHAEL J. DEMIASHKEVICH

TO ANSWER the question of the title in a word, there is, essentially, nothing new in the New Education.

It is not only that the chief positions advocated by the New Education movement are found in sum and substance, sometimes even textually, in the ancient and modern authors who, in their time were the advocates of new educational methods. Omitting less known writers, such thinkers as Socrates, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Tolstoi, can be evoked.

The New Education is not new for reasons other than those given in *Ecclisiastes* where it is justly enough said that: "There is no new thing under the sun." Something which is nearer to us than the very general conservative formula of *Ecclesiastes* makes the New Education not so novel. Many things written on its banners have been practiced long since by good teachers the world over, only in a form moderated by the experience and sobered by the conditions of actual class teaching. Motivated learning or purposeful activity, as the phraseology of the New Education has it, individual and group self-activity, even integrated instruction itself, to mention only these, are not the new vistas. Only, as says *Ecclesiastes* again: "There is no remembrance of the former things."

One of the devices employed by orators and dialecticians in ancient Greece consisted in using two adjectives to denote a single quality. The moderns, on the contrary, often include in one word two different meanings. Thus, the adjective *new* stands simultaneously for itself and for the adjective *good*. Therefore, to avoid all misunderstanding, it must be expressly said that the denial of originality and newness of the main positions of the New Education should not be taken for the belittling of the movement.

As every unbiased student in education knows, the New Education has about it several excellent ideas. Though not brand new they should be brought to the attention of teachers who were not familiar with them. Furthermore, nearly all proposals and demands incorporated in the New Education are very attractive. In a world resting on foundations different from those of the society in which we live, the new method of education could probably be accepted without reservation.

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It may be remarked in this connection that in distinction from the best of their forerunners, the New Education writers unfortunately do not expose, along with their educational philosophy, also their comprehensive outlook upon life and their political and economic views.

As a rule, they limit themselves to recommending the acceptance of the New Education in the name and by reason of the science of education, democracy, social progress and nature herself.

To go back to the question of what is new and what is old in the New Education, the confusion between novelty and desirability, between changing and improving should, of course, be vigilantly guarded against in school education as much as in other human matters, or perhaps even more so. On the other hand, suggestion of reform, invitation to review the existing educational situation, when these are prompted by sincere and solid quest of social good, should be welcomed.

In the words of Goethe "school may be regarded as a single individual who talks to himself for a hundred years, and takes an extraordinary pleasure in his own being, however foolish and silly it may be."

However exaggerated the statement may be, a condition similar to that which Goethe disapproves of, should not be permitted to exist. Things educational like any others should not be left to rule unquestioned, save those, of course, which have proved their worth beyond all question.

The New Education movement from end to end is a challenge to familiar methods. Its proposals and criticisms are set forth very pointedly, which is good for both sides, for, as Socrates told one of his disciples, "if we are bold we shall gain one of two advantages: either, we shall find that which we seek, or we shall be less likely to think that we know what we do not know—and this, surely, is no mean reward."

Enchanting proposals have been brought forward. The question is how their value can be tested before they could be safely introduced into school practice so as to avoid experimenting upon children and the whole costly procedure of trial and error pure and simple. Should not the demand and suggestions of the New Education be first confronted with certain realities of life and balanced against certain established, however prosaic, truths presiding over the functioning, normal development and continuity of human society?

Bearing in mind the positions of the New Education, it seems logical that they should be examined from the four principal angles which are the standpoints of criticism advanced by

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the movement against the traditional methods. Those four angles, it will be remembered, are: the science of education, the interests of democracy, social progress and the demands of nature herself.

A LEGEND

ALEKSYEY NIKOLAEVICH PLESCHEV
(1825-1894)

Translation by Nathan H. Dole

From *Anthology of Russian Literature*,
Leo Wiener

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons

CHRIST, when a child, a garden made,
And many roses flourished there,
He watered them three times a day,
To make a garland for His hair;
And when in time the roses bloomed,
He called the children in to share.
They tore the flowers from every stem,
And left the garden stript and bare.

"How wilt Thou weave Thyself a crown
Now that Thy roses are all dead?"
"Ye have forgotten that the thorns
Are left for me", the Christ-child said,
They plaited then a crown of thorns,
And laid it rudely on His head—
A garland for His forehead made;
For roses, drops of blood instead.

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SO IT SEEMS TO ME

MICHAEL J. POLIVANOV

A REPORT IS DUE!

HERE I am through my first term in Johns Hopkins University and with a report due to the Russian Student Fund stating the benefits I have derived from my association with this organization. It seems to me that the easiest way is to give my idea of the work done towards the education and, what could be called acclimatization of the many Russians who came to this country in the last few years.

They were many as to numbers and different as to their education, age and personal qualities. Some of them were "good mixers"; they plunged right into the tumultuous life of a new country and accepted it as a whole, the good sides as well as the bad. It seems to me that the help rendered by the Fund to this part of the immigration is not of very great importance to them; they would succeed just the same, through their new friends and the quick adoption of the new customs and peculiarities of the American people.

But the other newcomers were not so eager to give up the old views and habits and dissolve themselves in the new surroundings. They took, as one might say, everything with a "grain of salt". It is very probable that they have the chance to succeed just the same in the end, but with greater effort and with loss of time.

Here, it seems to me, comes the most important part of the work. By helping these Russians through the different universities, the Fund and its American contributors not only make possible the completion of their education, but also guide them to the right understanding of the new country, by bringing them into contact with the best part of American life. This seems to me the greatest benefit a student can derive from his association with the Fund.

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CHEKHOV FOR THE AMERICAN*

V. Gsovski

CHEKHOV started his writing career in 1870 by contributing short stories to the comic weekly journals, a kind of Russian "funny paper." He was then a young unknown student of medicine at the University of Moscow, compelled to earn his living to support his family. His genius, however, growing in depth led him from the rather ridiculous and farcical satire of such journals to the fine psychological analysis of what he considered to be banal, cheap, vulgar. Meantime he penetrates still deeper into the soul of his heroes, showing the slightest shading of their inner life and so becomes master of half tones and nuances.

The laughter of Antosha Chekhonte (pseudonym of his youth) turned into the dull smile and sometimes deep grief of the ripe Chekhov, who however, never entirely lost his cheerfulness, nor the sense of the comic, sparkling here and there through the soft and tender pastel colors of his grief stories.

The book under review contains only the short stories of Chekhov so we will stress only this part of his work.

In this aspect Chekhov is an acknowledged master, and very often compared with de Maupassant, but his own very individual, and at same time very very Russian outlook, makes him quite different from the literary point of view.

By short stories one does not mean rough sketches or merely outlines; they are concise and condensed but complete and finished. The character of the personages is shown entirely, the theme, action or mood described therein is developed and exhausted to their logical or still better psychological end. The reader closes the book without unnecessary question: and moreover the effect is reached with the last word.

The ability to catch the essence of the subject and to express it in a few significant words, using few sentences instead of many pages, is a peculiarity of Chekhov's writing.

His general outlook one could define as humanism in the best and widest sense of the word: every suffering, weakness, helplessness resounds in his soul. He wants to be objective; according to his own rule he strives to "give people people and not yourself" and his genius helps him to show that people and even animals are alive; the reader sees them, but nevertheless he feels also the soft light of the author's consciousness, sincerity and simplicity.

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* Short stories by A. P. Chekhov, translated by Constance Garnett, with an introduction by Evelyn May Albright. The Modern Readers' series. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1928. $1.25.

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His satire is never malignant. One would say that he loves all his heroes, negative as well as positive, penetrating into his inner life and perhaps therefore they are so alive. Even the sinners are sometimes touching ("Sleepy").

Being well aware of all the troubles of his country, his people, and of the general troubles of human existence, ill fate, disease, misfortune, having seen all defects and sins of mankind, he maintained, however, a warm belief "that truth and beauty . . . . had evidently been the chief thing in human life and in all earthly life, indeed . . . ." as one of his heroes thought ("Student").

The Russians often overlooked these characteristic traits. Some of them were inclined to see in Chekhov's works chiefly some reflection of a certain period of Russian life, especially of the life of her intelligentsia of nineties "Chekhov's mood" was a rather common expression for the justification of the lack of activity, ill-fated failure of any undertaking or useless melancholy.

Time proved this view to be wrong. The success of Chekhov throughout the world is based, not upon the interest for studying the life he has written about, but upon the feelings he awakens in the readers, because they are common to mankind.

Every writer is always a son of his time and country, but the great writers show the general essential elements of our life and therefore they will be read and understood outside their countries and beyond their time. Chekhov belongs to them.

We meet with satisfaction the selection of stories in this small volume. Most of them are really typical and prominent examples of Chekhov's writings. One reading Chekhov for the first time may get a good idea of his work, whereas a more advanced reader either will enjoy some new stories or read over again those he already knows.

The introduction by Evelyn May Albright is excellent. The reader will find there a brief sketch of Chekhov's life together with a thorough analysis of his work. It is a good contribution to the literature about Chekhov.

Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation is, as everyone knows, as good as a translation of Chekhov could be. His characters speak sometimes in dialect and very often use quite individual expressions. Written language gives sometimes a special effect, which cannot usually be preserved in a translation.

Additional notes explaining some peculiarities of Russian habits and expressions for the benefit of American readers might have been a distinct improvement. As it is, the book is deserving of the highest recommendation to lovers of great literature.

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SMATTER

A FEW HOURS before the dinner to New York students and graduates given by the Directors of the Russian Student Fund at Kavkaz on January 17th, this letter was received from Dimitri Niconoff of Clarksdale, Arizona:

"My original plans were to send this 'surprise' to you as an answer to your appeals to old Santa Claus, but unfortunately a mistake had found its way into my calculations thus resulting in delay of these Christmas greetings.

"Taking advantage of the old saying: 'Better late than never,' I'm sending along with this also my sincerest wishes for a New Year one hundred per cent perfect in all respects.

"This letter would be incomplete if I failed to mention one more thing—about my engagement to write an article for your fostered magazine! You see, nobly answering your suggestion to become a writer, I promised to write an article on some general subject, some time in the future. While you caught me unaware and took me at my word, so that now I feel as if I owed you an article—prompt delivery.

"While I do not back out of my promises, I feel that I am utterly helpless in carrying this particular one out immediately, for lack of time and mainly, inspiration. And you know that without these two essential things, it is practically impossible to write anything worth publishing."

The check (the surprise of the letter) looked mysteriously like three hundred dollars, although we thought for a moment that our eyes deceived us—perhaps they were becoming bead-like. But we looked at Mr. Niconoff's card and found that $300.00 was the exact sum he owed the Fund. So he made 37.

Incidentally isn't there anything or anybody in Arizona to give Mr. Niconoff the necessary inspiration for his article!

Just the other day Dmitri S. Troubchaninoff sent a check for $97.99 which finished his payments. Some of the figures in the little paragraph on the inside front cover of *The Russian Student* have been changed since the February issue and will be changed each month. Mr. Troubchaninoff is from West Virginia and consequently did not indicate any lack of inspiration. In fact he never even mentioned any article.

All of which goes to prove the statement with which a Michigan graduate living in North Dakota began his last month's letter: "'A good intention does not turn into reality at once', says a Russian proverb." Now, that, to our mind, explains a great deal. We've often secretly observed that Russkies, as well as some Americans—including ourself, have difficulty in hitching up their good intentions with actual achievements, but we always assumed a "neechevo" attitude in such cases and won-

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dered if there really was any truth in the old saying often heard in America: "A certain place, (or Hell, to be exact) is paved with good intentions." The difference is—when Americans don't turn their intentions into realities their friends, quite likely, will laugh at them and tell them of that specific habitat with good intentions for paving; while Russians will quote to each other their old proverb and appear to feel entirely justified.

But—if you know the Russian at all—you know that he worries heart and soul over those unfulfilled intentions and doesn't really breathe a relieving sigh until his promises are made good. So, we're dead sure that Mr. Niconoff, and those dozens of other students and graduates who have promised articles "some time in the future" are going to make good on their promises.

For two weeks we've been trying to connect all this with the Easter number, but failing, we decided to use it anyway. Really, we can't think of anything else, and since it's Easter, we're sure you will forgive anything.

With the best intentions,

—*deN.*

WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?
Drawing by Nicolai Pavloff

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover, for which we thank an artist-friend who prefers to remain anonymous, represents a mediaeval Easter procession as it starts its way around the church. This custom is described by Miss Buketoff, and will be celebrated in the Russian Orthodox Churches in America—at eleven-thirty—on Easter Eve, May 4, 1929.

Miss Lydia Buketoff is the daughter of a Russian minister. She is studying dentistry at New York University and takes an active part in the activities of the National Russian Students' Christian Association in the U. S. A.

The new president of the Alumni Association, Alexis N. Pestoff (Pratt Institute '27) was born in St. Petersburg and received military and engineering training at the Second Cadet Corps and Nicholas Engineering College. During the World War he performed special work in explosive chemistry. Mr. Pestoff came to the United States in 1923 and worked for two years as a laborer at the National Sugar Refining Company. At Pratt he was considered to be the most popular and brilliant man in his class. He is at present with the U. S. Metal Refining Company.

Clarence A. Manning, Associate Professor and Acting Executive Officer of the Slavonic Department, Columbia University, — translated from the Russian, Alexis Tolstoy's *Prince Serbryanyi* which was published under the title *Prince of Outlaws* and a volume of Korolenko, *Birds of Heaven.* Prof. Manning is also the author of *Study of Archaism in Euripides* published by Columbia University.

Oleg Lissitzyn, the son of the president of the Russian Lawyers' Association in New York, is a student at the DeWitt Clinton High School.

The article by Michael Demiashkevich (Ph. D. Teachers College, Columbia) is a continuation of the series begun in January. A longer statement regarding Dr. Demiashkevich's work appears in that issue.

In the September issue of *The Russian Student* there appeared in the Who's Who department a statement regarding Leo Wiener, Professor of Slavonic at Harvard University.

Michael Polivanov, a mechanical engineering student at Johns Hopkins University, received his Russian education at his father's private school in Moscow and at the Russian Naval Academy. As a sailor and midshipman he has touched at most of the ports in the Orient and Africa. It was at Bizerte near Tunis that an opportunity came to him to come to the United States as a seaman. In New York he took a job as assistant superintendent in a Park Avenue apartment house and studied electricity in the evening. He then started an electrical shop of his own but not having enough capital, he gave it up and joined some friends in the painting business. As his report implies, he has completed his first term in an American University.

Nicolai Pavloff graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1927 and is now with the architectural firm, York and Sawyer, New York.

V. Gsovski, a graduate of the University of Moscow and of Bratislawa in Czechoslovakia, was formerly a judge in Russia and an officer of the Imperial Guard. After the revolution he was a judge in Jugoslavia and in Czechoslovakia. Mr. Gsovski is now in charge of the department of foreign art and rare books at Brentano's.

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BOOKS TOO!

THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA. *By Arnold Zweig. Translated from German by Eric Sutton. The Viking Press, New York*, 1928. $2.50

The story of Grischa Ilyitsch Paprotkin, Sergeant of the 118th Regiment of Infantry, Knight of the Cross of St. George, an escaped Russian prisoner—the leading man in a quarrel between a German quartermaster-general of middle class origin whose behavior was contrary to all the traditions of the service, who believed the State created justice and a Divisional Commander of some social importance who believed that justice preserves the State and because justice is the foundation of all States, that nations have the right to tear themselves to pieces in their defence. This novel is the central piece of a work which will bear the collective title *A Trilogy of the Transition Plot*. According to the author the plot is founded on fact. Anyway it is certainly worth reading.

THE KRASSIN. *By Maurice Parijanine. Translated with an introduction by Lawrence Brown. New York. The Macaulay Company.* $2.50.

A rather fascinating yet ghastly and clammy presentation of the facts in the Nobile episode by a French Bolshevist who claims to have had intimate conversations with the officers and members of the Krassin crew and has diligently studied the diary of an electrician, Lehman.

MOUSSORGSKY. *By Oskar von Reisemann. Translated by Paul England. New York. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.00.

The first full-length study of one of the greatest of musical geniuses available to English readers, by a distinguished German writer on music. Moussorgsky's music is discussed from the standpoint of technique as well as in the light of his personal life.

THE ART OF THINKING. *By Ernest Dimnet. New York. ..Simon & Schuster, Inc.* $2.50.

A kind of psychoanalysis of average mentality written in a pleasant streak of humor with the intent, apparently, of making people cultured. Perhaps it will, at least enough people are buying the book.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR APRIL 1929

COVER DESIGN, *'Neath Magic Skies* . . . . . *Tatiana Proskouriakoff*
ALEXANDER PUSHKIN . . . . . *Boris Brasol* 1
PROLOGUE TO THE POEM "RUSLAN AND LUDMILA" . . . . . *Translated by Boris Brasol* 2
WHY A RUSSIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP? . . . . . *Walter Vladimir Bouquetov* 3
AN ENGINEER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE TROPICS . . . . . *Nicholas Hainovsky* 5
DINING A LA RUSSE 8
EVERYDAY CHEMISTRY . . . . . *Cyril S. Berezovsky* 10
RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN EUROPE 13
SHALL EDUCATION BE A DISMAL SCIENCE? . . . . . *Michael J. Demiashkevich* . 17
SMATTER 20
WHO'S WHO 22
BOOKS TOO! 23
ADVERTISEMENTS 23

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 400 men and women, of whom 112 are still studying, have been advanced over $440,000. Former students have repaid $68,067.92; 38 graduates have repaid in full. Since September 1928, repayments have been averaging over $2,000 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 8 April, 1929

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

BORIS BRASOL

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN (1799-1837) is the luminous genius, the Shakespeare, of Russia. The words which he spoke about Jukovsky, another famous Russian poet, could equally serve as an Envoi to Pushkin's own creations:

"The graceful sweetness of his gentle rhymes
Through centuries will stand the jealous test:
Youth, hearing them, will sigh for Fame of times
Gone by, and silent Grief will find its rest,
And Joy will pause, abandoning its jest."

The poetical works of Pushkin crowned the classical period of Russian literature. Among the masterpieces which made his name immortal is the poem *Ruslan and Ludmila*, which is closely affiliated with the whole group of his folk-tales. The Prologue to this poem is here, for the first time, rendered into English verse. These creations reflect one of Pushkin's fundamental traits, his serene, verily hellenic attitude towards Life, with its happy dreams and beaming smiles.

As a child, Pushkin learned to appreciate the singular charm of the Russian fairy world through Arina Rodionovna, his old peasant nurse. In the evening twilight, when sitting in her lap, he eagerly listened to her stories of the enchanted realms; and the strange pictures, the evasive silhouettes, drawn by Arina Rodionovna left in the boy's memory unforgettable impressions.

Later, in his mature days, the wings of his imagination often took him back to the mysterious dales of a Wonderland in which, and of which, he had dreamed in his early childhood; and then his genius conveyed to these simple melodies of the Russian legends a touch of unexpected beauty.

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PROLOGUE TO THE POEM *RUSLAN AND LUDMILA*

Translated by Boris Brasol

A SEASHORE oak 'neath magic skies
Swings from its boughs a golden chain;
And day and night Sir Cat the Wise
Walks back and forth this fairy lane.
He purrs a song when to his right
He turns; when to his left,—a tale;
'Tis Wonderland! There, dwells a sprite;
Old Nick roams there; that is his trail.
There, wonder beasts on wood paths hide
And track the forests o'er and o'er;
A hut stands there, hens' legs astride,
Without a window or a door.
The vales are full of ghosts forlorn;
The waves embrace the shore, at morn,—
The sandy shore, all desolate,—
And thirty knights, all bold and fair,
Rise from the waters, pair by pair;
And with them comes their old sea-mate.
A royal prince with playful ease
Enslaves the awe-inspiring Czar.
There, midst the clouds, o'er woods and seas,
A valiant knight and Wizard are
Flying from some land afar.
A Princess grieves in prison, there,
A brown Wolf serving her with care.
There, by itself, a Caldron rambles
With Old-Witch roving through the brambles;
There,—gold is heaped; Kaschey rots near it;
That's Russia, that's Russian spirit.
And I was there, along those trails,
I saw the oak, 'neath magic skies,
And there I sat, while Cat the Wise
Was telling me his wonder tales.

I still remember one he told.
List! while I let this tale unfold!

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WHY A RUSSIAN-AMERICAN FRIENDSHIP?

WALTER VLADIMIR BOUQUETOV

"WHOSOEVER is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." So spoke of Friendship the well known English writer and thinker Sir Francis Bacon.

Are we Russians "wild beasts or gods", in the Baconian sense?

I prefer to remain a human being. I seek fellowship without distinction of race or creed. This, I hope, is the sentiment of a good many Russians in America today.

But if there were a doubting Thomas among Christ's disciples, there may be among us those who still question the value of Russian-American friendship.

I purposely will leave out the sentimental reasons that prove the value of such fellowship. They are self-evident. I prefer to look at this problem with cold deliberation.

What then are some of the objections to this Russian-American friendship? It is said that these two people have nothing in common. That they are totally different by nature, have different ideas and culture. By what process of reasoning such conclusions are reached, I cannot see.

In the first place, nature depends upon climate. The snappy cold makes one step faster; act cool at all times. The heat disposes to laziness, sleep and is responsible for hot tempers. This is true in work or play; in the United States, Russia, or elsewhere.

Both the United States and Russia have vast boundary lines. They take in all types of climates. Thus, similar climatic conditions mold the temperaments of both peoples alike. Nor can either one of the two nations claim any monopoly on having fair blond or burning brunette types within its domains. Shave them, dress them alike and you can't tell the difference.

It is said that the Americans are "hard drivers". This, in a measure, may be true. The Russians took things easy only because there was no necessity for high pressure work. This is quite human. But the Russians have a capacity for "hard driving". No proof is necessary for this. Everyone knows that, in spite of tremendous handicaps, Russians succeed in this country, too.

Another American trait is charity. But what about the Russians? Didn't the Russian desire to give, more than once, manifest itself on a grand scale? Wasn't the proverbial "koupetz", (merchant of the middle class) always the beggar's

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friend? Didn't the Russian populace glorify the "nischie" and "oubogie" (mendicants) in tale and song and make them objects of care and great esteem? Perhaps, this Russian charity, like all Russian things, was not so well organized or advertised, but nevertheless it was whole-hearted charity.

Where then is this difference in nature?

What of the ideas of the two peoples? America thinks in terms of science, engineering, social welfare. Russia in terms of art, philosophy, and universal brotherhood. Both peoples strive to improve the existing order of things according to their understanding of what is the most essential.

America thinks in terms of greatness. So does Russia. Even their architecture reflects this. Take the American sky-scrapers, football stadiums, bridges, et cetera. Compare them with the Russian bell tower of the Cathedral of St. John the Great in Moscow, or the Tzar Poushka (Cannon), or the Tzar Kolokol (Bell) in the same city.

We then come to our last consideration—culture. It is hard to discuss this. Culture depends upon time and place. If by culture we mean music, literature, art, philosophy and the like, then, admitting certain shortcomings, although I think to the contrary, we must remember that America is but a young country. And yet, what tremendous advances she has made in all of the above mentioned fields! Culturally speaking America is just coming into its own. She *has* potential power which the Russians have been using.

Where, then, is this great difference that serves as an obstacle to this Russian-American friendship?

But let me assume that a difference *does* exist. If some of us think that Russian ideas are, for some reason, superior, why keep them to ourselves? Why go against our nature? Why adopt this utterly strange spirit of selfishness?

Greece and Rome fell. Their men of learning were scattered over the Mediterranean shores and brought about a great revival in all fields of human endeavor. The same was true of the Renaissance. There is a similar situation now.

We Russians of today may be considered missionaries to the world at large. We must bring a new culture and a spiritual revival. No matter where we are, we cannot shirk this responsibility. This is our duty.

But in giving the best that we have, we should be ready to accept those good things that are offered to us in exchange.

So mix! Make friends! If you won't, then remember Bacon, who said: "Where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he has not a friend, he may quit the stage." Will you?

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AN ENGINEER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE TROPICS

NICHOLAS HAINOVSKY

Crossing River (Improvised bridge under water after rains)

THIS brief outline of my tropical experience for the past half a year was written for the purpose of giving some information to engineering graduates who might have an opportunity to go to the Tropics, and who will want to know something about work there.

To illustrate the current work, let me outline my personal experience with the United Fruit Company in Honduras.

My first assignment was to run level on investigation lines. I must say that there is usually no one in an engineering party besides oneself who can speak English. This first work with trained native personnel may go along almost without any explanation from the engineer, yet it gives one a chance to pick up the most necessary Spanish words. The progress of learning Spanish by this method is extremely fast. I felt myself on a firm ground with Spanish in a week.

Besides Spanish, there are other things a newcomer must learn. That is the conditions in which he has to work. Tropical jungle is so different from all one used to see before. One hardly can make a step without cutting his way through with a machette (machette is a knife two or three feet long). One has to learn to cross the swamps, to stand innumerable mosquitoes, to get accustomed to heat, to learn to keep his note book dry notwithstanding an enormous amount of sweat that pours from his face and hands. After one or two weeks all these small inconveniences do not bother one any more.

Next, I was assigned to make a survey of a new area for the proposed future plantations. The land was covered with jungles and swamps and my party had a hard time on this job. Sometimes we had to stay hours in the water two or three feet deep to say nothing of crossing numerous creeks. It is not always possible to cut a tree across a stream for an improvised bridge. The best way I could find in the large open swamps

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was to put my watch under my hat, to keep field book in the hand above the head, and to wade trying to keep my head dry. I remember that only four times I had to cross deep places swimming.

After completion of the survey, I located two canal lines that crossed the new land. Following the located lines, draglines went to work. Canals are cutting farther and farther into jungle, and the very places where we waded waist deep are getting dry.

One of the machines had to cross a low place and the increasing depth of water prevented operation. The problem was to get rid of water by any means. The mentioned place was separated from a creek by a ridge a few hundred feet wide. Though water ran over the ridge, still the water was too high. Order came to excavate a relief ditch by blasting. We spent a few days in the water selecting the best line for a cut, clearing the proposed line from woodland, boring holes, loading dynamite into holes and blasting five to six hundred cartridges on a shot.

When blasting was completed the constructed ditch carried about four hundred cubic feet per second. Water was lowered and dragline could continue its operation without great difficulties.

Last month I was working on the banana farms laying out drains. A very good experience for an engineer; after sufficient practice one learns "to feel" the topography. At the same time the change of swamps for a dry land was a rest that I really needed after long work in the swampy parts.

The work conditions are rough, it is true, but one finds compensation in the process of work. And there is no monotony of the city work in "banana land". Just as an example, I will say a few words about the November flood. Two days shower, and down went bridges, water pipe lines, roads, levees. One of the farm houses situated about four hundred feet from the river was in seventy feet from the river after three days of flood flow.

There we went to do what could be done. We had to cross the river and ninety feet of bridge were gone. Boats were not at hand, and hardly could be of any use anyway with eleven feet per second current. Walk the wired rope with two ropes to keep balance—that was the way to cross the river. And by the same way were transported bags. Sand bags could stop further wash out until the time that a cut could be made to

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straighten the dangerous curve and to change the direction of current.

There is a touch of romance and adventure in tropical work. Engineers are the first to go to the places where nobody was before, where the swamps are now, and where "gold fruit" will be in the near future. And one enjoys all the time seeing the wonderful nature of the Tropics. Variety of plant, bird and animal life is so rich that one cannot be tired. You face deer and tapirs very often in the jungle, monkeys jump and cry in the trees right over your head. You see many snakes, and the most dangerous of them is the "barba amarilla", the bite of which means death. Innocent boas trill and entertain you at the beginning when every snake looks like barba amarilla. Crossing the creeks, you see alligators, sometimes, but they do not seem to be dangerous. You may find the tigers in mountains; they too do not touch a man usually, unless a man bothers them first. Tropical nature is so rich, colorful, beautiful that you cannot grow tired of it. Rather you will take a mule even on Sundays and will wander in the mountains following unknown trails without a destination.

Fishing in River Tocantins, Pará, Brazil. Photograph sent to *The Russian Student* by Boris Krukoff, Syracuse, '28.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

ONE of our subscribers, Mr. Henry S. Loud, of Syracuse, New York, writes:

"I am, of course, interested in almost everything in Russia as I lived there for four years in Mariupol, Ekaterinslav Province. I have a suggestion to make which I think will add greatly to the utility of your paper, and, of course, you will say that I am a practical American engineer and have no poetry in my soul. It is to give in each number a recipe for some typical Russian dish that may be prepared in this country with materials obtainable here. I think anyone that has ever lived in Russia long enough to become familiar with their cooking longs for some of the dishes we used to enjoy over there."

We refuse to reciprocate by accusing Mr. Loud of being practical as he never mentioned the Russian dishes which he would have us believe his soul demands, but poetical or prosaic, we assume that four years in any Russian province is quite long enough for an engineer to acquire a taste for borscht and cutlets. Incidentally, Americans who have never been in Russia might be curious to know how a soup that tastes like that can legitimately be made. The cutlets, we feel, need no introductory remarks. Russian culinary artists are hereby cordially invited to give pleasure to nostalgic Americans, through this department.

Russian Soup—Borscht

TAKE two pounds of meat, preferably fat meat with the bone in it. Put it in a pot and let it cook—naturally. Then take one pound of cabbage, two pounds of beets, two onions, three carrots, a small can of tomato paste and about two teaspoons of spices. Cut the vegetables into small strips. In another pot put ¼ pound of lard and then put in the beets, tomato paste, onions, carrots, spices and let this cook, of course, until it is semi-soft. (We suppose semi-soft is similar to forming a soft ball in water, but please don't take our word for it.) Then put the other cooked vegetables in the pot. When the vegetables are soft enough, put in the cabbage and two fresh tomatoes and one green pepper. When the pepper is soft, the soup is done. (My goodness!!) Put one tablespoonful of sour cream in each bowl and serve. (Of all things?)*

---

* Warning: Americans in the U. S. A. will not like this the first time they try it; the second time they will order it in a restaurant as though courageously preparing for a great ordeal; the third or fourth time the sacrificial feeling will be over and after that Americans will ask for it with almost as much avidity as a regular Russian. We think it is due to the sour cream. This note applies neither to practical nor poetical Americans who indulge in pleasant reminiscences of dining with the Russians in Russia.

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Russian Cutlets

TWO pounds of good beef must be granulated through the chopping machine. Put into the chopped mass one raw egg, one chopped onion, one loaf of white bread (not whole), one-half glass of sweet cream and mix together, and run through the chopping machine again. Then make balls about three inches in size and fry in frying pan. Then put all the balls in the oven for a while. (We consider this last act very important.) Any vegetable may be served with cutlets. (That is also important as well as convenient.)

These recipes will serve six or possibly eight people, in America, depending upon their palates and adaptabilities.

Water-carrier

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EVERYDAY CHEMISTRY

CYRIL S. BEREZOVSKY

When you wash your hands, why does the dirt come off?
How can you tell wool from cotton?

THESE are simple questions of everyday life easily answered by the chemist. Particles of dust and grease stick to your hands, but the colloidal particles of the soap, in their wriggling around the particles of dust as you wash your hands, bombard and loosen them. So, when you wash your hands, the dirt slips off.

A dry-goods merchant is not usually supposed to have any real knowledge of chemistry to succeed in his business, but if he buys one hundred yards of wool, how can he be absolutely sure that it is pure wool? By the feel, some one says. Yes, but that test sometimes is false. It is so easy to drop a piece of wool into a test-tube with a solution of caustic soda. If the cloth is pure wool it will dissolve on heating. Cotton will not.

The chemist studies what is called the specific physical and chemical properties of materials, consisting of groups of atoms and molecules, in order that he may use them for different purposes. From this point chemical science travels along many roads.

Baking bread, for instance, is a chemical process. The "raising" of bakers' bread is effected by adding yeast which acts upon the sugar in the flour. In this action carbon dioxide gas is produced, the bubbles of which "raise" dough. At present, the large concerns have not only chemical control in their works, but have also research laboratories to test and experiment with all sorts of improvements and economies in making bread.

In many cases the subject of chemistry enters into industry where it is not expected to be of importance. For example, when a civil engineer builds a bridge, one might think it a waste of time for him to bother about chemistry. But he cannot get away from it, for next to the designing of the bridge the chemical knowledge is of leading importance. All parts of the structure should be made of material which will give the best service at the lowest cost. The knowledge of metallurgical chemistry is required in the selection of these proper materials.

Making iron and steel is also a purely chemical problem. First the ore is roasted in order to decompose carbonates and oxidize sulphides of iron, then the pure iron is liberated by burning with carbon. The particular qualities of steel are prepared by dissolving the right amount of carbon in molten iron. The more carbon there is present, the harder the steel will be, and

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if there is but little carbon the steel will be soft.

Chemical control is also needed in the buying of coal, because the chemist will estimate the price of it not only by weight and name, but also by the laboratory-determined heat units which it contains. Also in burning of coal the chemist is able to calculate the exact amount of air (correctly speaking of oxygen in the air) which has to be delivered in the furnace per minute in order to change the carbon to carbon dioxide, and in doing so to obtain the maximum amount of heat.

Another place where chemistry plays an important part is the petroleum industry. As we know petroleum is not a single chemical body, but a mixture of many substances, so-called hydrocarbons, every one of which contains only hydrogen and carbon atoms, chemically combined in different proportions. Due to this difference some of the hydrocarbons are gases, with low boiling points—as methane; some are liquids, which start to boil at higher temperatures, as components of kerosene; and the heaviest are solids, as components of asphalt. "Oil Refining" is simply a partial separation by fractional distillation of this complex mixture into products, which are still mixtures, but are suited for special purposes. One of these separating mixtures, gasoline (containing the light liquid hydrocarbons), has an ever-increasing demand as a motor fuel.

Distillation means boiling and catching by cooling the vapors that come over at different temperatures, and in so doing separates the various hydrocarbons. At first glance this process seems simple enough, but in practice it is very complex, when we have to consider such different features as sharpness of separation, not to destroy the residue, and the economy of the process in order not to have too high cost of fuel and labor. There are hundreds of ways to do these things. Therefore, the physical chemist applied his knowledge of chemistry, physics, and higher mathematics, and studied the behavior of substances in their various gaseous, liquid, and solid phases at different pressures and temperatures. The result of this work is different, definite processes, by which the better products are obtained. A more advanced method has been developed for "cracking" hydrocarbons, which simply is splitting the heavier molecules, as molecules of fuel oil, into such lighter species, as gasoline components, which are much more valuable.

It seems that it has been sufficient work for the chemists to accomplish these things, but they have not stopped, and now many chemists are working in research laboratories preparing artificial petroleum, simply by the interaction of carbon and

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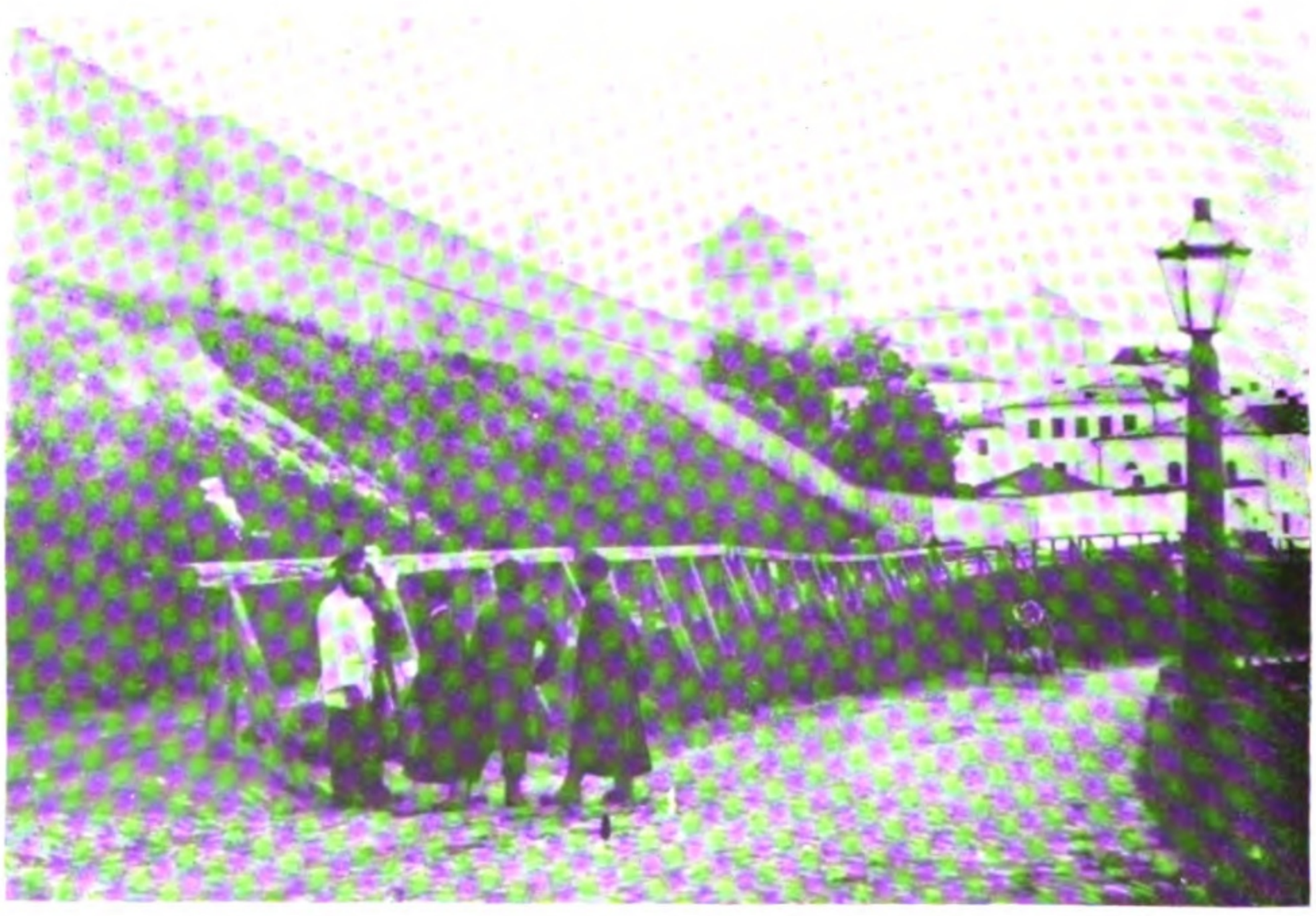
hydrogen. This is important for sooner or later all natural resources of petroleum will be exhausted.

Still another great service, which chemistry does us, is the analyzation of our daily food, and protection of our health as a result.

It is impossible to describe here the great importance of hundreds of purely chemical industries which produce such valuable products as rubber, paint, soap, paper, sugar, glass, cement, and many others. These are products without which our life would be quite different from what it is now.

We are only on the border of chemical knowledge, and we know as much about chemistry as Columbus knew about America, when he first set foot upon this great continent.

Life is always going ahead, ever advancing, and the coming generations of our civilization will be closely related to the development of chemical science.



Walls of Kazan

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RUSSIAN STUDENTS IN EUROPE

From a report of the Comité Central de Patronage de la Jeunesse Universitaire Russe a l'etranger (79 Boulevard St. Michel, Paris (V), France), of which M. M. Fedoroff is chairman. This report is based on the activities of the Comité from the academic year 1922-23 *to* 1926-27.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE for giving Russian young people outside of Russia the possibility of studying in schools of higher learning was founded at the beginning of the school year 1922-23. This Committee was composed of representatives of all the most important Russian organizations abroad without distinction of different parties or political opinions.

It began its activity first of all in France. According to the broad aim which, of course, could not be realized with the scarce means of Russian emigres alone, the Central Committee addressed requests to the French Government, to the Mayors of towns with schools of higher learning, to Prefects of different departments (districts) as well as to Rectors of Academies asking them to advance funds to help Russian students.

Besides, the Central Committee applied to banks beginning with the "Banque de France", to French and other organizations which had already assisted foreign students as well as to private persons. These appeals met with considerable response and help was given.

The needs of Russian students, however, as well as their aspirations to study were very intense not in France alone, so that the Central Committee was obliged to spread out its activities to other countries. It began to help Russians in Belgium, Holland, England, Germany, Italy, Bulgaria, Poland and Esthonia; with Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, where aid was already given on a large scale, the Committee entered in closest relations.

During the first three years the French Government according to the requests of the Committee advanced yearly 475,000 francs for scholarships to Russian students. Out of this appropriation most of the scholarships in France were granted. In the academic year 1925-26 the French Government was forced to diminish this to the sum of 317,000 francs. In the academic year 1926-27 it was supposed that the appropriation would again be cut to one-half, but, after persistent requests of the Central Committee supported by the Rector of the Academy of Paris and the "Institut d'Etudes Slavs", this cut did not take place and the appropriation was decreased only by 35,000 francs, the sum advanced being 282,000 francs.

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Such a progressive decrease of the essential source of help induced the Committee to look for new sources and to change the conditions under which assistance was given to students. During the first years, having at its disposal a large number of scholarships, the Central Committee making a most careful choice among the total number of candidates, was able to grant scholarships to the best of them, independent of the fact whether they were already studying; in other words, scholarships could be granted *before* the young men entered a school of higher learning. At present, as a general rule, a scholarship can be received by a student only in case he *is studying*, and preference is given to students of higher courses of learning.

The amount of scholarships until the current academic year, fluctuated between 100 and 250 francs a month, independent of the financial conditions of the students concerned. This year (1926-27) because of the general rise in the cost of living the maximum scholarship amounts to 350 francs a month.

As can be seen from the above mentioned figures, it is impossible for a student to live exclusively on the scholarship he receives, as it is only a supplement to the money which he is earning himself, or to the sums he saved out of his earnings before entering the school.

It may further be pointed out that as a rule the scholarships are paid only during the nine school months. Only sick students and those who have obligatory studies in the summer receive stipends during vacation periods. All the rest are obliged to work during the summer and are not only earning in that way their living during these months, but are also saving some money in order to buy necessary school books and to renew their wardrobe.

Besides scholarships, the Central Committee assists students by helping them to obtain remission of school fees, by granting them school books and by organizing libraries, by treating sick students, by helping those who receive scholarships to find work during vacation as well as by trying to secure work during the school year for those who are studying on their own earnings and for those who have already graduated.

In other countries where the Central Committee is working either local committees organized by the Central Committee or representatives of the latter are helping Russian students.

In Belgium in the academic year 1925-26 the number of scholarships granted to students by the government, by private persons, by Catholics, et cetera, amounted to 215. In the current year the Belgian Committee being a branch of the Central Com-

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mittee has secured 89 scholarships.

In Bulgaria in the academic year 1925-26, thanks to the efforts of the local committee the number of scholarships amounted to 59.

In Poland in the same year help from different Russian organizations was given to 27 students. Besides, the Ministry of Public Education of Poland advanced sums to cover the school fees of Russian students.

In Holland, thanks to the funds collected by the local committee 12 students received aid. As for Germany, Esthonia, Italy, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, scholarships granted by the Central Committee are comparatively small in number, help being given by governments and local organizations. Sums advanced for this purpose have often been quite large, as in Czechoslovakia.

Assistance given by the governments of various countries is being considerably diminished. In previous years scholarships that were vacant on the graduation of students who held them or for other reasons were given to new students and the Central Committee had thus every year at its disposal a certain number of free scholarships which it could grant to the most worthy and deserving candidates. But since last year the scholarships that are becoming free are no longer renewed, the French Government permitting only those students who were already studying to continue their studies.

It is expected that after the year 1928-29 the majority of students will end their studies and there will be a smaller number of students to enter schools of higher learning. There is, however, another and no less difficult task. The Russian graduates cannot return to their own country at present and must look for a job abroad. They try of course to find work where they can apply their special training and knowledge, consenting even to work as simple journeymen. There is no doubt that they will find suitable employment when they return to Russia but for the present they can hardly do so in Europe, because of the dull season reigning here and the intellectual over-production from which Europe is suffering. Consequently a large percentage of graduates gradually lose the knowledge they obtained so painfully and at the cost of such sacrifice, instead of profiting by practical training. Every effort has to be made in order to help them to find work in the fields they have chosen. In a general way the Russian youths never think about supplanting their foreign comrades and often content themselves with modest situations.

There is another category of young Russians which should

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be mentioned here. These young men, unable for one reason or another, to continue their studies and thus prevented from becoming industry or science graduates, wish to acquire at least a practical experience which could enable them to apply it further on in the domain of national industry as qualified workmen.

This vast program could not be carried out by the means of the Central Committee alone. It had to ask the aid of national organizations in different countries. So it applied to the Ministery of the Colonies, to the Governors of French and Belgian Colonies and succeeded in this way in placing a certain number of young men primarily agronomists, doctors, and a few engineers.

At the present time thanks to the "Agence Economique de l'Afrique Occidentale Francaise", a plan is in process of helping a number of agronomists to find employment in the French colonies of the Afrique Equatoriale.

The Belgian Ministry of Colonies as well has helped many Russian students in their search for jobs in the Belgian Colonies, especially the Congo.

Thanks to the International Student Service some twenty Russian young men were accepted by the Canadian Government for farming.

All these efforts and results are far from being sufficient. Dozens are settled, hundreds are still in search of work.

Russian Graduates in Europe —By Specialties

	Students Aided 1926-27	Total Number of Graduates	Agriculture	Law	Letters	Medicine	Sciences	Political, economic, social knowledge	Technical	Misc.
			%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%
France	562	491	14.31	2.05	7.37	3.69	3.28	17.63	50.	1.64
Germany	70	75	3.0	2.0	4.0	10.0	5.0	10.0	60.	5.0
Belgium	123	150						7.0	90.	3.0
Bulgaria	105	33	22.0	16.0	14.0	23.0	13.0	6.0		6.0
Esthonia	30	22		7.0		72.0	7.0			7.0
Italy	4	2			50.0			50.0		
Jugoslavia	702	359	9.78	6.0		12.27	18.16	8.7	34.32	10.76
Holland	10	1							100.	
Poland	53	40	5.0			10.0		20.0	50.0	15.0
Czechoslovakia	2335	1542	7.70	13.87	7.46	8.94	2.75	17.44	29.96	1.88
Total	3994	2715								

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SHALL EDUCATION BE A DISMAL SCIENCE?

Dangerous is it to be an heir—Nietzsche

MICHAEL J. DEMIASHKEVICH

THE science of education occupies in the family of sciences a peculiar position.

According to the classical division of sciences foreshadowed by Kant and formulated by Comte, there are two groups of sciences. The one is characterized by an ever increasing generality and decreasing complexity of content. The other, contrariwise, is marked off by an increasing complexity and decreasing generality. The first comprises mathematical and natural sciences, the exact sciences, as a Kantian would say. The second includes what is known as social or moral sciences. Pedagogy evidently belongs by some of its aspects, such as, for example, study of physical reactions and the elementary mental tendencies, to the first group of sciences, while its other aspects fall into the second division of sciences. Such is the case, for instance, of all the educational objectives concerning legitimate claims upon the public compulsory school on the side of the family, the community and the State.

It is commonly agreed that the business of a science is to discover exhaustively and to state precisely, relationships between things or phenomena, especially, the uniformities presented by those relationships; in other words, laws to which they are subject. A law, in the scientific sense as distinguished from the legal sense, is not, we know, an authoritative decree backed by force, but only an observed sequence of facts. Mathematics is defined as the science which draws necessary conclusions. The accomplishment of a science is generally measured by the ability correctly to predict effects of certain given causes. Kant would not grant the dignity of science except to a body of knowledge which could make the right predictions, on the basis of laws it detected. A theory is not regarded as scientific unless it is of general applicability.

Such knowledge the sciences dealing with matter are already in a position to give, but much less so are the sciences having to do with minds in interrelationship, that is, the social sciences. At the bottom of their subject matter lies the confusing element of warm blood and beating hearts; the cooperation or the clash of human wills, passions and aspirations. *Homo sapiens*, with the subtleties of his intellect and complexity of his sentiments, remains largely a mysterious organism. His conduct is irre-

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ducible to exact calculation. It is not without cause that the ancients exalted chance into divinity. Bentham's "moral arithmetic" and his belief that he had constructed a formula for grinding rogues into honest men, are gone with their author into oblivion. Many a revolutionary has imagined that he had arrived at a new method of government constructed on the mathematical principle and as faultless as a good piece of machinery. We know the results.

As a historian has justly stressed in the behaviour of human individuals or groups, we can incessantly observe the necessity of natural law confronted by the self-determining human reason. Man falls a victim to an unwelcome physical necessity only when he is unable to defend himself against the forces of inanimate nature. We observe among human actions the phenomena which, in the eye of natural science, are neither causes nor effects. To take a very simple instance, when it freezes, I shiver. Here we have a casual sequence of phenomena as natural science knows it.

But what shall be my conduct in response to the sensation of shivering? Because I shiver, I put on my great coat, or I take a walk. Mr. Pickwick would probably have fortified himself with alcoholic stimulants. Other men might do something still different. Such consequences of the frosty weather can hardly be called scientific effects in the commonly accepted sense of the term. They are rather purposeful acts of beings who deliberate and take their choice among a number of possible expedients.

Students in social science, themselves being humans to whom in the end nothing human is alien, we hear them speak of political economy, shall we say, liberal, catholic, socialist, communist, et cetera, while normally there is no room for distinction between chemistry democratic or fascist, or monarchist. Clearly, the science of education which is more of a social than a natural science is part of and partial to the limitations and peculiarities of that group of sciences.

This is not, in itself, a terribly disconcerting fact. At least, there is no ground for the inferiority complex to weigh down a student in education.

Social sciences are subjective and consequently inexact? Yes, in a sense. But are not mathematics and natural sciences less objective than they prided themselves on being prior to the publication of Einstein's theory of relativity?

As competent authorities tell us, it follows from that illuminating theory that space cannot have the properties Euclid attributed to it, and force cannot have the nature that Newton

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supposed. The moment the principle of relativity invaded mathematics and physics, the hitherto resistant, solid form of the objectivity of the physical world dissolved to thin air and disappeared, philosophically speaking. The theory shows that "the nature we study is not independent of the mind which studies it. There is no absolute physical reality which a mind may contemplate in its pure independence of the contemplator and the conditions of his contemplation. There is no universe common to all observers and private to none. The work of physical science is to coordinate the observations of observers. . . . ."

Has not social science a similar office? And in the degree in which students of social sciences work with method, bring to their tasks well-trained intelligence and form no general views previous to the most patient investigation of the phenomena observed, they are scientists and their work scientific.

As someone has said, science is systematized common sense. This fittingly applies to social sciences and to the social science side of education. "Science," Plato teaches us, "means explanation and intelligibility; we know a truth when we can give account of it, and the way in which we give account of it, is by showing its necessary connection with wider and more independent truths. Progress in science is progress from isolated to connected thought".

If it will pursue a way such as that the science of education in its ensemble can and will progress. Especially in so far as it is a social science, it must keep closely in touch with other social sciences, for instance, with economics, sociology, political science, ethics.

If there is a point in which social sciences are strikingly inferior to natural sciences and to mathematics, it is the inaccurate vague terminology often besetting discussions on social sciences. When a physicist or mathematician says: *angle, circumference, calory,* the term has but one meaning. The situation is vastly different in the domain of social sciences. When they talk of *democracy, morals, justice, utility, liberty, progress,* et cetera, the authors often debate on the words whose definition, as a rule, they do not take the trouble to establish. The result is that discussions often present a scarcely instructive spectacle of confusion of the more great or less great ideas and that of much hitting at random.

Pedagogy, including the New Education theory, is not free, as we shall see, from the imperfections in question.

(*To be continued*)

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SMATTER

NOW that "the hounds of spring are on winter's traces" and "softly sighs the April air", we prefer to look in the rough for a golf ball rather than hunt on this desk for an inspiration. But that "Stern Daughter of the Voice of God", Duty, with "most benignant grace" reproves me: "'Stay weary traveler, stay!' Inside that desk reposes a folder which will do your work though you know it not."

On a wrinkled, dog-eared paper we found this, taken from *The Saturday Review of Literature*, January 23, 1926:

> To the potential poet—that is, to anyone sensitive to experience—to anyone with the curse in his or her blood that intensifies experience and makes moments beautiful or terrible beyond the comprehension of the cool outside observer—to any of these (and there are many and many) there are a thousand pictures behind the retina that will never be painted, there are a thousand plastic shapes of beauty that haunt dream and waking, there is music that will never be written. For the wind of the spirit (or whatever you may call it, if not spirit) bloweth where it listeth, the apocalyptic thing lurks constantly in the commonplace.

There must have been some good reason, aside from the aesthetic, that led us to preserve those lines but our memory is false to us, so, relic, from which it has taken us three years to part, we now in one swift cruel moment lay you on top of the wastebasket and pass on—to a yellowed paper on which is boldly written:

> Some people hate to work for fear spring should actually arrive while we were hard at it

and then after a brief space the words—

> At which moment the awful thought occurs to us—

I turn a page and find this conglomeration:

> Impossible to form generalizations about Russian characteristics. . . . One Russian said to me, "That student thinks Russians are provincial because he must have lived in a provincial town". But I happen to know that the student went to the Pages Corps in Petrograd. What can be more unprovincial? . . . . Extreme attitudes on everything are the forces behind everything that happens to the Russian character. . . . Incapable of seeing more than one side of a question at once. . . . . can not see the other fellow's viewpoint. . . . Deems it unnecessary to compromise. . . Thinks the Anglo-Saxon is a genius in this respect. . . .If a Russian thinks a line is crooked and it measures straight with the ruler, he declares explosively that the ruler is crooked. . . . When the Russian works, he works hard until he's almost mad. And when he is in the mood for recreation he has it, by all the gods of Rome, he has one grand time of it then, until he's almost mad. Then he swings himself back in the other direction and goes so fast that he can't stop where he ought to and he

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doesn't realize it until he has gone too far. He is in a vicious circle and he can't jump out. He's always trying and always disappointed. Americans, and other nationalities looking on, think he gloats on agony and unhappiness. But he doesn't at all. He can't help it. No one knows this better than the Russian himself. . . .

With a woop we tear those half dozen slips into even tinier bits and bury them in the ever yawning wastebasket. Where did we ever get such trash? But look—Herr Paul Rohrbach thinks that Russians are born to be insulted and bullied and Paul Vinogradoff says, "The Russian people are by nature and inclination democratic, tolerant and ready to forgive offences." Now, tell me, is there anything wrong in that?

Our ardors for ideas nigh lost, we wifle the pink and yellow pages like a zooid and behold a smooth white page, a letter from Ivan Palmaw, (an architectural student at the University of Washington) dated January 3, 1927:

I have consulted a few of my friends who finished the University of Washington and are working now. We took several successful examples and found out that the increase of salary per year is about 33 1/3 per cent. If a person starts with $100.00 per month, we shall have the following figures:

Years	Salary	Amount paid to the Russian Student Fund Inc.
1	$1200.00	$ 60.00
2	1600.00	160.00
3	2000.00	200.00
4	2400.00	240.00
5	2800.00	420.00
6	3200.00	480.00

The loan of $1200.00 will be paid in five and a quarter years. The loan of $800.00 will be paid in four and a half years. My opinion is that the debts not over $700.00 could be paid in the period of three years.

We decided to file that letter for future reference.

O graduates of more than three years, doth a grievous folly shame thee or art thou, remembering what passed, piling thy yellow ingots high to serve thy younger comrades who grow weary, as thou didst, of the way of toil and study!

As the Persian says, "The days of Spring are here" and "Oft have I said, I say it once more", to thy own word remain forever true.

Thanking you kindly, we are a trifle dazed,

—*deN.*

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover, designed by Miss Tatiana Proskouriakoff, an architectural student, serves to illustrate the prologue to Pushkin's poem, *Ruslan and Ludmila*. Miss Proskouriakoff was born in Tomsk, Siberia, but came to the United States in 1916 when her father, a research chemist, was sent here as a member of the Russian Government Commission to inspect ammunition. Miss Proskouriakoff was valedictorian of the class which graduated from the Lansdowne (Pa.) High School in 1926. At Pennsylvania State College she ranked among the ten best students out of a total of 1100 in the School of Engineering, and is now maintaining a superior scholastic record at the School of Fine Arts, University of Pennsylvania.

Boris Brasol, former prosecuting attorney, St. Petersburg Supreme Court, is well known in the United States and Europe as a lecturer and writer in the fields of economics, literature, history, theory of law, and criminology. His last book, *The Elements of Crime*, has recently been published by the Oxford University press. The almost insurmountable difficulties of rendering Pushkin's verses into English have prevented Pushkin's poetical works from becoming familiar to the English-speaking reader. We feel sure that the readers of *The Russian Student* will be especially grateful to Mr. Brasol for this splendid translation of the Prologue to *Ruslan and Ludmila*, which furnished Glinka the theme for his immortal opera of the same name. Mr. Brasol has also completed the translation of the following folk-tales by Pushkin: *The Fisherman and the Fish*, *The Golden-Cock*, and *Czar Sultan*.

Although Walter Vladimir Bouquetov was born in Ansonia, Connecticut, most of his intermediate education was completed at the Russian Naval Academy. He served as a naval cadet on board Russian warships in 1916 and 1917, returning to New York during the Christmas holidays in 1921. For six years Mr. Bouquetov worked during the day and attended night high school and college. He is now a senior at the School of Law, New York University. Mr. Bouquetov has taken an active part in extra-curricular activities and is a leader among both Russian and American groups, serving as president and captain of American debating teams and organizing the first Russian Student Conference under the auspices of the National Russian Students' Christian Association, of which he was president in 1926-27.

After one term at Yale, Nicholas Hainovsky worked his way to California in order to specialize in Irrigation Engineering, as he had previously considerable experience in this field in Russia. He received his bachelor's degree in December, 1927, and has been employed since then as junior civil engineer by the Tela Railroad Company, Honduras.

Cyril Berezovsky, a chemical engineering junior at the University of California, was born in Moscow and completed his intermediate education there. The revolution prevented his entering the university, so he went to Harbin, Manchuria and worked in an oil refining factory before coming to the United States.

The January issue of *The Russian Student* gave the first instalment of Dr. Michael J. Demiashkevich's (Teachers' College, Columbia '26) study of *The New Education and Democracy*. In that essay he described the principal tendencies of the new education and in March answered the question—what is *new* in the new theory of educational method.

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BOOKS TOO!

SEVEN BROTHERS. *Translated from the Finnish of Alexis Kivi by Alex Matson. New York. Coward McCann.* $2.50.
For almost sixty years this novel—only the second to be translated from the Finnish—has been a Finnish classic. Seven lawless brothers revolt against a civilization which they cannot understand. Fights with wild bulls, drinking scenes, wolf chases, and struggles to learn their a, b, c's are interspersed with folk tales, myths, beautiful lyrics, and the burning of bath-houses.

CONTEMPORARIES OF MARCO POLO. *Consisting of the Travel Records to the Eastern Parts of the World of William of Rubruck* (1253-55), *The Journey of John of Pian de Carpini* (1245-47), *The Journal of Friar Odoric*, (1318-30) *and the Oriental Travels of Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela* (1160-73). *Edited by Manuel Komroff. New York. Horace Liveright.* $3.50.
A very informing and entertaining volume which if read along with the travels of Marco Polo, gives a picture of the world of the Middle Ages. Mr. Komroff points out in the introduction that it was Ching-his Khan with his conquering hordes of Tartars that paved the way to the meeting of the East and West.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S RUSSIAN DAYS AND HER LAST YEARS IN FRANCE. *By Irma Duncan and Allan Ross MacDougall. New York. Covici-Friede*, $3.50
Together with Mary Desti's *The Untold Story of Isadora Duncan's Life* (Horace Liveright) and the dancer's own biography, this book completes the picture of the impractical and quixotic Isadora. This is the tragic account of her disillusionment and hardships in Russia, all because she imagined it would be possible to create a school of a thousand children there and thus appease her "desire to give the greatest joy and the greatest beauty to the children of the workers". She also imagined that "she would see a group of shining faced idealists dressed like so many Tolstoys, in simple peasant garb, and with their love for humanity glowing like a nimbus about them". With her natural frankness she accused the Communists of "out-Heroding Herod" and then waited three years for the government to tell her they could not support her school. The letters of Isadora quoted in this volume are most interesting.

PRINCES OF THE NIGHT. *By Joseph Kessel. Translated by Jack Kahane. Macaulay.* $2.00
Mad forgetfulness; hysterical laughter; glamorous characters who battle off despair by wild living; cabarets where the doormen are ex-admirals of the Russian navy; waiters are former officers of the Czarina's guard; the cooks are generals and judges; the chauffeurs are expert physicians, et cetera et cetera and with all the debauchery of the Pigal quarter in Paris, the tragic story of Helene, a girl of innocence and charm. A consistently worked out picture with excellent characterizations!

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT
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For women who desire a most complete and searching examination, the Institute has arranged a service which is called the "Unlimited Examination."

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

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CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1929

COVER DESIGN, *Volga Boatmen at Leisure* . . . *Vladimir Grigoroff*

SAMARKAND . . . . . *Nicholas A. Bogoluboff* . . . 1

MODERN RUSSIAN POETS . . . . . *Pierre S. Porohovshikov* . . . 5

RUSSIAN CONTEMPORARY ART OUTSIDE OF RUSSIA . . . . . *Alexander Yaremenko* 10

RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES . . . . . *George M. Day* 14

THE MADONNA (*From Alexander Pushkin*) . . . . . *Translated by P. S. P.* 17

HAPPINESS IN SCHOOL LIFE . . . . . *Michael J. Demiashkevich* . 18

DINING A LA RUSSE 20

SMATTER 21

WHO'S WHO 23

ADVERTISEMENTS 24

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 9 May, 1929

SAMARKAND

NICHOLAS A. BOGOLUBOFF

THERE are many cities in the world that had a glorious past, flourished and prospered at one time and then decayed at another, but probably none that went through the process of regeneration as many times as the city of Samarkand—the oldest and most picturesque city of Russian Turkestan.

The fourth century B.C. found it already a flourishing town, a capital of the Persian Province of Sogdiana. In 329 B.C. the advancing troups of Alexander the Great captured Samarkand, then called Marakanda, and pillaged and burned it down. A small fortress was built on its site to serve as a garrison for sick and wounded Macedonian soldiers—one of the most distant outposts of Hellenistic civilization. The dream of a huge Hellenistic Empire died, however, with the tragic end of Alexander the Great. The small garrison of Marakanda did not Hellenize the native population, but became absorbed itself by Oriental ways of life. A traveler in Turkestan will vainly try to find some marks left by the Greek occupation. The old legends of "Iskander the Conqueror" and the occasionally excavated coins with the head of a Greek warrior are the only present day remains of that distant epoch.

In the seventh century A.D. the city and the adjacent territory were conquered by the Arabian hordes and Marakanda, now Samarkand, became a residence of the Samanaid Dynasty. Under the Arabian domination Samarkand with its many schools, theological seminaries and observatories (one of which was excavated by the archeologists just before the Great War) became one of the most brilliant seats of Arabian culture and civilization. Owing to its excellent geographic position it became also one of the most important centers of Trans-Asiatic Trade, a

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meeting place for the camel caravans traveling from India, China, Persia, Chiva and Bokhara.

In the early thirteenth century the advancing Mongolian horsemen under Genghis Khan overran Central Asia. The city of Samarkand was captured after a long siege and pillaged and burned down again.

About two scores of years later it was restored to its former splendor by Tamerlane, one of the greatest warriors of the Middle Ages, whose dominions extended from Russia to the Persian Gulf, and from Asia Minor to the Ganges. He, Timur the Lame, made Samarkand again a great center of learning and adorned it with the mosques and shrines, whose proportion and beauty challenge, even in their ruins, the best known examples of Arabian, Greek or Roman architecture. With its sacred places and renowned Madrassa (theological colleges) Samarkand became one of the "holy cities" of the Orient—a city to which thousands of pilgrims came from all the corners of the Moslem world. From this time up to 1868 it became also a "forbidden city" for Europeans, whose apprehension within its walls meant death by beheading or life-slavery.

Between the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Samarkand changed its masters twice; passing first to the hands of Chinese and then to the hands of Bokharians. It was in the hands of the latter when on May 2, 1868, a small Russian expeditionary corps under the command of General von Kaufman stormed the heights of Zarefshan (Thousand Saints) defended by more than 30,000 native troups and on the shoulders of the retreating enemy entered the city of Samarkand. Accepting the surrender of the city from a deputation of the city elders and leaving a small garrison and all his wounded and sick in the small citadel of Samarkand, General von Kaufman continued his pursuit of the Bokharian army in direction of Ziadin. Meanwhile the population of the city, instigated by the fanatical *mullas* (priests), revolted again and besieged the small garrison left in the citadel. For three days, until a relief column arrived, a handful of Russian officers and soldiers, short of supplies and water, fought heroically against the assaulting multitudes. In one of the squares just outside of the present Russian city there is a stone monument erected in memory of those who fell here in the glory of Russian arms.

The present city of Samarkand consists of the large native city and the new Russian town separated from each other by the above mentioned citadel. The most interesting and the most animated place of the native city is Registan, a large square flanked on three sides by the majestic blue turrets and huge

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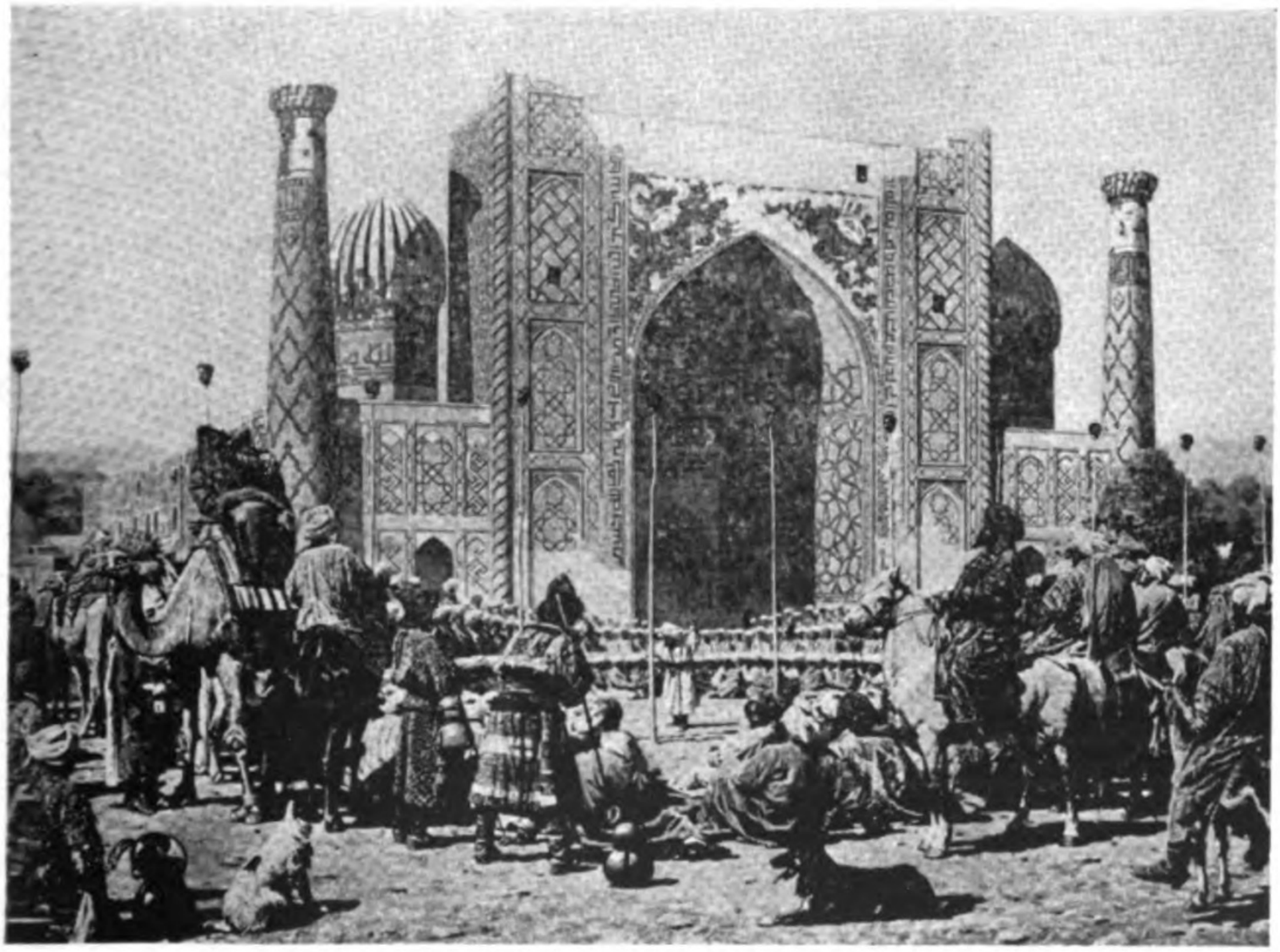
arches of Shir Dor, (Lion Bearing), Tila Kari (Golden), and Ulugh-Beg (famous astronomer and grandson of Tamerlane).

Here in the shadow of the holy walls you can meet in the picturesque, noisy crowd, representatives from all parts of the East: the good looking Tagiks and Usbeks in their multicolored long dresses and turbans, the Persians with ochra-painted finger nails, the tall noble looking Afghans in huge felt turbans, the Turkomen in the not less huge sheepskin headgears, the Mongolians and Tartars with their narrow eyes and sharp cheek bones, the Bokharian Jews, the Indian fire worshippers with the sign of deity burned on their foreheads, the wandering dervishes in their clown-like caps . . . . The shrill cries of the merchants and the water carriers, the monotonous singing of the dervishes, the bellowing of the camels, donkeys and the horses, they all mingle together in one great noise which hangs above the square and that labyrinth of narrow and curved streets that encircles it.



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Le Triomphe—Painting by V. Verstchaguine, who perished in the Russo-Japanese War with the sinking of the battleship "Petropavlovsk." Shir Dor is one of the most gorgeous buildings flanking the Registan in the ancient city of Samarkand.

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If we leave now this huge human ant-hill and ascend the dark winding staircase of one of the turrets of Shir Dor we will get a splendid panoramic view of the whole city and of the Zarafshan valley lying around us. The long irregular rows of the native mud dwellings which descend and ascend along the slopes of the yellow-reddish hills; the beautiful multicolored domes, arches and turrets of the huge mosques and mausoleums, partly destroyed by continuous earthquakes and by centuries of neglect; the deserted looking sunburnt cemeteries which surround the city; the silver ribbon of the Zarefshan River, then the green spots of the garden lying along the banks of Siab and Darhom and finally the curved ridges of mountains which encircle Samarkand on three sides—gray, misty, immobile . . . .

If we pass now from the general view to the particulars, we will not fail to admire for a few moments the light blue enameled dome of the Tamerlane Mausoleum inside of which lies the grave of the great man, covered with a large block of black nephrite; then the half ruined arches and dome of Bibi-Khanum (Lotus of Cathay), a mosque erected by Tamerlane himself on the tomb of his most beloved wife. Still farther, at the end of the city lies Shah-Zindah (The Living Saint), a mausoleum, two parts of which, one on the top of the hill, another below, are connected with a marble staircase.

If you later go there, you might see a shaft covered by stone, a shaft in which, in accordance with beliefs of the natives, Shah-Zindah, a friend of Tamerlane, is lying in centuries-long sleep. Even more picturesque is the legend of Daniar, a saint whose tomb is several miles farther to the South, on the banks of Siab. It is believed by the natives that his corpse is growing while in the earth. In former days each pilgrim to his grave was obliged to add one brick to the block of stones on his tomb. Soon after the conquest of the city by the Russian troups the fanatical *mullas* spread a rumor that when the tomb will reach the city walls, the Christian domination will come to an end. At the present time the grave is not growing any more. It is covered by a substantial brick shed.

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MODERN RUSSIAN POETS

PIERRE S. POROHOVSHIKOV

IN speaking of contemporary Russian poets, a distinction should be borne in mind between writers in the Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics and those outside it. Not a political distinction, but one of environment. A Soviet Magazine, *The Reader and the Writer*, has recently made public the fact that there are some 15,000 men in the Union calling themselves men of letters. This figure seems to have aroused some misgivings on the part of Mr. Maxim Gorki. In one of the latest issues of *Izvestia* a letter was published by him, denouncing "the illiteracy, the stupidity and the self-indulgence" of young authors, mostly poets. He advocates the necessity of a course of "Literary Technique" with lectures on good Russian style of writing in connection with the people's idiomatic speech. Better less, but better is his slogan.

We have no reasonable grounds to question the accuracy of this appreciation of Soviet poets. Infantile presumption, slovenly style and obscene images are as common in their verses as clear thoughts and novel rhetorical figures are rare. But in analysing the deplorable results of their creative attempts, it should be taken into consideration that they are laboring under unusually unfavorable circumstances: internationalism the order of the day, with all the consequences, educational and social, of this fundamental principle on one side; the natural license of a revolutionary havoc of ten years on the other. A deterioration of literary style must be recognised as the inevitable result of the general conditions of the country. But, sad to say, Mr. Gorki's hard criticisms are as true outside the U.S.S.R. as within its boundaries. There are not, however, the same excuses for emigrant Russian poets. It is with this disappointing fact that I propose to deal in these lines.

There is, perhaps, one consolatory remark, if but a poor one, on this pessimistic outlook. Real poetry has become more and more scarce in our days. How many modern poems similar in quality to Mr. Robert Service's *Madonna* could we quote? How many really beautiful verses were written to celebrate the greatest achievement of our times, Lindbergh's flight over the Ocean?

In Russia, the decadence of pure poetry began long before the War. Balmont and Block were perhaps the last of Pushkin's epigoni deserving the name. Both of them were real poets but both indulged in "seeking new forms" each one with his own inclinations and characteristics; Balmont with frequent pseudo-

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philosophic verbiage and little short of megalomania in his self-complacency and self-adoration, Block with half religious, half blasphemous mysticism, consciously or unconsciously echoing Paul Verlaine. But, being truly poets Dei gracia, their sins are redeemed by much that is really beautiful in their writings. Not so with their successors and imitators. It was always the poorest features of their work that were attractive to younger men. Perhaps, forsooth, because more easily attainable. It is not hard to trumpet with Balmont: "Let us be like the Sun" or "An incandescent atom, I am soaring across the universe . . . ." Anybody can write that, even though he never sat in an airplane, let alone e'er swept over the deserts of the heavenly spheres. But it is far from easy to write a poem like R. L. Stevenson's "Under the wide and starry skies . . . . " or like *Annabelle Lee*. What more natural for a younger poet than to follow suit by coolly declaring, "I, the genius Igor Severianine, am elated with my triumph. I am enshrined in every city, raised to heaven all over the world." Igor Severianine has his own manner. He created a quaint supereuphuistic genre, which undoubtedly has a charm of its own.

With such leaders, what could be expected from imitators? A poem appears in the Paris *Renaissance* of September 27, 1928. The writer, Mr. Alexander Bibikof, mourns lost Russia. He outlines more or less happy pictures of his home. Like Mignon, he calls out: "Thither, thither!" His seven stanzas in this strain may be sincere, whatever the merits of his verses:

> "Thither, thither! Let me treasure this dream with love and anxiety. But it is no more. It was but a momentary vision. It has vanished in ashes."

If not really pathetic, this is at least harmless. Alas, there is one more stanza:

> "The last sound is dead. And I, lifted up by God's hand, am soaring over a nameless abyss in rays of starry anxiety."

This is translated literally. Is it poetry or rubbish?

Love for the lost country of his fathers is also the theme of another young poet, Mr. Alexander Stoyanof:

> "Thus is it doomed. Such was the decree of fate.
> Nothing else should, or even can be. In thee alone
> can I find rest for my heart; thee alone can I love,
> Russia."

What poor technique! The same idea is expressed three times in two lines, without any variety in strength or manner. Another poem by the same author on the same subject:

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"You are the same; you are still the same, Russia, dying in the distance. The sun dips thy ruddy, snub-nosed face into a mire of gold."

This makes us think of Falstaff and Prince Hal. But neither of these claimed to be a poet, while this is supposed to be poetry. What more natural, of course, for a young Russian, than to long for his lost country. But a simple letter with lines that

"gushed from his heart,
Like showers from the clouds of summer
Or tears from the eyelids start,"

would be more welcome to us. The main trouble with most of these would-be poets is that they know little and think less. They are deplorably ego-centric. Were there something in them, it could not fail to transpire. But as soon as the ink is on the paper, it appears that they have nothing to say. This may be distasteful to us, but we cannot read in their lines what they have not expressed in them.

Blank free verse or alliteration in lieu of rhyme have become pet features both in Russia and outside it. Now, we can see in Pushkin, Lermontov, Count A. Tolstoy that blank verse was almost exclusively used by them in dramatic poems or in imitation of idiomatic speech. Alliteration they never used at all. If modern writers chose to abandon the old forms vindicated by classical masterpieces, they should produce masterpieces of their own. If they can only boast of indifferent or bad verses, they should be silent. Block's sensational poem *The Twelve* is an example of a very indifferent attempt at new forms, and of his Verlaine manner strongly expressed. Many various interpretations have been offered for the well known lines:

". . . . as a haughty host they tread,
A hungry mongrel shambles in the rear,
Bearing forth the banner's windy red,
Where the vagrant snow-veils rear,
In dim hands no bullets sear,
On the tempest gently thrown,
Like a snow of diamonds flown,
In mist-white roses garlanded,
Christ marches on. And twelve are lead."

None but an alienated or a distorted mind could have written that.

A patrolling squad is never twelve: usually three or seven. Why should it be twelve? The only reasonable suggestion are the twelve apostles. A writer who was a friend of Block has given the poet's own remark on his image: "My Christ is a compiled one", Block told Mr. B. Zayzeff. Anything of course,

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can be done by combining a saint with a criminal, a lunatic and a crazy poet. And so we have the Son of Man, who was all love and self sacrifice, leading a pack of drunken murderers and looters. If the poem was meant to give a picture of the first days of Bolshevik revolution, with or without party spirit, its object could have been achieved without bringing in Christ. But what sound idea could have been conveyed in Block's compilation? It is but fair to say it found no imitators. Does not the very fact of the incongruous compilation show how vague and uncertain were the writer's own thoughts?

The Soviet poet Yessenin, Isadora Duncan's husband, was and perhaps is considered one of the foremost among contemporary Russian writers. Here are a few lines from one of his last poems:

"It is not you I love, dearest; you are but an echo,
a shadow; I dream of another one when looking in your
face, a blue-eyed one.
Tho' she looks not kind, and, perhaps, seems cold,
yet her stately step has disturbed my soul to the bottom.
And still, despising you, I will shamefully confess
for eternity that if paradise and hell did not exist,
man would have created them out of his own imagination."

This is not a beginner. Yessenin was supposed to be an accomplished poet. Yet a schoolboy would be ashamed of these lines.

Let any reader familiar with Russian look up Lermontov's well-known poem of identical meaning.* He will there discover real Russian poetry. And this brings me to the object of these remarks. It is, for the American student, nothing but a waste of time to go hunting for real lyrics in modern Russian writings. Let him turn to the pleiad of real poets, beginning with the two greatest ones and also devoting some of his leisure to Tutchef, Fet, Polonsky, Alexis Tolstoy. Apart from pure lyrics, I would more specially recommend to his careful analysis the following pieces: Tutchef's *Silentium* and *Venice;* Polonsky's *Aspasia* and *The Eagle and the Serpent;* Fet's philosophical dreams and the whole series of Count A. Tolstoy's historical ballads. They are all beautiful.

Were I allowed to single out my own favorites among these, I would name: *Alesha Popovich*, *Vassili Shibanoff*, *The Wooing*, *The Night Before the Attack*, as rich in color as Veronnese or Velasquez, and the untitled little poem about the fiddler before

---

* The first two lines of Lermontov's poem are:
"No, it is not you I love so passionately,
Thy beauty shines not for me . . . ."

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the punchbowl, as weird as Goya's weirdest cartoons. The student who would go prospecting in these pages would soon make his pile.

If he will still insist on contemporary writers, I have but a few names to give him: I. A. Bunin and Ivan Thorjevsky are genuine Parnassians; the latter mostly a translator, but in purest Pushkin style. Marina Zwetayeva and Maximilian Voloshine stand in strong contrast to them. Miss Zwetayeva has resolutely taken the war-path, elaborating her own manner, i.e., modernised popular idylls with strong national color. She has perhaps as many critics as admirers, and is, I think, fairly on the way to her goal. Unruly, wild, but vigorous, volcanic and crude only to be true are Voloshine's passionate rhymes: a modern Juvenal. No student should omit his two books, *Terror Rhymes* and *The Deaf and Dumb Devils*. One poem among the latter: *Stenkin's Judgment* is an outstanding piece of verse.* A few humble rhymers are content to write good Russian to express things simple and true. It is a comfort to come across them, but they have yet to achieve much.

My readers will be disappointed with these comments. I cannot help it. Since I came to America a year ago, I have met many friends of Russia. What should I serve them out of my information and observations? Phantastic pictures, sugar-candy and perfumery? There is something better than that. It is truth.

---

* Stenka Razin was the leader of a terrible rebellion of Cossaks and Peasants on the Don and the Volga in 1670.

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RUSSIAN CONTEMPORARY ART OUTSIDE OF RUSSIA

ALEXANDER YAREMENKO

THERE is a vast difference between Russian contemporary art in Russia and Russian art outside of Russia. Various political and economic conditions have divided not only Russian artists into two distinct classes but Russian art as well.

In the good old days a real Russian artist would never think of using his talent for advertising work or for purely commercial purposes. Some of the less talented artists or those "who compromised" were often condemned by more fortunate ones for "materializing or commercializing" their art. In many cases an artist starved while good jobs were offered to him by business people.

Russian artists were more or less highly specialized, thus one who was studying landscapes all his life painted only landscapes, while a portrait painter would never think of wasting his time on anything else. This is the reason why Russia had such great masters like Repin, Vasnetzoff, Makovsky, Vrubel, Levitan, Bilibin, Seroff, et cetera.

After the revolution, many capable artists left Russia and found themselves scattered all over the globe. Mental suffering, starvation and a stream of new experiences and ideals rapidly changed the fundamental principles of the old school and made the old artists more adaptable to new conditions.

In Europe and in this country emigré artists have met the demands for commercial, theatrical, decorative and applied art and have not only adapted themselves to new requirements but have practically conquered the entire field so that at present they are considered the best decorative artists in the world.

The famous Russian artist, I. Bilibin, who was the founder and the best exponent of graphic art in Russia, who for ten years (1907-1917) directed the class of graphic art and composition at the school of the Society of Encouragement of Art in Petrograd, and whose works we may find in almost every museum and art library, has had to adapt himself mostly to theatrical art and costume designing in Paris.

A number of Russian fairy tales and *Bilins* illustrated by I. Bilibin about twenty-five years ago are still the most beautiful and unique interpretations of human imagination. Unfortunately they are very rare and when found are sold at high prices prohibitive to an ordinary admirer of books. *Tzar Sultan, Wassilissa the Beautiful, Tzarevich Ivan, The Gray Wolf, Tzarevna*

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BALLET PETRUSHKA

Settings and Costumes designed for the Metropolitan Opera Company by Sergei Soudeïkine, who occupies a prominent place among the Russian artists of the twentieth century.

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the Frog and a few others were the most interesting fairy tales illustrated by Bilibin. He has executed many diverse works, but all of them still reveal one genuine and loving thought: the beauty of Russian nature, Russian people, Russian soul and Russian antiquity. He planned Russian costumes for *Boris Godounov* and staged a play by Sologoub, *Honor and Vengeance* and lastly, three great musical dramas: *The Golden Cock, Sadko,* and *Ruslan and Ludmila.*

As founder of the most unique school of imaginary interpretation, he has influenced many faithful followers like Narbout, whose art "grew up in the rays of Bilibin's art."

A. N. Benois, another most capable artist, who wrote many books on the history of painting and on the Russian school of painting, is the chief artist for the Comédie Francaise. His decorations and settings for *Petrushka* won great success in Paris. He is better known in Europe than any other Russian artist. (*La Dame aux Camelia, Le Malade Imaginaire, Der Idiot.*)

K. Korovin, who started his theatrical decorative career in Russia, has also found his home in Paris and acquired a big name in his profession. His settings for *Howans-China, La Siberie, Korsar* and others, have had great success.

B. Shukhaev is the decorative artist for another Paris theatre, "Chauve-Souris". He is well liked for his original designs not only in Paris, but in London as well. He designed settings for: *Une Fete Champetre, La Pastorale, Legende* and many others. His wife is very talented also. At the French Exhibit, held at Lord and Taylor's in New York City last year her works were greatly admired.

The former Russian graphic artist M. Doboujinsky now a famous theatrical and decorative artist in Paris made many settings and costumes for Chauve-Souris in Berlin and Paris. (*La Traviata, Die Rauher, Pique Dame* and others.)

N. Goncharowa and M. Larionov are the most modern theatrical designers and decorators in the same city. Nathalie Goncharowa designed the settings for *Coq d'Or* and other operas and is well known for her marionettes. M. Larionov designed many cubistic and futuristic figures and costumes. He is well known in Paris for his brave imagination in the most modern presentations. He designed costumes for *Soleil du Minuit* played in Paris, and many others.

Many countries have known the late Leon Bakst and his famous theatrical costumes for the Russian ballet in Paris at first and then for a great number of theatrical productions: *St. Sebastian, Daphnis et Chloe* and others.

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In Italy we find another capable Russian, Nicholas Benois, the son of the famous A. N. Benois, who is the main artist for the only State Theatre in Rome.

Here in New York City we have Sergei Soudeïkine who has designed and decorated many theatrical settings in the Metropolitan Opera House, Chauve-Souris and other theatrical productions. In the theatrical world he is considered one of the best decorative and theatrical artists in this country. He designed the settings and costumes for *Petrushka* and *Solovey* (or Nightingale) by Stravinsky, *Magic Flute* by Mozart and others. At present he is finishing settings and costumes for the *Wedding* by Stravinsky, to be played soon at the Metropolitan.

There are in the United States many other talented Russians in different fields of art—Boris Artzybashev, who has been recently honored by the New York Graphic Association for his illustrations of childrens' books; V. Meck, Bobritzky and others are successfully working on various decorative assignments while a large group of Russian artists and other Russians who until now have not considered themselves artists are engaged in batik work, which has been developed by them to such an extent that it is a large and important industry. Russian artists are making silk shawls, lamp shades, screens, et cetera, well liked for their bright, harmonious colors and original Russian designs.

In this brief article we cannot give space to Russian artists not engaged in decorative, theatrical or commercial arts. Our task here is merely to point out that a large number of Russian artists have adapted themselves to new economic and social conditions and have successfully established many new fields in the artistic world. They have spread "their art into all life."

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RUSSIAN ORTHODOX CHURCH IN LOS ANGELES

GEORGE M. DAY

IN preparing this article on the Russian Orthodox Church in Los Angeles for *The Russian Student*, I wish to give this preface:

I still retain the following very vivid impressions of church life in Russia: First, the large cathedrals crowded with worshipers attended by poor and rich alike, these worshipers all standing because there were no pews or chairs in the churches or cathedrals of Russia. Second, the richness of the choir music. Russian church choirs are composed of men and boys, no organs, no instruments. The marvelous harmony of parts, the richness of tones, the minor chords, the wide range were all very impressive. Third, the liturgy made a profound impression through its elaborate spectacular effect, so symbolic and chanted in old Slavonic. Incidentally, the sermon played little part in a Russian church service.

The fourth impression was the aesthetic effect. One was impressed with the beauty of the service, with the deep reverential attitude of the worshipers, with their humility of spirit, with the mystic sources of their spiritual power. All the worshipers seemed to come into the churches seeking mercy, desiring to make confession of sin. A fifth impression was the deep note of suffering that is reflected in music, liturgy, and in all aspects of Russian religion. A sixth impression was that of age—a thousand years of Russian Orthodoxy, the continuity of the church over that span of time.

It was these impressions that I brought to my study of the religious group in Los Angeles that professes the Russian Orthodox religion.

The Russian Orthodox congregation of Los Angeles has recently acquired property at 656 Micheltorena Street and has constructed its own modest but beautiful church edifice. On January 8, of this year, I attended the Russian church upon the occasion of the Christmas service which was held according to the old Russian calendar. This service was especially attractive and the building was crowded with worshipers. The enlarged choir chanted the liturgy with unusual beauty and fervor. Many of the old nobility were represented among the worshipers. The vestments of the officiating priest were more gorgeous than at ordinary church assemblies.

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I had invited a friend to accompany me to this service. I almost forgot his presence by my side as I found myself completely absorbed in the beauty and rich symbolism of this Russian Orthodox service. I too, like many of the Russian worshipers, felt homesick for old Russia while enjoying the rich harmony of the choral singing and after being deeply impressed by the reverence and humility of the worshipers. It required very little stretch of imagination on my part though in Los Angeles, to picture myself back at the Kazan Cathedral in Petrograd, or the St. Savior Cathedral at Moscow, a city of a thousand church spires, or in the Cathedral of Vladimir at Kiev, 'the mother of Russian towns', where Christianity was first established in the ninth century A.D.

There are certain attitudes of the Russian Church communicants which have impressed me, during the many times I have visited the Russian service in Los Angeles; the outstanding one was that of reverence. The second attitude noticeable was humble-mindedness. In fact, the spirit of humility was often the dominant note. There was a complete absence of that 'holier than thou' attitude. This same spirit or attitude of humility was characteristic of the cathedral services in old Russia. Again, while there is no hostility to learning, I noticed a decided lack of emphasis upon intellectuality in this service. While it is true the Russians tend to indulge in philosophising around the hospitable samovar in their own homes, there is no tendency whatever to philosophise in a Russian church service.

In the Protestant Church, whether in Germany, England or the United States, the importance of the sermon is magnified, while in the Russian Orthodox Church service as in the Roman Catholic and the High Church Episcopal of England, the liturgy, the ritual or the mass are of first importance. Hence the sermon in a Russian church is usually a simple and direct exhortatory homily. Furthermore, I found in the Russian service here in Los Angeles no place for 'worldliness' inasmuch as reverence and humility of spirit and worldliness are incompatible.

The local church group here is faithfully carrying on the ancient traditions. The only change in the ritual was an insertion of a prayer in behalf of the president of the United States instead of in behalf of the Czar of Russia. Prayers on stated occasions are offered in behalf of the dead Czar and his family. The continuance of this practice by the priest has caused disagreements and schisms in certain Russian congregations in this country and in France. Some of our liberal Russians desire to forget the Czar and his tragic death and would therefore have

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no further mention made of him in the church prayers. The monarchist group in the Russian churches still insists upon keeping the memory of the Czar alive by the use of these prayers for his departed soul.

The idea of collective worship is decidedly active. There is scarcely a silent moment during service. The liturgical chant plays a predominant role. As for ecclesiastical architecture the new Los Angeles church is a little gem. In Russia, the churches are noted for their symmetry and majestic proportions, for richness of mural painting, luxurious bejeweled ikons, for the gorgeousness of ecclesiastical vestments, for the splendor and spaciousness of their cathedrals.

As for religious instruction, there is little of it in the church service. In Russia that was left to the schools where under the regime of the Czars, the priests were obliged to teach religion. In Los Angeles, owing to the fact that at present there is no Russian School, religious education for the children is almost entirely lacking. Father Michael Lototzky conducts a preparatory class for children desiring to become communicants.

There is no definite participation on the part of the Los Angeles congregation in what we know as the peace movement, or in international racial comity. This congregation, so far as I could observe, is mainly absorbed in conducting its old religious service. The priest ministers to the personal religious needs of the various communicants. There is a sense of being strangers in a strange land. Their service tends to strengthen the solidarity of the local group. The Los Angeles congregation exists primarily for fostering religious growth and for the perpetuation of the Russian Orthodox tradition.

From my personal observation it was plainly evident that all of the communicants of this congregation fully satisfied their spiritual needs by the orthodox type of service. They actually met the crises of life such as death or illness in the strength of their belief. They seemed to have no mental conflict in regard to the teachings of their church on the one hand, and the teachings of science in the natural world on the other. They felt, as several expressed personally to me, the mystical presence of God when engaged in the exercises of the Russian Orthodox service and this very awareness of the presence of God in their own service to which they had been accustomed all their lives had given these communicants, it was plain to see, a deep and genuine satisfaction.

In conclusion may I say that I have never been more impressed by the significance of corporate worship and by the elimination of all class distinctions in a church service or never

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have I been so conscious of the brooding of the divine spirit over an expectant multitude as I have when I have participated in a Russian Orthodox service. There is something majestically beautiful, mystical and reverential about the service which both cleanses and elevates the human spirit. I have found this Russian church service to make up for many things which the Protestant church lacks.

Whether the present congregation in Los Angeles will be able to survive with the periodical renewal of fresh immigration from Russia is an intriguing question. Personally, I hope it will not only survive, but will increase its influence and power among the five thousand or more Russians here, not only because of its time honored traditions, but for the peculiar contributions that this Eastern church has to make to the religious life of the West. It possesses certain valuable complementary elements which can enrich and enoble our western religious experience.

THE MADONNA

From ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

Translated by P. S. P.

NOT with rare pictures of renowned masters old
I fondly sought my humble room to grace,
That visitors might rapt'rously behold
And connoisseurs approve with haughty face.

Under my humble roof, my vigils to inspire,
One single picture ever was my heart's desire:
That from the canvass, as 'twere from the skies,
God's Holy Mother and her holy Son,

She, beaming love, he—wisdom from his eyes,
Would peacefully look down upon.
My secret wishes have this day been granted me,

Oh, my Madonna! God has sent me thee.
The saintly presence now my thoughts embrace,—
The purest image of the purest grace.

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HAPPINESS IN SCHOOL LIFE

MICHAEL DEMISHKEVICH

There is not anything in this world, perhaps, that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life.
—SENECA

THE search for happiness being the dominant, natural tendency of the human mind, the word itself exercises upon us an unfailing charm, which fact easily opens the way to abuses, conscious or not. In the show window of a dairy store in New York there was actually seen a sign inviting the public to buy "eggs from healthy and *happy* hens."

Warned by the story of the *laissez-faire* doctrine of the economic liberals at the beginning of the nineteenth century, we shall listen with well measured attention to the argument of the New Educationists in favor of a happy school life. Certainly the Goddess of Happiness should not be banished from the school premises, but the worship offered to her should be carefully balanced against that of the other household gods, such as perseverance, continuity of effort, lasting determination.

It is, furthermore, superfluous to insist that directed learning does not necessarily make children unhappy to any alarming degree. The spirit in which a command is given and received and not the command itself marks the difference between tyrannical domination and welcome guidance. If they work with a respected and loved teacher, children will cheerfully stand any reasonable amount of drudgery and learn the right knack of things. Such a kind of school life rather than the *laissez-faire* method will:

". . . . lay the foundation of a happy heart
A cheerful courage in the days to come."

A philosopher has defined philosophy as the art of ignoring. Such should hardly be the point of view of philosophers in education, especially those immediately concerned with and responsible for the teaching of children. It would be difficult to see how they could, at the same time be at peace with their consciences and neglect to arm children entrusted to them with the fullest possible mastery of fundamental knowledge and notions. These, they know, must be imparted to the child, lest he should find himself at a disadvantage in the life outside the school, which might lead to tragical situations in the cases of young people who have to earn their own living when they grow up.

"Personal syntax" was preached and even sung in verse by the futurist French poet Mallarme. But he also sang of "the exquisite emptiness" and of "the absence of sweet and mys-

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terious." All three can probably all go together pleasantly as well as harmlessly. But practising personal grammar and looking for a clerical job would undoubtedly find themselves at a loud disharmony.

The New Education literature speaks of introducing students to life, "education is life." Obviously that would be a most disserviceable manner of procedure which would inevitably bring the young to fearful collision with the stern elemental laws of life which, as Walt Whitman says, "never apologize." Among these laws, still immutable except in very few cases, is that of earning our bread by the sweat of our brow. As gently as possible, but necessarily with the assistance of the school, the young must have the habit of work inculcated in them. That habit, valuable in itself, develops the greatest source of happiness which is the love of work for its own sake.

Like the Bostonian, Margaret Fuller, we must all decide to "accept the universe." "Gad! she'd better," was Carlyle's comment on her declaration.

Time and long enough time is the final judge of teachers' work. A light-minded doctor can find peace of mind in the proverb: "If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; if he kills, the earth hides it." The teacher, even if he is not very serious, is differently situated. When school boys and girls become men and women, we stand or fall by their verdict. May they not say: "Alas for the long years wasted in the worship of false gods!"

May philosophy of education be beyond the reproof that was addressed to the study of philosophy by a person in Plato's Dialogue *Gorgias* " . . . . what is the value of an art which converts a man of sense into a fool, who is helpless, powerless . . . . whether they are better described as follies or absurdities, those niceties will only give you poverty for the inmate of your dwelling."

Pedagogical speculations when they are in evident conflict with the stern realities of life, are unlikely to lull the vigilance of enlightened parents. They know that the mine opens its treasures only to those who are persevering enough to dig into it, and that life, as a rule, remunerates only those who have the courage and the will to overcome obstacles. They know also that there are things which the child has to learn or perish.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Pirojki of Crumbling Paste With Meat Stuffing

To be served with consomme

Pirojnik—that individual who sold Pirojki to the Russian housewife.

TO prepare the crumbling paste take 3 glasses of flour, ½ glass of sour cream, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, knead a not very thick paste and thin out finely.

In making the meat stuffing take about one pound of beef (boiled beef may be used also) chop it finely; chop finely 1 onion, mix it with the finely chopped meat, brown slightly a spoonful of butter, add salt and pepper. After taking it off the fire, let it cool off, add two finely chopped hard boiled eggs and 2 tablespoonfuls of bouillon. Cut out from the paste round pieces, or pieces of any other form, put in some stuffing, close the edges, spread some butter over the tops and put into the oven for 30 minutes.

Vatrushki

To be served with borscht—recipe given in April issue.

Prepare crumbling paste, as for pirojki, cut out from it round pieces. Put some cottage cheese in the center, mixed with sour cream and yolk of an egg, close up the edges, spread over some yolk, and put into hot oven on a tin plate greased with butter.

Kissel-Dessert

Take from ½ to 1 pound of any kind of berries (black and red currants make delicious kissel). Put them in a saucepan, crush them, cover with enough cold water to make six glasses of liquid, then put through the strainer in order to obtain a transparent liquid. Then take one glass of liquid and dissolve in it one tablespoonful of potato flour, to make a firm kissel. If a rather thin kissel is desired dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls of flour. Then put from ¼ to ½ pounds of sugar and bring to the boiling point the remaining 5 glasses of juice, add the glass containing the dissolved potato flour, stirring briskly, and let it boil once more.

When making a firm kissel take a cooled mould, put kissel in it and set it on ice.

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SMATTER

WE see by *The New Yorker* that Alexander Woolcott *is*, or *was* on March 30th, engaged "on a monumental work which will give the history of the New York taxicab up to and including 1930". We hope that Mr. Woolcott will not overlook the problem of why we, of all persons, never happen to draw a Russian taxi driver.

Before Grover Whalen's predecessor or somebody else, perhaps it was Jimmy Walker, insisted that all drivers exhibit their photographs, we used to stand on the street corners in the vicinity of 44th and Madison and scan the faces of all the drivers, regardless of the fares, balloon tires and real tu-tone slip covers —but we never thought they looked like any of the young Russkies who told us they drove taxis. Then we recalled that, being students they did it by night or when it rained so they could earn more. So to help the cause we tried night-and-rain face-peering. We had to stop that custom because it was terribly misunderstood by everybody.

So, now, the first thing we do on acquiring the courage to enter a taxi is to examine the name and photograph of the driver, but instead of any Ivan Ivanoff, it's always a Nathan Goldstein, Tony Saggianti or some other un-Russian name. One night we forgot to do this and never became conscious of the omission until the accompanying friend began to yell at the driver in the way a typical New Yorker would be expected to harangue a taxi artist who doesn't know his way. During the altercation we kept saying inwardly, "Mon dieu, mon dieu, what if this poor devil, after all, *is* a Russian." But we'll be truthful even if it does spoil the story. He wasn't. We were glad the devil got his due. Since then we have given up the idea of driving incog with a Russian taxi-man. The fates are agin us.

Now in Paris things were different. Paris *is* different from New York anyway. We chose a Russian driver right off the bat. Neither our Russian nor French would permit any conversation beyond the essentials but we felt it in our bones that he was an honest-to-God-Russ and gave him all the francs in our pocket. He had a splitting, tubercular-sounding cough too and it was before the new type of cigarette advertising was in vogue. We couldn't do much, if anything, for him.

While we were standing somewhere on the Left Bank ruminating on this incident, a newspaper with the word *Novoe* in it

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appeared on my horizon. (In Russian the word looks something like *Hobo*). We gazed curiously at the holder's reading countenance until he turned his eyes on us. There was nothing for a person, neither Russian nor French, to say under such circumstances. So an American fled to the book-stalls.

One of the members of the Advisory Educational Committee looked at the picture of an applicant to the Fund and told how he had gotten out of a taxi in front of the Algonquin, (we're pretty sure it was the Algonquin), and started to pay his fare when the driver got out and called him by name and said, "You don't remember me, but through your personal help my father was able to buy this taxi, and we're so grateful to you. Please don't pay me anything now." That Russky is studying engineering at Columbia and he still takes the taxi out on Sundays, holidays and rainy nights to piece out his budget.

Thinking of this story, we're happy that the fates are against us as we couldn't bear quarrelling with a Russian taxi driver because he wouldn't take his fare.

We are sure, with all due respect to Alexander Woolcott, that Alexander Woolcott's history will be neither complete nor monumental if there isn't a big portion of it about the Russians. For, in spite of our personal experience, we happen to know that there are perhaps more Russian cab drivers in New York (most of them are not counts either, even in America) than there are, say, in the airplane business. And heaven only knows one can't mention an airplane factory nowadays without adding, "The Chief Engineer, or the Planning Engineer or the man who makes the aerodynamic calculations, or the who's-who of the what-not, is a Russian". Wouldn't that be an interesting study for Mr. Woolcott to occupy his leisure time? Art thou still listening, Alexander?

Yours for hanging May baskets on Russian taxis,

—*deN.*

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover, drawn from a photograph which appeared in *The National Geographic Magazine*, November 1926, is by Vladimir Grigoroff, who is a Department Manager with International Mercantile Marine Company. Mr. Grigoroff studied business at Columbia and art under the direction of Professor Bridgeman of the New York Art League.

The article by Nicholas A. Bogoluboff, a senior at the University of North Carolina, is the first of a series of "home-town" articles to be contributed by students. Mr. Bogoluboff was born in Russian Turkestan and received his intermediate education at the Samarkand Gymnasium before attending the Naval Academy in Petrograd. According to all reports, Mr. Bogoluboff is one of the best students at Chapel Hill and commands the highest regard of his fellow students and the faculty.

When Pierre S. Porohovshikov sent his lines on modern Russian poets, he voiced the opinion that we might be disappointed but emphasized that he respected art and had still greater consideration for his mother-tongue. Dr. Porohovshikov, a distinguished linguist, lecturer and writer on Russian literature and history, was formerly State Councillor of Russia, public attorney and judge at the High Court in St. Petersburg. He is the author of two treatises on Advocacy, one of which, *Eloquence at Court*, won the Pushkin Prize of the Imperial Academy of Science—the highest literary honor in Russia. Dr. Porohovshikov was Professor of Germanic Languages and of Modern European History at Ogelthorpe University in 1927-28 and has lectured at a number of American universities under the auspices of The Institute of International Education. At present he is connected with Emory University.

Alexander Yaremenko graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1923. With the Central Book Trading Company, 47 East Eighth Street, New York, which he owns and operates, he is attempting to develop a Russian-American cultural centre.

Every Russian on the Pacific Coast or who was ever there, knows George M. Day, Professor of Sociology, Occidental College. But it is not as an ordinary professor that the Russians think of him, but as a friend who knows Russia. Professor Day spent a number of years with the Y.M.C.A. in Russia and helped many students who were attempting to come to the United States from Siberia and Manchuria. His article is a part of a larger study of Russian life in California.

For information regarding Michael J. Demiashkevich the reader is referred to the January, March and April issues of *The Russian Student*.

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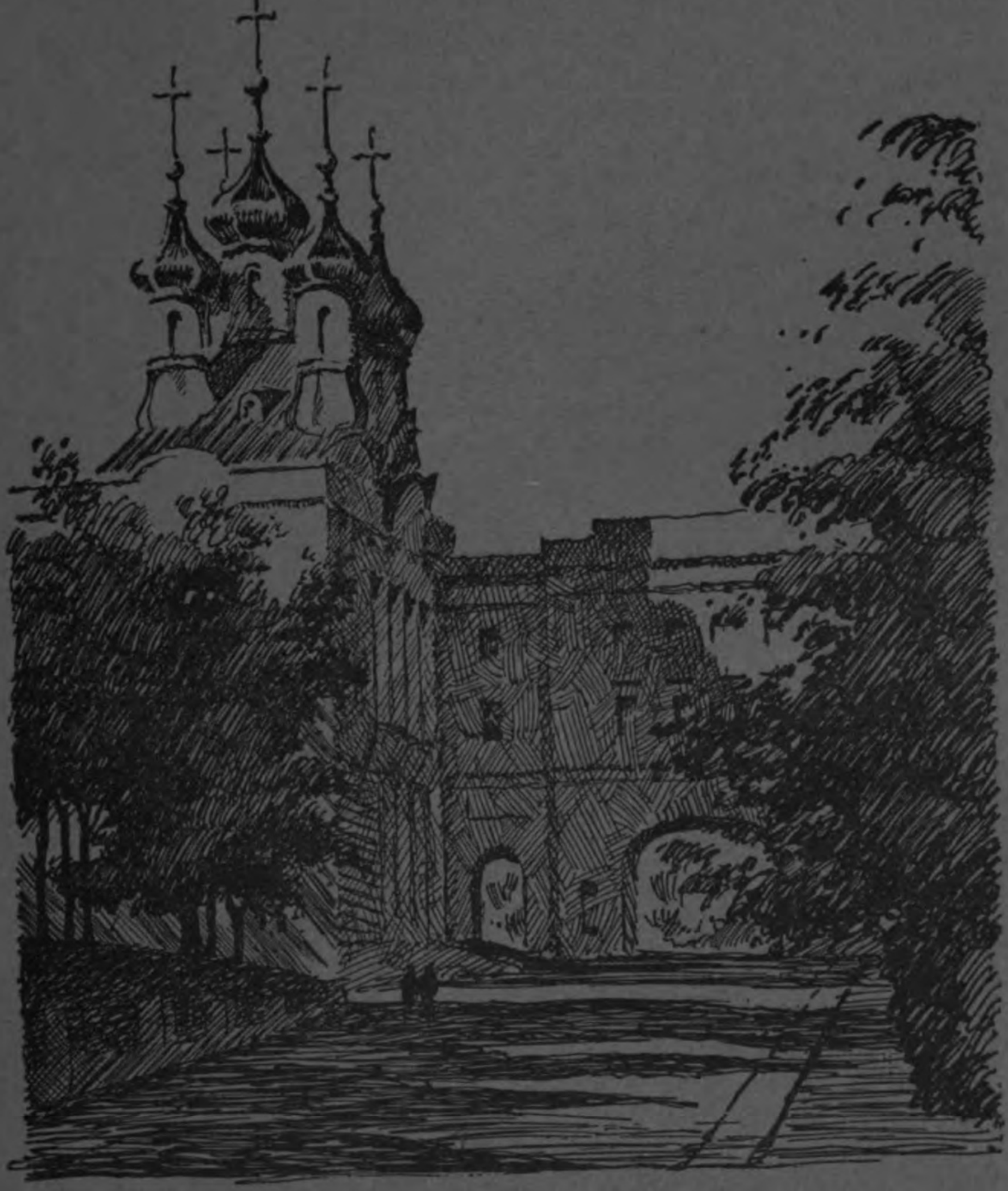

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CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1929

COVER DESIGN, *Church of the Old Palace, Tsarkoye Selo*
Leon N. Zaitzevsky

GEORGIA . . . . . *Alexander N. Joukovsky* . . . 1
RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS . . . . . *Nikolai Borodin* . . . 5
NICOLAI IVANOVITCH LOBATCHEVSKY, (1793-1856)
Alexis V. Bushkovitch . . . 7
JUST WHAT I HAVE SEEN . . . . . *Victor M. Kibardin* . . . 10
EDUCATION IN AGRICULTURE . . . . . *A. R. Mann* . . . 14
ONCE A YEAR . . . . . *Boris Shishkin* . . . 17
DINING A LA RUSSE 19
SMATTER 20
TRYSHKY'S COAT, IVAN ANDREYEVITCH KRYLOV,
Translated by Ferdinanda W. Reed . . . 22
WHO'S WHO 23
ADVERTISEMENTS 24

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. **This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 400 men and women, of whom 112 are still studying, have been advanced over $440,000. Former students have repaid $72,102.42; 41 graduates have repaid in full. Since September 1928, repayments have been averaging over $2,000 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.**

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Volume V, No. 10 June, 1929

GEORGIA

ALEXANDER N. JOUKOVSKY

Illustrations by the Author

THE Cradle of White Races, which used to be called in the days of the Russian Empire, "The Pearl of the Russian Crown—Caucasus, the Beautiful" is very little known on this side of the Atlantic. The Caucasian Range proper stretches for about 1,000 miles from the Black Sea, running in a south-westerly direction to the Caspian Sea and has an average height of 10,000 feet, with half a dozen peaks like Elbrous and Kazbek which rise to the lofty heights of 16,000 to 18,000 feet. It is found by many world travelers to surpass in sheer Alpine beauty all other famous groups of mountains. With its snowcapped peaks standing like old and faithful sentinels over rich sunshiny country to the south the range presents many unforgettable and delightful views of grandeur and beauty.

There is to be found an infinite variety of nature and climate. Starting at the foothills of the range on the Black Sea Coast one finds oranges, lemons, bamboos, even corn and banana trees surviving through the winters which are very mild and resemble those of the Sunny Riviera of Southern France and Italy.

The tea shrubs which were brought from China over a quarter of a century ago by the Russian Government as an experiment, grew in later years into formidable plantations near Batum on the Black Sea and became a promising, self-paying industry.

Further into the interior of Transcaucasia which is a generally mountainous country at a height of four to five thousand feet the oak, beech, chestnut, boxwood trees please the eye. And as one goes higher and higher into the range the grazing regions are supplanted by pine, spruce, and other evergreen forests,

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which in turn give way to eternal snow and glaciers.

The Georgian Military Road, a splendid highway cutting the range from north to south and connecting by the shortest route, Tiflis — the Capital of Georgia and Transcaucasia—with Russia, affords the tourist an opportunity to see the Caucasus at its best.

In the best Alpine manner this road winds its way with innumerable hairpin turns, bridges and tunnels through the heart of the range—the Darial Pass within almost a stone's throw of the Giant Kazbek.

The huge rock strangely called "Carry Us Through, O Lord", as shown on the sketch, used to be a wonder and the best known spot on the road. I say "used to be" as, with much regret, I have heard that due to recent earthquakes and decay it has fallen down blocking this stretch of the road for a long time to come.

The Georgian Military Road and the Rock "Carry Us Through, O Lord"

It occurs to one that the name given to this rock was not so baseless as one might think.

The conglomeration of nationalities that populate the Caucasus always attracted the attention of scientists and the gathering of so many of them in this area would delight any student of origins and history. One of the main groups is Georgian. It is a distinct nation of about 4,000,000 in southwestern Caucasus.

The origin of the Georgians dates back to 1000 B.C. and they boast one of the most interesting histories of the world. Prof. Lenorman is inclined to classify Georgians as descendants of the Great Hitite race, which once was master of Asia Minor. Another authority, Professor Marr, prefers the opinion that Georgians belong to Japhetic branch.

The History of Georgia is one of the old Cultural Development, Empire building, triumphs and defeats, defeats more terrible because they were received at the hands of wandering Arabian, Mongolian, Persian and Tartar tribes which periodically invaded the rich and Christian Kingdom of Georgia.

Christianity was first taught by St. Andrew the Apostle and St. Nina in the First Century. It was officially adopted as

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the State Religion in 323 A.D. when the Bysantian Emperor Constantin sent Greek Bishops to convert Georgia to Christianity.

Several churches and the Cathedral of Zion in Tiflis which were built in the fourth or fifth century still stand, having survived many invasions of hostile enemies of this little nation.

In the year 643 A.D. Georgia was conquered by Arabs. Their domination lasted until 750 when they were followed by the Turks. In the reign of King David in 966 Georgia became again a powerful kingdom and in the days of Queen Tamara 1184 to 1212 we see the Georgian Empire as a dominant military and Cultural Center of Asia Minor. This did not last very long, however, and in 1224-1318 Georgia suffered the first invasion of Mongols, followed by another one in 1360-1395—this time under the leadership of Tamerlane.

With the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 Georgia was isolated so to speak from the rest of the Christian World and left to itself to combat constant onslaughts of the powerful enemies from the East and South. In 1783 the eyes and hearts of

Church and Castle built in Fifth Century

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Georgians turned north where Russia was rapidly expanding its dominions.

Help against the Turks and Persians was asked and the Friendly Treaty of Alliance was signed. Russia, however, failed to provide the troops at the time and Georgia was invaded and ransacked again.

Finally came the Russian occupation in 1801 and Georgia became a Russian Province.

During all these wars and invasions the Capital of Georgia, Tiflis, suffered probably the most. It has been burned on several occasions. As I left it in 1920 it was a very picturesque city close to a half million in population. The beauty of Tiflis is that it blends even more than Constantinople or Cairo, the modern European City with the Oriental, Asiatic conception of the Town.

The European part of Tiflis with its new schools, splendid Opera House, electric tramways and up-to-date shopping centers, with its running water in all the houses, squares and gardens, is next to the narrow, dirty and crooked streets—passages with very colorful crowd of Tartar, Armenian, and Persian merchants sitting lazily outside their shops exhibiting rare tapestries, Persian rugs, silver and brassware, et cetera.

One of the show places of Tiflis is the Mountain of St. David which overlooks the City. The funicular electric cars which ascend to the top of this mountain more than a thousand feet at an angle steeper than 45 degrees take you to the top and you have all of the big city at your feet as if it were gathered into the palm of your hand. Another attraction in Tiflis are the very famous Sulphur Springs and luxurious bath-houses in connection with these springs.

Tiflis lies on the banks of River Kura, the water of which is partly used to augment supplies from the clear water springs for drinking purposes. And the saying goes, that anyone who drinks the waters of River Kura, will like this river so much that he will stay at Tiflis and if he goes away, he will always want to come back to it. It has not taken nine years of absence from dear old Tiflis to convince me that there may be a lot of truth in that.

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RUSSIAN-AMERICAN RELATIONS

NIKOLAI BORODIN

THE inexplicable ways of Destiny have brought Russians during the last fifteen years into a closer contact with Americans.

Their mutual interests as allies during the World War; the relief, unprecedented in its magnitude, given to millions of Russians by America during the famine of 1918-19; the many thousands of Russian refugees who have become residents of this country; the thousands of Russian children now in the American schools; the hundreds of Russians becoming United States citizens; other hundreds becoming students of American universities, colleges and other higher educational institutions where many Russian scientists have become professors, lecturers, instructors—all these facts could not remain without considerable influence upon the better mutual understanding between these two nations, living so far away one from the other topographically, "so distant, so unlike at first glance, economically and morally, and yet", as Walt Whitman truly said, "in certain features and vastest ones, so resembling each other". (I am quoting from *The Russian Student,* Number 5, 1929, p. 20).

When I visited this country for the first time as a young man in 1891-92 to study American fisheries and fish culture, I felt that way myself. My conviction that there are no two other countries in the world so similar as the United States and Russia and that therefore they both must have mutual advantage in closer friendly relations, grew stronger after my later visit in 1913. At that time I planned to write a book in which I intended to present an exhaustive comparison of the United States and Russia, and I collected material for that work.

Upon my return to Petrograd I found several enthusiastic supporters of my ideas on Russian-American relations; they were the late Baron R. R. Rosen, formerly Ambassador to the United States, Mr. V. Pachitonoff, M. Yantzyn and others who formed in 1915 a Russian-American Friendly Society with Baron Rosen as president and myself as vice-president.

The chief aims of this society were—to make every effort to develop mutually friendly relations between the two countries by the exchange of professors and students so that Russian professors and students would be able to teach and study in the United States and American professors and students would come to Russian universities.

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At that time I wrote: *

The United States of America is the only country in the world which may be compared with Russia in regard to the enormous area of the territory, the broad scale of colonization of virgin lands, of agriculture, forestry and fishery industries and mining. Closer and more detailed acquaintance with the great transoceanic republic, it seems to me, must be for us Russians particularly important. The history of the development of its economic and agricultural life must be for us especially instructive as an example of what may be accomplished by a country which possesses analogous natural resources, under better conditions of political and social life; by studying its history, we may with some approximation foresee which way the development of our native country might take.

When in April 1917 the United States entered the World War as our ally, the Russian-American Friendly Society of Petrograd immediately organized a mass meeting in the great Municipal Hall of Petrograd. Some of the best speakers of Russia —Fedor Rodicheff, Maxim Kovalevsky, Pavel Miliukoff—were on the program together with the late U. S. Ambassador David R. Francis and Baron R. R. Rosen and myself as executive. Though there was an admission fee of one rouble (fifty cents), the timely organized meeting was attended by more than three thousand people.

In May of the same year I came to the United States for the third time representing the Department of Agriculture in the Provisional Government Extraordinary Missions headed by Mr. Boris Bakhmeteff. Steps were taken at that time to organize an American-Russian Friendly Society which would help in the fulfillment of our aims for establishing closer cultural relations between the United States and Russia.

Theodore Roosevelt, former President of the United States, agreed to be nominated president of the Society. Unfortunately the October-November revolution of 1917 and all the great troubles connected therewith caused this and many other cultural enterprises to be postponed. But, as a Russian proverb says, "There is no evil without something good in it," many Russians were forced to come to this country to live and work. As a result thousands of Russian men and women, boys and girls, entered into American life, liked it and have continued not by preaching but by acting and very often without a conscious purpose, to build up the much needed closer connection of Russians with Americans.

I notice with a particular pleasure the success of this process in which the Russian students in this country are probably playing a most important part.

* Preface of book *United States of North America and Russia*, Petrograd, 1915. Russian.

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NICOLAI IVANOVITCH LOBATCHEVSKY (1793-1856)

ALEXIS V. BUSHKOVITCH

MOST of the men whose work opens new vistas in science achieve fame in their lifetime. Newton, Leibnitz, Lagrange, Laplace, Gauss, to take the most familiar examples from the domain of mathematics, all enjoyed the admiration and respect of their contemporaries. To be sure, this renown was often limited to a small circle of the initiated, scattered throughout the civilized world. In these days of widespread scientific education, the names of Einstein and Curie are familiar to a much larger group of people. Every educated Russian is proud to be a compatriot of Mendeleeff.

Yet throughout history, men appear from time to time, of genius no less commanding, of intellect just as powerful, discovering trails which science is to follow for years to come; and yet failing utterly to impress even the learned circles of their time with the tremendous importance of their researches. Nicolai Ivanovitch Lobatchevsky belongs to this class. If the work of Mendeleeff is regarded as epoch-making, what shall we say of Lobatchevsky, who in one bold stroke cut the Gordian knot which had held the geometrical thought of the world imprisoned for two thousand years, and created a new system of geometry, giving an insight into the nature of mathematics hitherto impossible? Yet his name is little known to the general public even in his native country.

Euclid's Elements, often regarded as one of the most perfect creations of the human intellect, contained, in the eyes of mathematicians from ancient times to the beginning of the last century, one most serious defect. Among the intuitively evident axioms, such as, that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, is included a statement, equivalent to asserting that, given a plane, a straight line in the plane, and a point in the plane not on the given line, one and only one straight line can be drawn in the plane through the given point and parallel to the given line. This assertion, known as the Fifth Postulate of Euclid, does not possess the self-evidence of the other axioms and postulates, and mathematicians in the centuries following Euclid had labored to deduce it from the other axioms. All these attempts have, however, completely failed. Innumerable proofs have been devised; but all of these, upon careful analysis, were found to contain some fallacy in the reasoning, or were shown to depend upon a tacit assumption equivalent to the Postulate of Euclid. The maddening thing was that all deductions from the Postulate agreed with experience; and yet a rigorous demonstration of the

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Postulate itself could not be produced. No one seriously doubted the validity of Euclid's geometry, or that it was the only one possible; but from the mathematical standpoint the situation was far from satisfactory.

In order to solve this riddle of two thousand years' standing, a Copernican revolution in viewpoint was necessary; for the admission that all attempts to prove the postulate have failed, a statement that all such attempts must fail, had to be substituted; and it was necessary to show that other geometries were possible in which the postulate did not hold. But to do this would be to contradict the authority of Euclid himself and the learning of two thousand years; and to proceed contrary to all common sense: for who can doubt the absolute truth of the geometry one learns in school? Only a genius of the first order could dare to attempt such a task.

It is, therefore, most surprising that no less than three men solved the problem practically simultaneously, after it had been the stumbling-block of the foremost mathematicians for twenty centuries. The great German mathematician Gauss, Johann Bolyai, a young Austrian officer, and Lobatchevsky, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Kazan, are regarded as the founders of Non-Euclidean geometry. Of these, Gauss seems to have obtained the solution first, but he never published his results, perhaps fearing to be misunderstood, although it is probable that his great authority would have readily gained him an audience. Lobatchevsky was the first to publish a complete exposition of his new geometrical system (1830) although he and Bolyai arrived at their solutions practically simultaneously. The results were obtained by different methods, and Lobatchevsky carried the development of his system much further than Bolyai.

Nicolai Ivanovitch Lobatchevsky was the son of poor parents. His father, architect and surveyor in the Government of Nijni Novgorod, died when Lobatchevsky was four years old. But fortunately his mother was an energetic and capable woman. She moved to Kazan where she managed to give secondary education to her three sons, all of whom were good students. Just then the University of Kazan was formed, and the three brothers were admitted with free tuition on the condition that they would serve the University for six years after graduation. As it turned out, Lobatchevsky served the University not for six years, but for the rest of his life; and the development of the University is intimately connected with Lobatchevsky's long activity as its head.

The first set of professors for the new university was drawn from Germany, and the mathematical and physical department was particularly well represented. The chair of pure mathe-

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matics was occupied by Bartels, a friend of Gauss and an accomplished mathematician. Under his guidance young Lobatchevsky made rapid progress, and became an instructor at the University upon graduation. The theory of parallels occupied him as early as 1815, but at first he followed the traditional path, trying to prove the postulate. By 1823 he came to the conclusion that all proofs were futile, and in 1826 he read a paper before the Physical-Mathematical Society of Kazan in which, it is known, the new system was made public (the MS. has been lost). Here the impossibility of proving the fifth postulate was demonstrated by showing that a consistent geometry, containing no contradictions, could be constructed by assuming a postulate different from that of Euclid.

A full exposition of the new geometry was published in 1829-30, but it attracted as little attention as the first announcement. Thinking that this might have been due to faults of exposition, Lobatchevsky published work after work on the new theory, in German and French as well as Russian, but only Gauss, who learned of Lobatchevsky's discoveries in 1841, spoke of them in terms of high praise; these pronouncements were, unfortunately, restricted to private conversation and correspondence. Long after, when Gauss' letters began to be published, these references to the work of Lobatchevsky, and also of Bolyai, were instrumental in calling the attention of the mathematical world to the new Non-Euclidean Geometry; but both of its creators had by then passed away without receiving recognition. Even in his own country, the work of Lobatchevsky was ignored; in 1853, the academician Bunyakovsky published an extensive work on parallels in St. Petersburg, which did not contain a single reference to Lobatchevsky.

The last years of Lobatchevsky's life were saddened by domestic troubles, and the fact that, due to some intrigue, he was deprived of his professorship ten years before his death, while he was still in his prime, and given an administrative post instead. In his closing years, his eyesight gradually failed him, and he finally became totally blind, but the interests of the University lay so near to his heart that he attended all examinations held in the University even though he had to be led to the examination table by his wife. He died, disappointed and misunderstood, in 1856.

In recent years, owing to the doctrine of relativity, non-Euclidean geometries are receiving more and more attention; and the names of Lobatchevsky and Bolyai, as well as of Riemann, the later founder of still another system, are becoming more familiar. The time may come when Lobatchevsky will be regarded as the greatest intellect that Russia has ever produced.

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JUST WHAT I HAVE SEEN

VICTOR M. KIBARDIN

A LITTLE more than two years ago, I stepped off a steamship in the harbor of San Francisco, California. A new land was before me—a land unknown and mysterious. While I was in the old country, I had many letters from other boys who came here before me. There were personal interviews with boys who had come back as well as with American citizens who were visiting my home town. But it was very difficult to understand anything about the States. Some of these men with whom I talked praised this country as if it were a paradise. Some, on the contrary, cursed everything about the States—cursed even the hour when the thought of coming over came to their minds. So striking was the difference in opinions that no one knew who was right—who was wrong. This diversion of opinion gave me a well-formed idea not to listen to anybody, but to find out who is who, and what is what, right on the spot.

Seventeen days on the ocean is plenty of time to form a plan of action. So, when I stepped off the steamship two years ago in San Francisco, I said to myself: "Do not believe anybody, whether he praises or curses. See the things for yourself, and try to see them as they really are without any illusions. Keep your eyes, ears, and mind open for a new life. Let this new life write its true story on your soul. If you make a mistake, do not blame anybody but yourself, try to find the real reasons for making that mistake and act accordingly in the future.

"Do not make hasty conclusions because you may not be right. Absorb everything, but keep only what is worth while. Forget what is behind and live in the present, getting ready for the future. There will be plenty of time for you to compare old and new. No comparison can be made when only one side is known. Wait; try to acquire some knowledge of a new life at first."

I am glad that I made such a decision. It saved me so much trouble. It helped me to get along. A new life, new ideas, new men, rushed upon me heavily. I had to wake up in order to stay alive. Because I had no previous biased opinions, I did not suffer so much on account of the change in conditions of life. I did not suffer as other boys did. Everything was taken for granted, just like a child studying grammar without any understanding, I was absorbing a new life. No comparison has been made as yet, and will not be made for a long time. Two years have passed, and I know but little. I cannot make any conclusions yet. There is a long way to go before I can be sure

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that I can formulate an opinion which will be of any weight.

I have been asked to write something about what I have seen. I will write what I have seen and no more. Let someone else do the comparative study—someone who is sure of his knowledge of both sides.

There are two things in American life about which I would like to say a few words. One of them is the ability which the American individual has to receive satisfaction and joy out of work. Another is the highly developed sense of cooperation among all classes.

Work is a necessary evil in everyone's life. We must work if we want to exist. If a man can get around this rule, he is clever. But there is no way around for the average man. He can only dream of the possibilities of avoiding work; and, at the same time, work day after day. The result of such an attitude is misery and dissatisfaction. "I will do my share, but no more than it is necessary for me to keep on the job," is the idea of the majority of people. I am not quite sure, but it seems to me, I had such an idea myself too.

On the very first day of my work as an electrician in the heat and power plant of a college in Kentucky, I happened to meet another student whose actions, while he was working, were very strange. We spent two years together in that college, working our way through. I have talked with him many times and can consider him now as a friend. I understand him now, after I know what it is all about. He showed to me what a real man can do if he is willing. Maybe he is an exceptional case among American boys, although I hope he is not.

The actions of that boy were very strange to me, at that time, because it looked as though he were taking his work as a pleasure. Whatever he did, he did willingly and fast. He inspected every detail of his work carefully. If he saw any mistakes in his work he tried to improve it immediately. He did not pay much attention to what was going on around him. He did not try to avoid working, even if there was a chance for doing so. When a day's work was over, he usually was saying with satisfaction: "Well, I have accomplished something today."

At the first possible chance I stopped him, and asked him about his attitude toward work. This is what he said to me:

"Yes, work is a necessary evil. Everyone has to work in this country. If you do not know this yet, you will find it out very soon. But it is not the fact that you must do a certain amount of work daily that makes you happy or unhappy, but your attitude toward it. If, like many people, you do not like to work, you will not feel good, because you have to do the thing

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you do not want to do. You will be tired and miserable all the time. You will feel that way not only during working hours, but even after work is over, because you will remember that you will have to work again.

"There can be no satisfaction whatsoever in such a state of mind. But if you will make yourself interested in the work you do daily, there will be a situation of quite a different character. Work will not be a necessary evil any more; it will not be something that has to be done against your will; but it will be the very thing you want to do; it will be a thing worth while doing.

"Of course you are going to ask me now how a fellow can make himself interested in such a thing as work. There are many ways of making yourself interested in your work. The best one is to know what you are doing all the time; to know what it is all about; to know how important is the work you do. Another way of making yourself interested in your work is to try to find out if there are some other methods of doing it besides the one you know of. If a new method is better, use it. Take an attitude of personal responsibility for everything you do and have to do. Try to leave your work in such a shape that you would be proud to admit that it is your work, whenever anybody inquires about it. Work for the sake of accomplishing something worth while, not for the sake of making a living only. You will see for yourself what a difference there will be in your disposition. You will be quite a different man with a new outlook on life in general."

That boy lived up to the principles he preached. I have seen proof of that many times. Quite often we walked together on the streets, and he always showed me the work he did on the telephone and electric lines of that town. He remembered every pole he had to climb. He could give a full description of all the troubles he had to shoot on those lines. He remembered how much time he had spent on each pole, how much time he spent on each job; how much material had been used in each case; what kind of trouble there was. But he did not talk about his accomplishments exclusively. He remembered his mistakes also. He was willing to admit that some of the jobs could have been done better. He confessed even that he learned from his mistakes more than from his accomplishments.

After all, it was not the amount of work he did that struck me mostly, but his attitude toward it.

It does not matter how good any person may be or how well he can do his work, he cannot get very far unless he can

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cooperate with other fellow citizens, forgetting about his personal likes or dislikes for the sake of common business.

I had a pretty good chance to watch cooperation among people whose personal dislike for each other was obvious. For two summers I worked in a camp located in eastern Pennsylvania, very close to New York City. This particular camp had been organized many years ago by three sisters. For several years they had been working hard, trying to make a camp the best thing of that kind there could have been in that locality. They had a hard time quite often, but working out their common problems together they succeeded in making a camp which ranked among the best, not only in that locality, but also in all the eastern states.

Every one tried to do her best for the success of the camp by taking part in different activities. So striking was the success of the camp, when, after careful observations, I found that personal relations among the owners were not so congenial. There was a great deal of criticism all the time. There was much disagreement regarding the personal attitude toward life in general and personal conduct. But all personal matter was forgotten when the success of the camp was at stake. They realized that their common business required from them all possible attention and work. They realized that nothing could be more injurious to the system than a disagreement among the parts of that system. They realized all this very well and tried to do their best. "Common business before everything," was their motto.

If during the reading of these lines one can find something interesting I will not consider my writing to have been in vain.

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EDUCATION IN AGRICULTURE

A. R. MANN

THE educational system of a State is presumed to reflect the State's aims as to the type of social order or of civilization which it would create and maintain. In the United States we credit the inception of the free-public-school system to a desire to safeguard the institutions of the democratic commonwealth. If we may quote from Webster, "On the diffusion of education among the people rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions." This elemental conception of the necessity for public provision for general education has fortunately been operative, with varying degrees of effectiveness, for the scattered populations of the countryside as well as for the centers of population.

After the middle of the past century, however, with the rise of industrialism, the emergence of large financial corporations, and the decline of agriculture, it became evident that social justice in a democracy, as well as the need to safeguard the institutions and the food supplies of the Nation, demanded public attention to the requirements of farmers for technical education for the improvement of their industry. This need had long been voiced by the wiser leaders of the day and by societies for the promotion of agriculture, and numerous privately supported institutions for training in agriculture had come into existence prior to 1850. It was not, however, until after the middle of the past century that a concerted public effort, aided by public grants, got under way on an enduring basis.

While the desire to develop and utilize more fully the agricultural resources of the Nation for economic profit was never absent, the purpose of social justice and amelioration for a disadvantaged group in the national population was implicit in the movement. The aims of the States and of the Nation as to the sort of social order desired in this country were found to include economic well-being, occupational progress, and the maintenance of sound standards of living as well as general intelligence and the perpetuation of the institutions of democracy. Provision for education in the vocation of farming, for those expecting to engage in agricultural occupations, began to take shape as an item of public policy.

Education in agriculture is manifestly age-old, arising slowly out of experience and the ancient philosophies concerning the nature of the world and the mysteries of plant and animal life. Mankind has always sought to understand nature and to cooperate with it in safeguarding his existence and in adding to

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his comfort. The earliest recorded history reveals man's attempts to adjust himself to his natural environment. The classical literature of ancient Greece and Rome concerned itself frequently with the processes of nature, and the allusions therein to agriculture were not unimportant contributions toward the gradual emergence of the idea of agricultural experiment and education. Man's social inheritance has been enriched by the steadily widening understanding of how the things and the processes of nature may be utilized, modified, and controlled for his benefit.

While its roots run far into the past, agricultural education, in its formal aspects, as a phase of technical and vocational education through the medium of schools and societies, is relatively a recent development. To trace its beginnings and its formalization, one must see it in relation both to the unfolding and progress of general education and of the natural sciences, to the changes in economic conditions attendant on the growth of the population and the extension of civilization, and to the crystallization of interest in the welfare of farmers brought about by the special societies or organizations which arose to promote it. Furthermore, while agricultural education in the United States has certain distinctive features, the fact is not to be overlooked that it derived its inspiration and its patterns from European experience. We may briefly review this background.

Modern science had its beginnings in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and a long period of time elapsed before it came to be significant for agriculture. Francis Bacon (1561-1626) and Johann Amos Comenius (1592-1670) were notable in connection with the early elaboration of methods for progress in scientific discovery, and in voicing the aim in education that whatever is taught should be of definite use and should find application in daily life. Much progress had been achieved in the teaching of the natural sciences by the end of the eighteenth century, and it is from this latter time that agricultural schools arose in number and of significance in Europe.

The progress of science in specific relation to agriculture received its most notable stimulation from the researches in agricultural chemistry by Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829) in London, Jean Baptiste Boussingault (1802-1887) at Paris, and Justus von Liebig (1803-1873) at Giessen and Munich, and in botany by Carolus Linnaeus (1707-1778) at Upsala. During this period, zoology, geology, and minerology, which are essential for agriculture, also took shape as specialized fields of science.

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It is seen that, while in a measure progress in agricultural education and experiment was a concomitant of progress in the natural sciences, the fruitful application of the knowledge and methods of science to agriculture awaited a century and more of development of the fields of natural science. It must always be so, that progress in agricultural research, the basis for agricultural teaching, is conditioned by progress in the foundation sciences. During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a body of literature on agricultural subjects developed in Europe, which played an important part in furthering the movement for agricultural education not only in Europe, but in America also.

The whole movement for the establishment of agricultural schools and places of experiment was greatly influenced by voluntary agricultural societies in Europe, and the early publications of such societies concerned themselves with agricultural practice and means for its improvement. This influence is still a vital factor throughout Europe, and it also carried over into the development in the United States. Prior to 1860, at which time there were nine hundred and forty-one agricultural associations listed in the records of the United States Agricultural Society, these societies had led the way in this country in creating a public understanding of the special problems of the rural population and the need for education, experimentation, and demonstrations which should make for a more productive industry and a better social status for those who worked the land.

The agricultural societies, and agricultural journals which began to appear in America at the close of the eighteenth century, did much to establish the idea that the technical needs of farmers should receive more effectual consideration by the National Congress and the State Legislatures, and that provision should be made out of the public treasury on an ample scale for the teaching of agriculture in schools and colleges especially created for that purpose and for the conduct of experiments and scientific investigations for the betterment of farming.

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ONCE A YEAR

BORIS SHISHKIN

BORIS SHISHKIN
President, National Russian Students' Christian Association

IN AN age which it would be very hard to describe with exactness — for the simple reason that it belongs to the distant future—two rather queer individuals indulged in a conversation.

"I am at work on the most interesting chapter of my new textbook," said the professor of industrial history. "It is going to be called 'The Dawn of a Golden Age'. We moderns shall never be able to appreciate the tempo, the breath-taking pathos of that primitive age in which the outlines of the new civilization began to take shape. I wonder whether you would be inclined to collaborate in the preparation of this chapter."

A fleeting disdainful smile touched the lips of the other professor whose subject was history of philosophy.

"If you mean that miserable twentieth century in which the Electrical Revolution was accomplished, I have little to say in its favor. Some of my colleagues treat it under the heading of 'The New Middle Ages', but I never even discussed it anywhere except for the appendices and miscelleni."

The industrial historian shrugged his shoulders. He felt that he and his colleague had no community of interests.

"Excuse me," he said politely, "but in fifteen minutes I am having a lecture in one of our overseas departments—Oxford, I think."

This article, by the way, is about the community of interests —the story is merely prefatory. The difficulty of the two historians is obvious. They live in an age of a world-unity in which there is a complete absence of social or national conflicts, in fact, an absence of all national or local cultures and, therefore, of all national or local interests. They cannot generalize because they cannot make contrasts. There is no adventure to thrill them because they have no world to win. And I doubt very much that these people of the future millenium can possess the most valuable element of human relationship—the true fellowship and friendship.

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For real fellowship is not based merely on common likes or dislikes. It is in struggling with a common problem, in actually creating, or fighting for the same end that the close link of intimacy is forged. In other words, it is by giving together, not by taking together, that a true community of interests is formed.

But common action usually arises from a similarity of experiences or a common heritage, and this last thing is the most important for a thorough mutual understanding between individuals.

I remember vividly one evening at the first conference of Russian students in this country, which was held two years ago. After a heavy day of meetings, formal lectures and discussions, the delegates who came from various universities of America and got together for the first time, assembled on the rickety steps of the old camp lodge in which the conference meetings took place. A little tired by the strenuous work of the day, as well as by the uncustomary air of the Connecticut countryside, they sat on the porch, facing the black starlit sky, and sang the old familiar songs of their native country. It was so dark that people could recognize each other only by their voices. Song came after song and melted away in the mellow air of the summer night. Somewhere a guitar tinkled softly. And it seemed that those simple melancholic tunes brought with them a breath of the vast expanses of the Russian plain, a gentle breath of the native soil.

I cannot think of a group of people penetrated more deeply by the feeling of unity and friendship than that handful of Russian youths brought together by a queer turn of fortune on the steps of a New England camp lodge.

Long after the singing ended and the students retired to their bunks, one could see the lights flickering in the translucent and weird-looking green tents, and hear the low, excited voices, recounting the past experiences, sharing the hopes for the future.

Once a year, in the third week of June, forty or fifty Russian students come together for an annual conference. They discuss their material and spiritual problems, they talk of Russia —past and present. If you want to know whether there exists such a thing as a real community of interests, ask someone who attended one of these conferences in the past. Or, better still, come to the next one yourself.

You will learn that the Russian students in America are not only hard workers, but also good friends. You will also find that they, in spite of being freshly extricated from a net of social and political conflicts, are far better off than our professors of the millenium who have no constructive problems to solve and no common ideals to fight for.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

SEVERAL Americans have asked what kind of a glass to use in trying to cook like a Russian. The answer seems to be—just an ordinary glass, or, if you prefer, a cup.

If the cutlets (recipe in April number) are too thick, add milk or water to the mixture. It is not really necessary to use cream. The Russians say that cutlets are not always made round but flat—it is much quicker. Round meat balls—or *tufteli*—are very good served with tomato sauce.

Sose iz Seenich Boklazhan (Egg Plant Sauce) Vegetable Dinner

1 Egg Plant
3 Potatoes
¼ Lb. of String Beans
¼ Lb. of Peas
3 Carrots
1 Onion
1 Small Can Tomatoes
Mazola Oil
Parsley

1—String the beans, cut them into halves and put together with the peas into water to boil until they will get a little softer, but will not be quite cooked.
2—Slice egg plant, salt it, dip into flour, and fry each slice on both sides in Mazola Oil. Arrange then the fried slices in a row on the bottom of the pot.
3—Peel and slice potatoes, salt them, and fry in Mazola. Arrange in row on top of the egg plant in the pot.
4—Peel and slice carrots, fry in Mazola and put into pot on top of the potatoes.
5—Put string beans and peas which are not quite cooked into pot on top of the carrots.
6—Slice onion horizontally and vertically so that it will be cut into very small pieces, fry it in Mazola and put into the pot with the egg plant.
7—Pour a small can of tomatoes into pot.
8—Cut some green parsley into small pieces and put into pot.
9—Pour about 2 glasses of water into pot, place on a low fire and let boil for 20 minutes or half an hour, shaking the pot from time to time so as to prevent burning.

Vozdoushny Pirog—Dessert
(*Ether Cake*)

6 Whites of Eggs **1 Glass of Apple Sauce**

1—Beat up the whites of eggs into foam.
2—Add the whites to the apple sauce gradually mixing the apple sauce while adding.
3—Add sugar to taste.
4—Put into an earthenware flat dish or platter and place into the oven for about 15 minutes just before serving.
5—Serve warm with cream or with any desirable jelly for flavor.

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SMATTER

"I'M so tired; I've been washing the spinach," complained Mrs. Pratt, closing the door of her husband's book emporium down on Sixth Avenue, as she laid me not too gently on the curb, with a Commencement Card that was double the price it should have been.

At the corner I ran into a friend who had been chased out of the Pratt store once because Mrs. Pratt was hungry and had to eat her supper and the friend was of the book-browsing variety.

"Imagine! What a thing to make that woman so disgustingly fatigued! Washing spinach! ! ?" "That just shows you don't know anything about it. It takes *ages* to wash spinach. It has to be washed and washed and—" "No wonder children have to grow up to like it," was my only defense.

But when 51 Fund students are graduating from 23 colleges in 20 different specialties, it's not the time to be spreading propaganda about the development of food tolerance. Now that the public is really being educated to the finer things of life, we decided not to print a long list of those portals whence Russians are stepping forth these rare days in June, ready for a chance to use their knowledge. That list was eternally confusing. There was always some Russian—usually one who didn't graduate—who, failing to find his college mentioned, asked why he was left out. We thought we'd spare him that letter.

We suppose that Edward Bok's remarks about "those men who have made the greatest success in life are men who have fought their way up and who have had to depend largely upon their own efforts" are just as true this year as when he said them, but we've decided also to neglect the development of up-from-the-ranks theme. It's so obvious. It has been more than adequately covered by those who have succeeded, and the younger graduates don't believe in it anyway.

One of these bright and shining members of the younger generation says her problems are: "American slang, names, and the question of age."

She goes on:

I have heard that Russian seamen have a genius for oaths. That might be true, I don't know for sure, but I sincerely believe that the Americans cannot be beaten as far as the production of slang is concerned. Their imagination in this field is unlimited. I admire it and I loath it, because it is as contagious as the measles, and because if the Americans use it they are said as "trying to be intellectual", if foreigners do they are called "smarties". I don't like the compliment. Does any one of my country-

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men know how to avoid the use of slang without looking into a dictionary or an encyclopedia at the sound of every new word?

Queer names are numerous in Russia. They are objects of jests, abuses, etc. Many of them are old and are symbols of simple-mindedness, vulgarity, etc. But goodness knows what some American names mean. I really wanted to say "some of the names found in America."

Once when I was on duty at the registration desk in the library, a Chinaman asked for a card. I inquired about his name, and the answer was "Ng". I did not understand it. The man spelled it "N - G." I did not believe it. The man wrote it. He was furious. Later when I told one of the assistants, she remarked that she had a Mrs. Odd Egg Hillhouse. Really, there should be some law for human fancy and sense of humor.

The question of age also puzzles me. Do Americans ever grow old? Do they ever acknowledge the fact that nobody can remain young forever? I make this inquiry because I had several misunderstandings with my American friends. The last one is still vivid in my mind. I remarked casually, but tactfully, that a man of fifty was too old (he was not present) to marry a girl of twenty. His friends jumped at me saying that we Russians waste half of our lives by growing old at fifty. At what age is it safe to call an American old? Is it ever safe?

No! Never! Won't some one with the good of Russians at heart give us a rule book?

If we were asked to name our current problems (and we haven't been), we'd say: talkies, radio and *The Russian Student.*

Why must one flee to the country to discover the silent cinema, when one doesn't care for indoor rural sports, especially in the summer. Why can't the radio play music all the time and dispense with the announcers who do nothing but ruin good people's watches and then say "Goodnight" in a tantalizingly personal manner. How can one persuade the radio advertisers and associated radio stations to pay the tuner-in (especially me) to listen to their advertising. Ten thousand dollars would not be enough!

Why do so many people appear to prefer to read *Henry the VIIIth* to subscribing to *The Russian Student?* We had our session with the librarian the other evening and noticed the reserve shelves were full of Henry. "Do you mean to tell me, everybody is reading *that*". We could not believe it. "Everybody always wants the same thing at once", the librarian sighed heavily. "But now and then some kind soul tries to be original and refuses to read a popular book," she added hopefully, establishing in me a state of mind. "I've heard about him all my life. I don't want to read it," we complied, thinking of one beautiful day in June when we had to recite the names of all his wives after school hours. We mean we were after hours, not the king's spouses. "Thanks", she murmured finally.

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Our real reason in mentioning this is to strengthen our resolution. The gregarious instinct is strong within us, but believe it or not, we expect to be occupied during the summer with procuring articles for the *September number and figuring out how to grow two or three thousand subscriptions next year where one grew before.

Haven't you heard that this magazine has today 1040 paid subscriptions, and don't you know that we thank you one and all? Well it's so, it is. And we do!!

See you in September about Labor Day, if not before,

—*deN.*

**The Russian Student is not published during July and August.*

TRYSHKY'S COAT

Translated from the Russian of

IVAN ANDREYEVITCH KRYLOV

By Ferdinanda W. Reed

TRYSHKY'S coat was old and worn,
At elbows it was badly torn,
But Tryshky optimist was born,
Cut the long sleeves off a quarter—
Though it made them so much shorter—
Plied his needle and his thread,
Patched his elbows whole instead.
Now look! The coat's as good as new!
His wrists stick out all bare, its true.
But who'd be sad at that, would you?
Just the same the boys all jeered
At Tryshky, others looked and sneered.
"I am no fool," said Tryshky then,
"Mishaps can be made good again,
You'll see I will those sleeves restore
Longer than they were before."
Clever Tryshky simply snips
The shirt from off his coat, and rips
The folds—that gave it still an air—
And sews them to the sleeves with care.
Then proudly buttons round his chest
A coat that's shorter than his vest!

In this manner I could name
Certain gentlemen of fame
Who take pride to make repairs
In their muddled up affairs;
They disport themselves; but note!
They are wearing Tryshky's coat.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Leon N. Zaitzevsky, who designed the cover, received his Master's Degree in architecture from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1927. Mr. Zaitzevsky is now with Maginnis and Walsh, Boston, Massachusetts.

Alexander N. Joukovsky (University of Michigan '27) was born in Kutais, Transcaucasia and was educated at Tiflis. During the civil war he served with the British Army of Occupation of the Black Sea and on the staff of the American Relief Administration. Mr. Joukovsky has been with the General Motors Export Corporation since his graduation.

Nikolai Andreevich Borodin was chief specialist of Fish Culture in the Department of Agriculture in Russia (1899-1917) and during this time made scientific investigations of the Ural, Volga, Kura, Kuban and Don Rivers and the Caspian and Azov Sea fisheries; from 1910-1917 he was professor and head of the division of Fish Culture and Fisheries at the Petrograd Agricultural College. Professor Borodin has done ichthyological work with the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and has lectured at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard University. At present he is Acting Curator of Fishes at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, Cambridge, Massachusetts and lecturing at Harvard. He is the author of *Fish Culture and Fisheries in Western Europe and North America, United States and Russia* and many other volumes.

A few days before going to press we were informed that Alexander V. Bushkovitch has been elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa, University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bushkovitch, who is preparing himself for research work in physics is also a member of the honorary mathematical fraternity, Pi Mu Epsilon. Former members of the Odessa staff of the American Relief Administration will recall the Russian probationary office-boy in 1922 who learned to take shorthand notes in English with startling rapidity. At the age of sixteen Mr. Bushkovitch translated into Russian a book on radioactivity, *Interpretation of Radium* by Frederick Soddy.

On the advice of an American friend, Victor Kibardin came from Harbin, Manchuria to Berea College, Kentucky in July, 1926. Last September, Mr. Kibardin transferred to the University of Michigan to study electrical engineering. Mr. Kibardin seems to have the idea that a mark of "B" in each subject is something like a failure.

The article by Albert R. Mann, Dean of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, is an extract from an address given last January to a large group of foreign students at International Institute, Teachers College, Columbia University. For more details regarding Dean Mann, the reader is referred to *Who's Who In America*.

The president of the National Russian Students' Christian Association, Boris B. Shishkin is one of Columbia's most brilliant students. He founded the Russian Literary Society and has recently been elected secretary of Philolexion. The conference which Mr. Shishkin mentions in his article will be held this year at Camp Greenkill, near Port Jervis, New York, June 19-23. Mr. Shishkin will be glad to give additional details to those who are interested, if you write him at Room 607, 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

(Continued on Page 24)

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WHO'S WHO

(*Continued from Page 23*)

There have been few, if any, translations of Krylov's fables by Americans, although the work of Sir Bernard Pares, published by Harcourt, Brace and Company, is fairly well known in this country. Mrs. Ferdinanda W. Reed has had the cooperation and assistance of Russians in making a number of translations of these delightful fables. It is interesting to notice that the fable used here is translated by Sir Bernard Pares under the title "Sammy's Coat."

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political ***Non-Partisan*** ***Non-Sectarian***

CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1929

COVER DESIGN—A RUSSIAN MONASTERY . . . . . *Peter Obninsky*
UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADORS . . . . . *Mstislaw Loukomsky* . . 1
WINTER PALACE AND THE ADMIRALTY, WOOD CUT
Paul A. Shillingovsky . . 3
ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY . . . . . *Basil B. Petrov* . . 4
RESEARCH AND MEDICINE . . . . . *Eugene De Savitsch* . . 9
EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. PETERSBURG . . . . . *George M. Day* . . 11
A RUSSIAN'S APPRECIATION OF POE . . . . . *Boris Brasol* . . 14
A HISTORY OF RUSSIA, A Review by . . . . . *Pierre Routsky* . . 16
DINING A LA RUSSE 18
A NEREID . . . . . *Alexander Pushkin* . . 10
SMATTER 19
WHO'S WHO 21
BOOKS AND RUSSIANS 22
ADVERTISEMENTS 22

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INDEX BY TITLES—*Continued*

	Month	Page
Russian Students' Marching Hymn	June 1930	13
Sadko	Mar. 1930	15
	June 1930	1
Silentium	Oct. 1929	10
Smatter	All issues	
Song of Oleg the Wise, The	May 1930	1
S Rodjvestom Xristovym!	Dec. 1929	3
Soup of Master John	Apr. 1930	5
Start the Day with a Sauerkraut Cocktail!	Nov. 1929	4
Stenka Razin	Mar. 1930	6
Student Model Assembly	June 1930	15
Surface Resources of Russia	Dec. 1929	5
Three Sisters, The, A Review	Mar. 1930	14
Three Springs	Oct. 1929	12
Tolstoy, The Inconstant Genius, A Review	Jan. 1930	16
To His Leadership	Feb. 1930	1
To Whom It Is Really Due	Mar. 1930	1
Unique Bit of History, A	Apr. 1930	11
Unofficial Ambassadors	Sept. 1929	1
Vision, The	June 1930	9
Voice From the Back Woods, A	Oct. 1929	1
Volga Boat Song, The	Mar. 1930	5
What We Need	Dec. 1929	17
When the Russian Reads	Apr. 1930	15
Who's Who	All Issues	
Wounded Birch, The	May 1930	10
Yuletide, Kolyada	Dec. 1929	2

COVERS

Cathedral in Nizni-Novogorod, Georges R. Wiren	June 1930
Christos Voskrese	Apr. 1930
Christmas Greetings, W. B. Virrick	Dec. 1929
Going to Town, Vsevolod Fedoroff	Jan. 1930
Ivan Tzarevich, Alexander Joukovsky	Mar. 1930
Kremlin Wall, Moscow, Vsevolod Fedoroff	Nov. 1929
Russian Monastery, Peter Obninsky	Sept. 1929
Russian Phantasy, Georges R. Wiren	Feb. 1930
Turret of Novodevitchy Monastery, Alexander Joukovsky	Oct. 1929
Vestchii Oleg, Nicholas Ovodow	May 1930

ILLUSTRATIONS

Campement des Koriaks Nomades, Lithograph	Dec. 1929	9
Cathedral of St. Michael, Sitka, Alaska, Photograph	May 1930	15
Children of Poltava Singing, Drawing by Vladimir Bouquetov	Dec. 1929	4
Cossack, Drawing by Georges R. Wiren	Jan. 1930	6
de Savitsch, Eugene, Photograph	Sept. 1929	9
Giant Flying Boat	Feb. 1930	3
Holy Night in the North, Painting by I. S. Gorishkin-Sorokotoudov	Apr. 1930	4
Kibardin, Victor M., Photograph	Oct. 1929	11
Kremlin, Moscow	Dec. 1929	17
Kurenko, Mme. Maria and Alexandre Gretchaninoff, Photograph	May 1930	11
Masaryk, Thomas G. Photograph	Apr. 1930	11
Rostral Column in Front of Stock Exchange, St. Petersburg, Wood Cuts by Paul A. Schillingovsky	Oct. 1929 Feb. 1930	4 14
Russian Peasant, Drawing by Georges R. Wiren	Oct. 1929	17
Sadko, Scenery by Sergei Soudeikine, Photograph	Mar. 1930	15
Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich and Patriarch Nikon, A. D. Litovchenko	Nov. 1929	11
Winter Palace and the Admiralty, Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky	Sept. 1929	3

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

September, 1929

Volume VI **Number 1**

UNOFFICIAL AMBASSADORS

MSTISLAW LOUKOMSKY

NOT very long ago I attended a conference of the Student Volunteer Union. While it was a rather small one, and there was not a large number of different nationalities present, it made up in its lack of formality for this seeming disadvantage. We felt ourselves more like members of a big family, and we made more intimate friendships with each other than could have been possible in a larger group. From different parts of the United States and from far off points of the world representatives came, bringing their ideals and the spirit of the countries they came from. Thus besides forming personal friendships they brought what is of far greater importance, mutual understanding and good will for all peoples.

As an outgrowth of these friendships and expressions of mutual ideals I was again impressed with the fact that almost all of our prejudices and hatreds are the result of hasty or rash conclusions formed in ignorance or from unrepresentative samples. One very vivid example of this case presented itself to me during the conference—a student from the Philippine Islands made a most polished and interesting speech. I had previously formed my opinion of the Filipinos by the people I had seen on the East Side of New York, sitting on the steps of their houses on some dirty street surrounded by the squalor and filth attendant upon such an existence. After this speech I saw clearly that the Filipinos are not necessarily like the ones I had seen in New York, but are capable of the greatest refinement and culture.

Later during the day there came to my mind the words of an American who said that every student is an unofficial repre-

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sentative of his country. How true these words are! Everyone knows that people form their opinions about a country by the people they see from it. Most Europeans have the opinion that every American is a millionaire, just because they have seen some rich tourists who do not know what to do with their money and throw it away on all kinds of extravagant things; but those who live in the United States know very well that this "showing off" is very far from being the case with every American. It is sometimes surprising to what extent the idea of a country may be exaggerated when a person meets the wrong people or hears or reads books without paying much attention to the author or his period.

It is a well-known thing that many Europeans seeing some western movies or reading some Western stories think that west of Chicago there are still blood-thirsty Indians whose trade and avocation is scalping white people. Americans also are in the same situation—they also have exaggerated and sometimes ridiculous conceptions of countries other than the United States. I do not know how true these stories are about Americans who believe that in Russia white bears walk right on the streets of the cities, but the fact is that once a mature, and I suppose well educated, American asked whether it is true or not that in Russia snow stays the whole year round, and he was very much surprised when I told him that in some parts of Russia it is so hot that he would be done to a turn in a short while if he happened to decide to take a sun bath. All these things may seem to be "funny," but in reality they are of great importance. Considering it in all seriousness, a book of fiction about a foreign country, or several meetings with some foreign people who are very far from being typical, may cause a prejudice. It may even influence the international relations of the future.

We Russian students have to bear in mind that we are, so to speak, unofficial representatives of our country, and therefore we should try to make few mistakes, because we are Russian advertisements. It is a well-known fact that a good advertisement builds good will and wins customers.

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WINTER PALACE AND THE ADMIRALTY

Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky

From a series of wood cuts published in 1923 by the Academy of Arts of St. Petersburg. The artist dedicated these wood cuts to friends "who share my feelings of love for the Palmira of the North and to all those who cherish the historical survivals of the capital."

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ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY

BASIL B. PETROV

IT is astonishing that Russia, having produced novels of the very first magnitude, profound in thought, sharp in analysis, impeccable in style, should have brought forth a mediocre poetry. It seems that somehow, having given the world the abundance of rhythm, the opulence of tone, the richness of color, Russia left underdeveloped the poetic form all through the ten known centuries of its history.

"The shield of Europe" against the Yellow Peril was hard to bear. The Grand Duchy of Kiev was born in the eleventh century, with much labor, out of the military chaos of Slavonic tribes migrating in a succession of waves from time immemorial. The Grand Duchy of Kiev gave Russia the Christianity of Byzantium and was destroyed by the Tartars before reaching the zenith of its civilization. This epoch gave its first landmark to Russian poetry.

"Biliny," epic compositions of exceeding length and exceeding irregularity of rhythm, transmitted verbally, began to originate in all parts of Russia. They described the court of "Wladimir the little red sun," Grand Duke of Kiev, the exploits of his and other knights, the battles of "bogatirs", liberally proportioned even for giants. They were long, simple, conventional, Homeric in all but what makes Homer a great modern author. For real poetic expression one has to look, paradoxically enough, to the impeccable prose manuscript *The Word about Igor's Host,* written in the tenth or the eleventh century. The lament of Prince Igor's wife over the fatal battle with the Polovtzi and the resulting captivity of the Prince is really as fine as anything in Europe at that time.

The yoke of the Tartars stunted the growth of the nation. Favorable to Feudalism, it scattered the civilizing efforts, exiling them to isolated monasteries all over Russia. Russian poetry, cut off during this time from European influences and too far away from the brilliant Chinese courts of the Khans, continued along the same lines as in the preceding period.

The concentration of land and power around the Grand Duchy of Moscow, the wars of independence and deliverance from the Tartar yoke, then the resistance to the Polish conquest engaged, in perpetual warfare, the energy of the half-civilized people.

Not until the Romanovs, enthroned, began the civilization of a Byzantine country, not until Peter the Great, did conditions become favorable for the development of lyric poetry. The

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great Empress Catherine, erudite, clever, cultured, aided the osmosis of the foreign influences superimposed by Peter. She was the first to have leisure to polish the surface, to foster attentively the budding of the arts. Thus, at the end of the eighteenth century, Russia finally emerged, with the pseudo-classic, ponderous Derzhavin, into the world of poetic letters. To be sure, the first Russian verse was written by Prince Kantimir, who began to write under Elisabeth, but his execrable imitations of Boileau, written with a somewhat puerile technique, have no great value other than purely historical one. The pride of Russian history, the scientist Lomonosov, in his spare moments used, about the same time, to compose odes, precursors of Derzhavin's. Having sung much and long in praise of the Great Empress, Derzhavin died in great glory, greatly overrated. The success of his career in the civil service was an indication that the term "Northern Semiramis" was not passed over unnoticed. In the unbearable rhetoric of his odes, which lack the elements of clarity and force so magnificent in his French contemporaries, one is surprised by a certain impression of light and color together with the masterly use of the language. It is to be suspected, however, that his fame rests more on the chronological importance of being the first Russian poet of consequence, than on the beauty of his most famous ode *To God.*

The English and the Americans consider Russians curiously devoid of humor. There is nothing astonishing in their not understanding the "laughter through tears," so peculiarly Russian, possessed as they are by their own broad, naive or cuttingly cruel humor. Perhaps only among the very modern writers does one encounter, nowadays, the same, sad, ironical laughter. Having taken morality much too seriously, English literature never produced a fable-writer. There is something in the tolerant, quiet laughter of a fable which does not find itself *en rapport* with the Anglo-Saxon temperament. The Greeks, French and Russians, with their tolerant attitude, devoid of outward puritanism, delighted in the mild satire of the fables. Krylov, in many ways a pupil of La Fontaine, remained as much of a classic as Æsop, the first discoverer of this medium. Having studied in his own person perhaps the whole gamut of vices, Krylov brought a charming wit, a simple realism, a rustic lyricism into his poems. Master of the language, he achieved a most happy effect, as it were a flavor of "the soil." Until the advent of Pushkin he is the only one to whom a modern dilettante turns for refreshment. Certainly not to

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such writers as the famous Zhukovsky, who gushed European romanticism all over the map of Russia in numerous translations and writings of his own, in the sentimental manner of the proverbial convent school-girl.

If the nineteenth century was the century of Russian poetry, Pushkin epitomized it fully. For a hundred years he overshadowed Russian literature, sufficing for the ample expression of the epoch. In Ovsianniko-Kulikovsky's apt phrase, his genius and significance increase as the evolution of Russian letters unfolds its course.

Pushkin's talent was manifold: historical plays, short stories, fairy tales, narrative poems, all written in a magnificent style with an impeccable technique. But one must not be deceived by this versatility. In all these forms his essence remained the same—that of a lyric poet. One witnesses different types and forms of lyric emotion, rather than the presence of diverse talents. This problem was made possible, more than that, facilitated in its perfection, by the extraordinary nature of the author. He possessed a personality devoid of ego-centrism, a sunny, objective nature, which eagerly took in the world as it was, arranging it into the mould of his verses. He was excellent at the "pastiche" and created quite a disturbance in literary circles with his short stories published under the name of Bielkin, a personality and outlook totally different from his own. He brought into his prose the qualities of his poetry and was triumphant in the medium.

At the beginning of his creation—and he began quite early, while yet at school—he paid toll to the prevailing romantic wind of Europe. Fortunately he was strong enough to withstand the shadow of Byron, which proved fatal to more than one Russian poet. Already with the first cantos of *Eugene Onegin* all romanticising disappeared and he became the mature, glorious person in whom sincerity, realism, simplicity were united in perfect accord with intelligence, feeling and technique.

There is no "literature" in his works, no mannerisms of style. He took the Russian language, overburdened at the beginning of the epoch with foreign terms, imperfectly assimilated, and made it sonorous, beautiful, elastic. It assumed a precision, a simplicity under his pen which appealed to the discriminating public, brought up on the French eighteenth-century tradition. Russian began to be used more and more instead of French by the rank of fashion. He crystalized the language which expressed a great period of Russia and which is slowly dying among the emigrés of Paris.

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About Russian Poetry

Foreign critics are fond of detecting Greek elements in Russian literature and in Pushkin especially, with his pagan, joyous nature. The temptation is strong, because of Byzantium, but the chance is really quite remote. The qualities which misled them are purely northern in origin, and only superficially similar. The rigorous, uniform climate of Russia, its gray monotonous landscape, the life of poverty in the innumerable villages, produced certain similarities but, above all, a greater complexity. Pushkin combined, prefigured it all. An unquestionable realism produced by observation of painful facts, an honesty in this direction at times unnecessary and disconcerting, led to simplicity of form and sincerity of feeling. With the capacity for sadness he combined a truly African childish delight in life and joy, which characterizes the Russian in a happy mood. With his negation of spiritual values, with his preoccupation with material comfort, he combined, in a truly national way, a large propensity for faith and compassion—faith and love being the mainsprings of Russian religion as contrasted with the Law of the Catholics and the Moral of the Protestants.

Nobody expressed so perfectly in verse the lyric possibilities of the Russian landscape. Pushkin reminds one of the Great Dutch masters who with precision, with perfect analysis, with a few elements of composition, expressed their country. He reminds one of a van der Neer who renders moods on his canvas, of a Vermeer of Delft in his expression of the "genre." His "chiaroscuro" is always good. Like Vermeer he bathes his subjects in a clear light of the North, natural, polished, real.

The calling of a lyric poet is a slippery one. He falls into the trite and vulgar, condemned to express the thing most overdone. Only great simplicity and sincerity without restraint, interpreting the full emotions of the heart in chiselled form, will move the reader. Pushkin had more. The quality of his verse, as genuine as it was, always retained the polish, the perfect breeding of the society he moved in. Devoid of the prejudices of his class, he betrayed his allegiance by superficial attitudes and habits, which place any person, leaving him free, given the intelligence, to vibrate in sympathy with everybody.

A great lover, he expressed Russia's greatest inheritance, her women. They are perhaps, like English portraits, a little too beautiful, too distinguished, but with infinitely more depth in them. A connoisseur, he sang the best of women whose insinuating charm interrupted his poems, whose legs he drew on the margin of his manuscripts—the pure Tatiana absorbed in a grand passion, the light Olgas forgetting poets for a uniform.

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In the end he died for them, shot by a foreign parvenue, much as he described it in the mill scene of *Eugene Onegin*. Tatiana in her later period is really the personification of women to whom Nekrasov, vulgar and coarse as a rule, gave such moving appeal. One feels in her the possibility, the strength which will drive the wives of the Decembrists out of their palaces to follow the Siberian exiles, the character which will emerge later in such glory among the emigrés. Tatiana, too, can sacrifice her life in the same grand fashion with which she dresses. Tatiana, the timid little girl, the poetic "amoureuse," has the germs of that heroism of love, of negation, of passion which will build the only refuge for the exiled and for the newborn Communistic Russians.

Contrasted with Pushkin's sublimity, insignificant indeed appear his contemporaries, but taken by themselves they are good minor poets. They expressed the different moods of society, taking this or that aspect of Pushkin's poetry and embroidering on it arabesques and variations. Until the advent of Soloviev, the great philosopher, who had such profound influence on the contemporary poets, one will find no marked new development, no marked change of ideas and style. The impression must not be gained, however, that this century of Russian poetry presents no genius except Pushkin. Count Alexis Tolstoy convinces one of the contrary.

The author of the famous play *Tzar Feodor*,—he is the only one—with the exception of Pushkin, of course—who succeeded with Russian local color. He satirized with delicacy and keenness of humor the Russian people and Russian institutions. His rippling laughter was saturated with such sincere love, understanding, and genuine feeling for local color that it bore no rancour. He laughed with Russia, not at her. His poems in the style of "the old Slavs" have the same quality in them, the same extraordinary talent. Pure, simple, utterly convincing, they did so well where Koltzov only blundered. Alexis Tolstoy's technique is excellent, his lyricism of the purest water. In him one finds this characteristically local mood, a little loud, broad but sensitive at the bottom of its primitive simplicity, of its archaic vigor; this strange contrast of delicacy and coarseness, which "the old Slavs," one presumes, had in plenty.

(*Concluded in the October Number*)

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RESEARCH AND MEDICINE

EUGENE DE SAVITSCH

EUGENE DE SAVITSCH
University of Colorado School of Medicine

CLAUDE BERNARD, celebrated French physiologist and one of the most outstanding scientists of the world, once mentioned that the most desirable qualities in a research worker are ignorance and curiosity; no doubt many will think that such a statement is rather strange if not downright ridiculous. I have hopes however that most of you will agree with it after some cerebration. Nothing contaminates the mind of the research worker more than the so-called well established theories and beliefs. A brilliant scientist would often discard his ideas simply because they did not conform to the well established beliefs of his time. Fortunately every rule has its exception and to this exception we owe most of our progress in scientific attainment.

It would be indeed a very hopeless task to attempt to mention in this article all the "poles" of progress,—they are far too numerous and their fields of endeavor are too varied. I would like to say a few words, however, about medicine, since it is the subject in which I am most interested. It would be a great compliment indeed, to call it a science now. Using the words of one of the best known figures in the profession, medicine is ten per cent knowledge and ninety per cent tact. No doubt this statement has a great deal of truth in it.

Many of you will probably feel surprised at such a rash definition of what is generally considered one of the noblest human callings. Strange as it may seem, but it was not until the end of the nineteenth century that the bacterial origin of disease was firmly established. We owe this not to a physician, not to a bacteriologist (no such science was known then), but to a French chemist Louis Pasteur, probably the greatest benefactor of the human race, assuming of course, that a person responsible for prolonging the span of human life is a benefactor. His discoveries have firmly established the bacterial origin of diseases thereby facilitating enormously their control.

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The Russian Student

In connection with Pasteur's name it is quite appropriate to mention another name, the name of a great Russian—Elie Metchnikoff, who was the first to throw light on the subtle mechanism of nature by which the body is protected against infection by the leucocytes and other cells which englobe and destroy the invading organism. This is known as phagocytic theory and is the foundation for the study of immunity and preventative medicine.

It is quite useless for me to mention the enormous benefits derived from these discoveries; most of us know them already. It will suffice to say that the length of human life was doubled and infection in surgical operations which killed a great many people, is a negligible factor now. Epidemics of cholera, diptheria and typhoid, veritable scourges of the middle ages, are practically unknown in the civilized countries; their prevention and control are within the grasp of every intelligent human being.

In spite of all this enormous success two diseases have almost entirely eluded all the attacks of scientists: cancer and tuberculosis. No doubt tuberculosis is much more important, not only because 100,000 deaths may be attributed to it in the U. S. A. alone, but principally because it takes vengeance among younger people, usually between the ages of 18 - 35. Cancer cannot be considered equally important as its victims are usually people passed their prime. Fortunately, Robert Koch, was able to isolate and demonstrate the causing factor of tuberculosis,—the tough and highly resistant tubercle bacillus. Now the scientisfs of the world concentrate their efforts in conquering this germ. Many suggestions and methods are offered daily, but let us not forget that though science owes a great deal to the reasoning powers of a thinker and acumen of a guesser both are futile until facts have been actually established and no such facts are available at present.

A NEREID

Alexander Pushkin

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

AS the skies flushed with dawn, where the green billow dies
To kiss gold Tauris' side, I saw a nereid rise.
Breathless for joy I lay, hid in the olive trees,
The waters lapped about her swan-white breast and young,
As from her long soft hair the wreaths of foam she wrung.

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EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. PETERSBURG

GEORGE M. DAY

Editor's Note: The substance of this article was given in an address before the members of the sociological honorary society of the University of Southern California, Alpha Kappa Delta, at the home of Dr. E. L. Bogardus, Head of the Department of Sociology, in the autumn of 1928, and is to be printed under the title, "Russian Traits of Character" in *Sociology and Social Research*, an International Journal, published at the University of Southern California.

IN attempting to write upon Russian character traits, it should be borne in mind at the out-set that the writer is probably thinking of one kind of Russian and the readers of several other kinds. For example, when I think of Russia, I have in mind great masses of peasants who have endured much suffering, who are childlike, naive, who have no sense of time, are lovers of the soil, peaceful and deeply religious. When the reader thinks of Russians, it is doubtless in terms of either chain-gangs wending their way across Siberian snows into exile, or of fierce, uncouth peasants, or in terms of Red Bolshevism.

The ideas and point of view of this article are based upon eight years of rather intimate acquaintanceship with all classes of Russian people. After enduring for a year the tortures of learning the Russian language, I entered the University of St. Petersburg in the autumn of 1910 as a student, enrolling in the historical philological department. The five semesters which I spent in this University yielded an invaluable fund of personal experience and an opportunity for intimate contact and observation. It was while walking arm in arm with sociable Russian students down the long corridors of the University that I learned their political, social, and religious aspirations. It was here that I discovered that the major sport of many Russian students about the year 1910 was to conspire against the government. In those dreary winter months, having no other wholesome outlet for pent-up feelings of hostility and ill-will, they gave vent to them in political plots and street demonstrations.

The outstanding characteristics of Russian student life in those days were these: loneliness, poverty, high idealism, willingness to suffer for political or social causes, inclinations to suicide, a sense of being torch-bearers of enlightenment to the dark masses in the provinces.

Loneliness was such a striking characteristic because students were not permitted by the police to gather in numbers

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of more than a dozen or so without special permission. Hence students could not congregate except within the walls of the university or technical schools. No group-life, no fraternity life, no athletic activities, no freedom of movement so familiar to American students lent variety and gaiety to the routine of university life in Russia. Instead, the typical Russian student had a friend or two who visited him in his rented quarters. He went to classes, went back to his room or to walk, went to the restaurant for his meals, returned to his room to study. Isolation, loneliness, therefore was a prominent characteristic.

In addition poverty was for thousands another distinguishing mark of student life. Out of a slim budget ranging from thirty-five to sixty roubles* per month, room-rent, board, books, laundry, incidentals were paid. Hundreds of students could not afford to buy dinner every day. Many of my friends were accustomed to dining only every other day, the rest of the time they "filled up" on black bread and tea.

Notwithstanding such hardships, one marveled at the high idealism which these students showed. They were willing to risk their careers for their social and political ideas. In those days politics was their religion. With utter abandonment many of them would place themselves at the head of labor demonstrations only to be nipped off by the police and sent into exile. I have some vivid memories of an episode in connection with the death of Count Leo Tolstoy. Russian students idolized this world figure. At the time of his death several hundred students in the University of St. Petersburg were in the act of arranging for a memorial service in honor of Tolstoy and while thus engaged they were raided by the police. Two of us Americans, Harvey Anderson and myself, happened to be caught in the round-up, but were immediately released, while approximately two hundred of the Russians were exiled to Siberia or outlying provinces for no other crime than that they wished to honor their beloved Tolstoy. This incident affords a glimpse into the harsh treatment of students by the government.

Again the idealism of the students ran so high and in contrast the outlook for realization of ideas and ideals was so gloomy in those days that the only solution of the riddle of life for many of these eager students was suicide. Hence every spring produced a crop of them. Students of both sexes in the bloom of youth, after enduring the rigors of a bitter winter, overwhelmed by the brightness and joy of spring would find their spirits out of accord with the cheerfulness of nature and in despair over their, to them, utterly hopeless future welcomed

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* A rouble at that time, pre-war, was approximately 51 cents.

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suicide as a relief. A trusted Russian friend interpreted these suicides as an expression of extreme idealism. Reality stood in such dark contrast to their ideal that they could not bear to live. Such a dramatic solution is to most American youths startling and forbidding, but to many Russians was a natural and inevitable conclusion.

Again I marveled at the wide range of reading which these students accomplished and particularly how well read they were in foreign literatures through translations. Their choice of American authors was surprising, but it was soon readily understood why they chose Jack London, for instance, or Walt Whitman, or Lord Byron. It was the love of freedom and adventure which these writers incarnated. Mark Twain was also a great favorite among them and his humor even through translation convulsed them with laughter.

Furthermore a strong undercurrent of genuine religion characterized Russian student life in the dark days of 1910-1912, and in this matter the students merely reflected a general trait of the Russian people, a nature inherently and deeply religious. It was true that many students protested against the ecclesiastical form of religion, prevalent at the time, but they nevertheless admired and revered the religious aspirations of such writers as Dostoievsky, Tolstoy, Solovieff and others. There was a strong desire to make religion more social, more practical. The government, however, repressed any practical expressions.

The contrast between the German and Russian traits is illustrated by the following incident. It seems as though it were only yesterday that my esteemed old German professor at the University of Marburg exclaimed, "Ah, Mein Gott, Vy do you go to that land of barbarians where there is no 'kultur', no sanitation, no enlightenment, 'vy do you throw your life away by going to live in that land of dirt and darkness?" Many a time I wished that I might have returned to tell that professor that he had Russia all wrong. Oh yes, some of the things which he said were probably true enough, but I know now that one could find in Russia things of greater importance than German 'kultur', than mechanical efficiency, sanitation and orderliness. At his distance the professor failed to appreciate the value of those human qualities which the Russians possess, of compassion, mercy, humility, and their deep social interest in just common folk. Great tides of human interest and concern for the personal welfare of one's humblest neighbor surge through the Russian breast. Such matters as mechanical efficiency or even punctuality or orderliness seem in contrast superficial or insignificant.

In summarizing the outstanding Russian traits I would say

(*Continued on page* 18)

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A RUSSIAN'S APPRECIATION OF POE

BORIS BRASOL

IN the complex gamut of conflicting emotions the mystical tendency is the most compelling, and also perhaps the most profound manifestation of the human spirit.

Edgar Allan Poe has rarely taken interest in the banal things of life, which, however, seem to comfort and attract the humble, shallow, mediocre intellect.

Almost everywhere, even in America, the classical land of Positivism, Edgar Allan Poe was both not understood and mis-understood. It took a long while for his countrymen to recognize the fact that he justly occupies a prominent place on the literary Olympus. But even in our day, on this side of the water, there is a strange reserve concerning the merits of Poe's artistic achievement. This, I think, is largely due to the peculiar nature of Poe's mentality, which led him to become one of the foremost dreamers in world literature. As Poe himself put it:

"They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in awakening, to find that they have been upon the verge of the Great Secret."

For those possessed with the practical idea—"the real" exists only insofar as it can be registered by one of our five senses. Still, these fanatics of realism, obviously forget that, besides this world in which we physically dwell, there is another world beyond, a realm full of delicate thoughts, and unsuspected revelations. These apostles of Common Sense assuming at times a dangerous form of insanity certainly do not suspect the very existence of a mysterious wonderland with its gentle murmurs and divine inspiration which are more genuine, more real than the most visible objects that surround us in our every day intercourse.

Those "melodies unheard," those precious gems of human wisdom unseen belong to the Kingdom of the Lords of Thought—the Pioneer, the Poet, the Artist, the Creator, the Dreamer.

The Russian nation long ago discovered that there is such a thing as "mystical reality." From our own famous men of letters, men like Lermontov, Vladimir Solovieff and Dostoevsky, we have learned that a refined intellect, just as an X-ray, may penetrate beyond the film of material substance, and may, like Oedipus, riddle the great mystery of the Sphinx.

The keynote of Poe's creations, like the ever recurring harmonies in Wagner's musical dramas, like the theme of the Moon in Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, like the majestic leit-motive in Tchaikovsky's Sixth Symphony, is the theme of fate.

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A Russian's Appreciation of Poe

The poetical conception of fate knocking at the door of human hearts invariably reminds Poe of the things which may happen, of the infinite mystery of the future. For it is not here, on the platitudes of reality, it is there, in the bottomless depths, on the snowy heights of human vision that Poe's thought dwells and seeks to attain its artistic perfection. For Poe the real is nothing but the imaginary and the imaginary nothing but one of the phases of the real. His mind is full of mystical recollections of things that never happened, but which will inevitably happen, perhaps "recollections of the future." At times the wings of his imagination take him back to the remote Past, and there, like Flaubert, he finds the seeds of events which really never ceased to exist and which are only concealed from us by the veils of Space and Time.

The turbulent spirit of Edgar Allan Poe leads him from one abyss to another. He does not calmly observe life like Goethe, Shakespeare or Pushkin. Nor is he content with the aesthetical credo of the French poet who said:

"I hate the movement which displaces the lines."

Poe's soul is a stormy ocean whose waves beat against the rocks of self-conceit. His heart is Raging Passion, intense longing for the unique, the beautiful, the immortal. Between this world and the next, he seeks to find something that would reconcile the two. But being a fugitive of fate he finds peace in neither; and the symbol of Poe's pessimistic philosophy is fully expressed in his *Raven* with its hopeless "Nevermore."

Strange as it may seem, we, in Russia, learned not only to appreciate, but also to love the great American genius, as one forming part of our own body, part of our own blood, part of our turbulent soul. The sad melodies of Poe's Muse reached our own palpitating hearts because in his poetical dreams he has used materials more precious than mere stones and plaster, feelings more refined than the mere longing for material possession.

Almost subconsciously we know that in spite of Poe's pessimism, in spite of the dark shadows which his poetry casts, there is an element of immeasurable value in his creations which is difficult to define, but which must be attributed to his deep sympathy for and understanding of human suffering, the sorrows which are common to all, the tears which are shed everywhere. That is the reason why Edgar Allan Poe, despite his gloomy attitude towards life, has produced such melodies as may have come from heaven, such sounds as probably are borne when angels touch the silver chords of some celestial harp.

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A HISTORY OF RUSSIA

A Review by Pierre Routsky

PROF. VERNADSKY has written *A History of Russia** for the English reading public or at least for that part of it which takes an interest in the country of 150,000,000 inhabitants and covering almost one fifth of the world's area. This book is not a translation of his Russian *Outline* which was published in Prague two years ago.

It is indeed due to the author and to his translator, George A. Nebolsine, to say that the difficult task has been very successfully accomplished. Disregarding many pedantic methods of style and form so cherished by many historians, Prof. Vernadsky has given a full, comprehensive, logical and sufficiently exhaustive outline of the history of Russia. I am not using the word "outline" in any sense derogatory to the author for in my humble opinion nothing is so conducive to the study of a subject as an able and scientific outline.

In marshalling his ideas, in grouping his facts, in determining the historical causes, Prof. Vernadsky has been thorough and scientific. He opens alluring vistas to the student and to the lover of history alike.

On the historical side one is impressed by two ideas. The first one is his novel interpretation of Russian expansion eastward to the Pacific Ocean. This is best explained in his own words: "The geographical limits of the expansion of the Russian people are extremely wide. They exceed greatly what is known as 'European Russia.' This conception of European Russia is an artificial creation of German and Russian historical and geographical science of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. At no time in history did the conception of European Russia correspond to the actual distribution of the Russian people. 'Russia', in the sense of the territories occupied by the Russian people, never coincided with the limits of 'European Russia', which has no natural boundary in the east. The geographical character of 'European' and 'Asiatic' Russia is the same. On both sides of the Ural Range there are the same zones of tundra, forest, and steppe. The Ural Range, far from separating, brings together by its orographic and geological peculiarities, eastern and western Russia. There are no 'natural boundaries' between 'European' and 'Asiatic' Russia. Therefore, Russia is not composed of two parts, European and Asiatic. There is only one Russia, 'Eurasian' Russia, or Eurasia. By Eurasia I do not

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* A History of Russia by George Vernadsky, Research Associate in History in Yale University. Yale University Press. New Haven. 1929. $4.00.

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mean a combination of Europe and Asia but the middle of the continent as a special geographic and historic area. This area must be distinguished both from Europe and from Asia."

Thus, taking as his *point de depart* the similiarity in geographical and botanical structures of so-called "Eurasia", Prof. Vernadsky comes to the conclusion that Russian expansion toward the Pacific Ocean has not been the result of any "imperialistic" policy of the government, but "the inevitable logic of geography which lies at the basis of history. The history of the Russian people is the history of their gradual extension over Eurasia." This exposé is well taken by the author and largely substantiated by his work.

His second idea—the infiltration of vital Turko-Mongol characteristics into the Russian people—is not a novel one except that Prof. Vernadsky stresses in his assertion that such an infiltration was not only deep, but very varied in its ramifications and lasting in its effects. "The Russian state," he says, "absorbed the territories of Eurasia, as successor to the nomadic Turks and Mongols. From time immemorial the territory of Eurasia was the home of a single state, the center of which in early days was in the zone of the steppes. The rulers of the state were the Turko-Mongols, and the Russians were their subjects. Subsequently the Russians won dominance, the Turko-Mongols becoming their subjects; and the center of the state moved from the steppes to the forest zone. . . . . From a geographical standpoint the Russian people were the successors of the Turko-Mongols."

Unfortunately, Prof. Vernadsky does not seem to be able to prove sufficiently his contention, though through no fault of his own. As Prof. Michael I. Rostovtzeff justly remarks in the preface: "No doubt Russia has succeeded in partly absorbing, partly Europeanizing many Asiatic tribes. However, the question arises, how large was the contribution of these tribes to the peculiar development of Russia? It is a pity that we know so little of the historical development of the Central Asiatic peoples and that we still wait for a real investigation of Chinese history based on a critical study of all the material available. There is no reason, however, to discard and disregard the little that we know."

After defining the origins of the Russian state Prof. Vernadsky deals with the Struggle with the Steppes, Russia Under the Sway of the Steppes, and its history from the middle of the fifteenth century to January 1929. The complete bibliography and index make this volume an excellent one for reference use by both Americans interested in Russian history and by Russians who are living in the United States.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Risovije Zrazi (*Stuffed Rice Balls*)

¾ lb. Rice
¼ lb. Dried Mushrooms
½ lb. Vegetable Oil
1 Onion
1 tablespoonful of flour
2½ glasses or cups of mushroom soup
Ketchup — Lemon Juice

Boil the rice in the mushroom soup until it is pasty. For stuffing—chop boiled mushrooms and fried onion and to this mixture add some ketchup.

These stuffed rice balls should be rolled in crumbles of fried bread (or toast) before they are put into the frying pan.

When Zrazi are brown and can be safely lifted from the pan, they are ready to serve.

A ketchup with lemon juice makes a very good gravy.

Zharenyie Sirniki (*Fried Cheese Cakes*)

3½ lbs. Cottage Cheese
4 Eggs
2 to 3 tablespoons sour cream
½ glass or cup Flour
½ glass or cup Melted Butter

Rub the cheese until smooth and beat the four eggs into it, add salt and the sour cream, some finely granulated sugar and the flour. Make the cakes on a table (we think a biscuit board would be just as good) on which there is a little flour so that the cakes will not stick. The cakes should be about ¼ inch thick and flat. Fry on both sides in melted butter. Serve with sour cream and sugar.

Experiences of An American Student in the University of St. Petersburg

(*Continued from page* 13)

their lack of orderliness, or of the sense of time or of executive genius is offset by friendliness, congeniality, pity, compassion, piety and humble mindedness. Without doubt Russia has been retarded in her national progress by a lack of system and business methods but her true genius and contribution lie in the things of the spirit and in the realm of the artistic, the mystic, the philosophic. Here Russia runs deep. She is weak in the mechanics but strong in the humanities of life. What count tremendously with Russians are persons,—not things.

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SMATTER

OH, yes, we had a vacation. Between peels and unguentine administrations and sittings-in on that most infantile of games—where're-you-from, we found that we had a penchant for red canoes. Just one bright and shiny red canoe!

"There was a Russian on the lodge porch this morning," announced one whose intent was to detain me from that red canoe. "Did you talk to him? Do you know his name?", I was skeptical at once.

"No, but he had a long black beard and he couldn't speak English very well. I'm sure he must be Russian. Let's find him."

Fortunately or unfortunately the stranger had disappeared so we calmly assured the curious one that he might have been almost anything, nine chances out of ten not Russian. And we looked at the red canoe.

In Princess Marthe Bibesco's dedication to *The Green Parrot* she tells of an argument which she had with her husband about the Russian soul. The husband insisted that all of us human beings suffer from the same ills as Dostoevsky's heroes. "They are men. A Russian is just like you and me and our neighbors. The only difference is in your imagination."

Just as the Princess declared that the Russian is different, a tall man with a yellow beard appeared on the Champs Elysses. He had crafty eyes, high cheekbones, a short nose; his cigarette had the odor of an incense burner; he walked like the Russian army.

"Look! He is a Russian," exclaimed the Princess. Whereupon the husband asked the stranger and received the answer; "I am Spanish."

A professor at Columbia—a female professor—asked a student his nationality. "I am Russian." Then she said in front of the whole class, or so the story was related to me; "Russian!" You *are* very good looking. You have such beautiful blue eyes." When we looked into that student's eyes, they were not blue, but agate.

A Russian reader confided to us before our vacation that she did not like the title of this column. She thought we had taken it from "S'Matter Pop?" An American wrote us while on vacation; "Where did you get that word? Is it Russian?" When a Russian doesn't like something, he thinks it is American. When an American doesn't understand something, he thinks it is Russian. Such vivid imaginations!

This word—Smatter—we cribbed from the largest diction-

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ary we could find. It — Smatter — came originally from the Middle English. As a noun it means superficial knowledge; a smattering; as a verb it means to babble; to chatter. That and a red canoe account for this babbling, but we don't expect the writers of articles to follow our example and chatter, chatter, chatter. They are urged to say something.

The first day after our vacation we had a conversation with a tall brunette who was born in Petrograd. He had just come to the big city from the Middle West. "I got tired of being branded out there as a foreigner. I couldn't get a decent job because everybody said, being Russian, I would have trouble with my English."

More imagination, we thought. This engineer butchered the King's English in just the same spots as the native American boy who was preferred and he probably knew more about machine design. But he went on: "I got a job here the first day. At the first place, the man asked me two questions: 'When can you start?' and 'How much do you want?' I got the job and financially speaking I am now at the top of the world. I realize that the best jobs right now are in mechanical. In civil the situation is not so good and in electrical it's rotten. I chose the right field. I did make some mistakes in college, though. I didn't know it then, but I know it now." He rose to go. I am sure he was afraid that I would ask him what they were and how he found out.

We turned to a letter from a student in the Middle West: "I made a mistake and I will tell you about it sincerely. I could have blamed the professor or conditions here, or I could have said that being a foreigner I could not get over the subjects on account of a poor knowledge of English. I do not want to do that. I am old enough to realize my own mistakes and have enough courage to admit them." We rather liked that letter.

Ah, what follies some Russians think they are justified in committing because they are Russians and the world thinks they are different and will forgive them! What a reputation some of them try to live up to!

But we must not philosophize. We must chatter.

Realizing the necessity of advertisements in this number, we have been hanging on the telephone for the last half hour with eventually this kind of luck: "Mr. S. is on his vacation. Won't be back till the middle of September."

Vacation? Now? That's queer. Then we remembered. Some people do take theirs out of order. He's just the kind to get lost in the Coliseum by moonlight. He may never come back.

And so, yours for continued vacations, —deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

When we want to be sure of getting what we ask for, we call up Peter Obninsky and in a few days he presents us with a new cover. We think he stays up nights to do it, and we would be sorrier than we are if it were not for the fact that we suspect 4,000 people besides us are grateful. Mr. Obninsky graduated from Columbia School of Architecture in 1926. He is doing some special work on country houses for Charles Platt, New York.

Mstislaw Loukomsky will be remembered for his article "Behind the Mask" which appeared in February 1929 in *The Russian Student.* Mr. Loukomsky has spent the summer working in New York but returned to Virginia Polytechnic Institute this month.

There is more than one person pained that space would not permit printing Basil Petrov's article in full in this issue. It will be concluded in October. Mr. Petrov, who is now with Knoedler & Co., New York, is a Yale graduate of the Class of 1926. Mr. Petrov's article "About Women" appeared in the Tolstoi Number of *The Russian Student* a year ago.

Eugene de Savitsch, medical student and laboratory assistant, at the University of Colorado Medical School was born in Petrograd but came to this country via Japan in 1922. Mr. de Savitsch has been doing some valuable tuberculosis research work with Dr. Henry Sewall of Denver. Some of their findings were presented to the National Tuberculosis Association in November 1928 and published in the *American Review of Tuberculosis.* Other results of their investigation were presented in May.

George M. Day is Professor of Sociology at Occidental College. He is making a study of Russian life in the United States, a part of which pertaining to the Russian church in Los Angeles appeared in the May issue.

Boris Brasol, author and lecturer, is Vice-President of The Edgar Allan Poe Society, 640 Washington Avenue, New York, a national literary organization which is preparing to erect an Edgar A. Poe Memorial Monument on Riverside Drive between 91st and 92nd Streets. The Society has chosen the Russian sculptor Gleb W. Derujinsky for the execution of the work. Memberships range from student memberships of one dollar to life memberships at one hundred dollars. Mr. Brasol has recently been working on some translations of Russian folk songs which are to be published by Schirmer. For additional information regarding this writer, the reader is referred to Who's Who for April.

Pierre Routsky, Director of the Service Bureau for Russians, is a graduate of the Imperial School of Law, St. Petersburg He has held consular and diplomatic positions in Paris, Rome, London and Brussels, and was the Russian Consul for New York City from 1914 to 1927.

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BOOKS AND RUSSIANS

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith are to bring out in October the work which Gorki has been working on since the beginning of the Revolution. The title is "The End and the Beginning" and the translation by Bernard Gilbert Guerney — the translator of the Merejkowsky and Bunin novels—is the first to appear in any language.

The new publishers, Farrar and Rinehart, Inc., have reprinted in a two-fifty edition, the folk story classic—"Skazki; Tales and Legends of Old Russia, Told by Ida Zeitlin, illustrated by Theodore Nadejen."

The artist, Boris Artzybasheff, has collaborated with an engineer, George E. Bock to produce a picture book of machinery for boys. Macmillan will publish the work in a two dollar edition under the fascinating title "What Makes the Wheels Go Round." Mr. Artzybasheff has illustrated it. Macmillan has also re-issued at the price of two dollars Platonov's well known "History of Russia."

Dr. Alexis L. Romanoff has designed and assembled a special laboratory incubator at the College of Agriculture, Cornell, and is doing a unique piece of research as to the effect of physical factors of incubation on the growth and metabolism of chick embryo.

When Tolstoy, or if you prefer, Tolstoi, was annoyed by the questions of biographers, he said: "My best biography is to be found in my letters to Alexandrine." The correspondence between Tolstoy and his most intimate woman friend and cousin was brought out in Russia eighteen years ago, but has just recently been published here by E. P. Dutton & Co. Another addition to Tolstoyana has been published by Payson & Clarke—"The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife (1860-1891)." As explained in the preface this is probably the most valuable first hand document in existence on Tolstoy's family life and explains the psychological factors that underlay that famous unhappy marriage. Most of the wives of geniuses seem to go on record as revealing the colossal vanity of their husbands and why shouldn't they?

For the first time in over thirty years, a publisher has the courage to print a translation of one of Pushkin's novels. We refer to "The Captain's Daughter" (Viking Press). This novel was conceived, as everyone knows, through the example of Scott's historical novels, but we are told, it reads far better even in translation.

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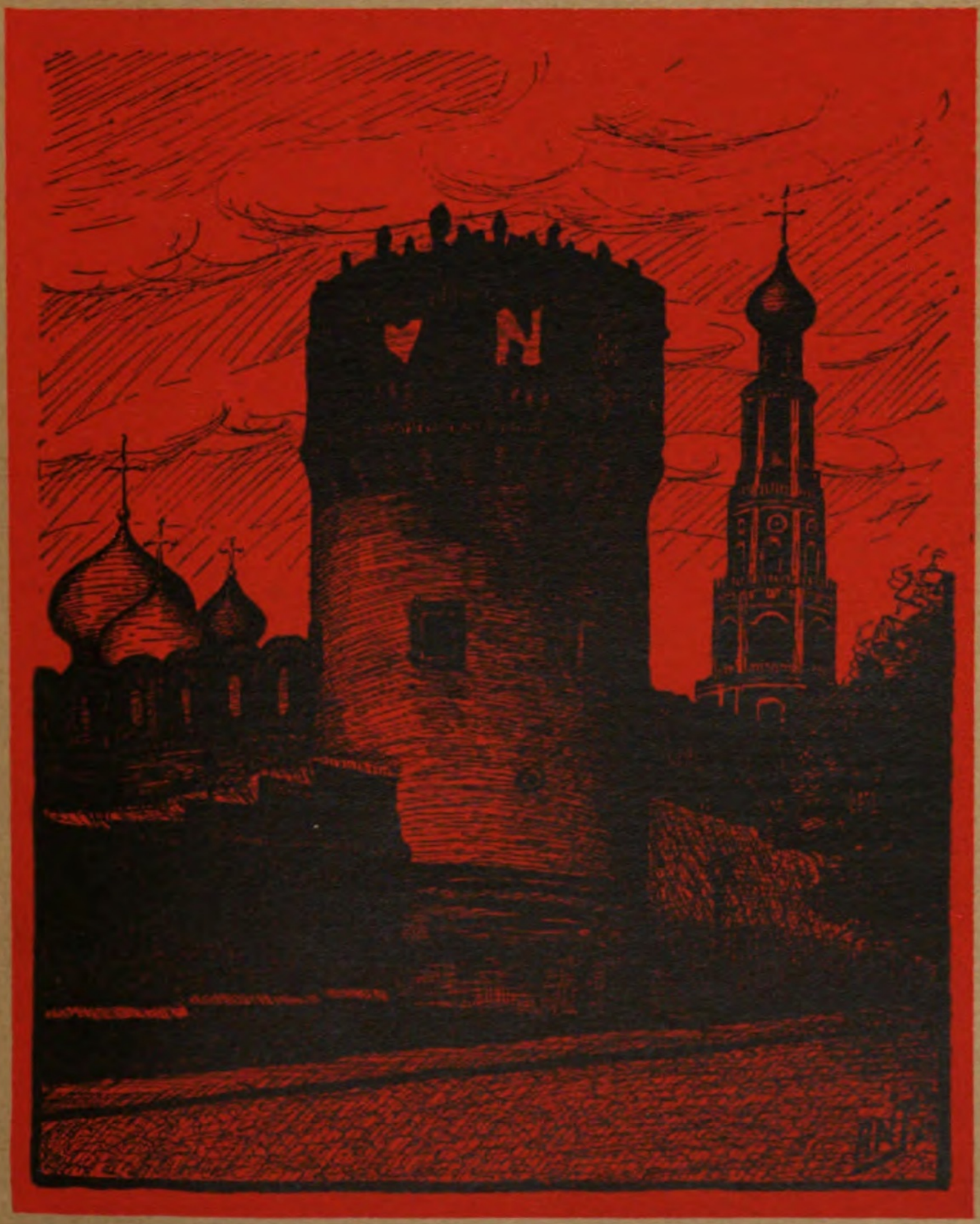

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CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1929

COVER DESIGN—THE TURRET OF NOVODEVITCHY MONASTERY, MOSCOW ..... *Alexander Joukovsky*
A VOICE FROM THE BACK WOODS ..... *Dmitry Niconoff* .. 1
ROSTRAL COLUMN IN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, ST. PETERSBURG, WOOD CUT .. *Paul A. Shillingovsky* .. 4
ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY ..... *Basil B. Petrov* .. 5
SILENTIUM, A Poem ..... *Fedor Tutchev* .. 10
A CLEAN SLATE ..... *Victor M. Kibardin* .. 11
THREE SPRINGS, A Poem ..... *Alexander Pushkin* .. 12
RUSSIAN IDEAS ON PEDOLOGY .. *Constantine C. Nikiforoff* .. 13
THE RUSSIAN PEASANT, A Pen and Ink Sketch *Georges R. Wiren* .. 17
SMATTER 18
WHO'S WHO 20
A RUSSIAN MR. HYDE, A Review 21
ADVERTISEMENTS 22

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York. This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 430 men and women, of whom 80 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $80,014.08, 46 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,000.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

October, 1929

Volume VI **Number 2**

A VOICE FROM THE BACK WOODS

DMITRY NICONOFF

UNLIKE the majority of Russian students who have been—or are—studying in American higher educational institutions, most of my life in this country, even since I decided to go after learning, was spent in small western towns or mining camps. While these secluded spots may be ideal places for securing health or technical knowledge, one hardly can expect to become a cosmopolitan, being associated for five years largely with miners, farmers, or cowboys.

Probably on account of these peculiar conditions—or it may be due to the fact that I was compelled to give all of my time to study and outside work, thus neglecting whatever there was available of social activities—I feel as if I failed to acquire certain points of view which appear to be so widely accepted nowadays.

One of these is the importance of several activities in the life of a technical man, who is striving to get anywhere. Some well-meaning college professors, addressing their graduates ready to face the rough sea of life, appeal to the better nature of their students and inspire them to serve society—while others are more practical and frankly stress the necessity of having personality and playing golf with the boss or marrying the boss' daughter, to obtain rapid advancement.

Even in such a non-partisan and non-political organ as *The Russian Student*, one may notice occasionally an article of more or less similar character. There seems to be so much arguing on behalf of this teaching and so little contrary to it, that if it were not for the fact that the preachers still consider it necessary to continue this campaign, one would be inclined to assume that everyone has been converted already.

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It is a nice thing to be a social fellow, to have a good personality or, as they say, to be a good mixer. It is so much easier to wear clean clothes, do nice talking or pass a cigar, than to be covered for eight hours with dust and dirt in the plant, to spend one's own time in the laboratory or to burn midnight oil in a library. Especially, since it is the mixer who is more likely to be noticed first when the question of promotion will arise, and then, there is so much said about how valuable to society is a man of good mixing habits.

While it is desirable for every one of us to contribute to social life as much as possible in order to make life more worth living, there is always a danger that this over-cultivation of sociability and personality may defeat its own purpose. It isn't necessary to go too far in search of an example to prove that in a good many cases the men at the top arrived there not so much through their ability to do the actual work, as through their knowledge of how to be pleasant to everyone.

Again, the obvious benefits of an individual's being too sociable may have behind them a draw-back, which is rather difficult to see at first. Thus in one of the smelters of the southwest, there is a technical library, established primarily for the use of the research forces, but from which outsiders are not barred. There is also a score of chemists and metallurgists whose professional knowledge could probably stand some additional expansion—and yet, hardly ever does one of them stroll into the library during his working hours, and never has it happened so far that anyone came in there intentionally in the evening to do some studying. Why?—It is so unsociable!

It is curious to note that Henry Ford, in one of his recent interviews, among the numerous requirements for a young man who is to become an industrial leader, referred only indirectly to the social functions of such a leader, saying that he must know humans enough to understand their desires and needs.

There is another widely spread teaching that failed, so far, to penetrate my back woods—one about broad-mindedness. Here again a good deal has been said on behalf of it, so that it sounds more like an axiom. Expressing doubts in regard to it may be considered as an unsafe practice—a fact which I learned from my own experience.

During my M.S. examination I was asked by a professor of literature a lot of embarrassing questions about Karl Marx and other gentlemen who believed in bringing peace to the earth by throwing bombs. On my frank reply that I wasn't interested in these people, the professor made a sarcastic remark that a broad-minded Russian should be expected to know about all these

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things. Undoubtedly, his estimation of broadness of mind was not too favorable to me—and yet, it seems to me that to sum up the knowledge that each one of us possessed, I knew a good deal more about the business of the well-respected and broad-minded professor than he did about mine. Really, it puzzles me why a metallurgist, in order to be considered broad-minded, should know all the things about Karl Marx, or who was Spinoza, or which one of the Roman emperors snored the loudest, while the broadminded dilettante can't even tell the difference betwen reverbatory and blast furnaces.

No, positively there is no justice in this world, if a group of people, largest in number and loudest of voice—though questionably most useful—is dictating the fashions in mentality to the less conspicuous ones! And the worst of all is that the latter usually take this dictation for granted, feel ashamed of being out of step with the cultured world and in many cases invest their time and money absorbing all kinds of things offered by the sellers of shelves full of books, neglecting at the same time fifty foot shelves of books dealing directly with their line of activities.

Of course, we are here in this world primarily with the object of learning and accomplishing—but after we are through with the general educational period of our lives and while we are still accomplishing, I positively cannot see how one can, at the present rate of expansion of knowledge, keep in touch with every phase of it, doing this well, and at the same time doing justice to the chosen line of endeavor. It is true that nothing can be more devastating to one's mind than too narrow specialization in a certain line of thought or activities, but to avoid that, I would rather go in search of new thoughts and inspiration in branches of knowledge that are more related to my interests—say chemistry or physics—than to current literature or to what the modernists are trying to make of art.

In this respect, I give full credit to certain types of American business or professional men who so frequently are criticized as being too absorbed in their own interests, thus neglecting the trend of civilization as a whole. I believe that civilization itself is greatly indebted to these men who can stick their teeth in their problem until either they will get the best of it, or vice versa.

To many, a person of this type seems to lack broad-mindedness, a sense of beauty, or even a soul—but in fact this is due only to immobility on the side of those who prefer to nourish their minds on less practical things.

Through my duties at the smelter I came in contact with a boiler shop foreman who spent fifty years of his life in the boiler

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shop game. To the broad-minded ones, he may appear a disgrace to our civilized age, for he openly prefers discussion of boilers or similar articles to anything else in this world—but so far as I am concerned, I greatly admire the pride that this foreman takes in every well executed weld or neatly placed rivet, and I really belive that he sees just as much beauty in these as there may be in any celebrated painting. Furthermore, he is fond of tackling difficult problems that arise in connection with his trade—so much so that he takes along his pencil and pad to bed, in order to be ready to put down a bright thought (about his work, of course) that might come to his mind at night.

I often wonder, if it were possible to compare this man with some poet or writer of the second magnitude by bringing up the same common denominator for their respective faculties to think, to feel beauty and to generate inspirations—who would be the winner. Personally, I would bank on the old boiler-maker, for at least his inspirations produced something more than mere noise.

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ABOUT RUSSIAN POETRY

BASIL B. PETROV

THE triumphant progress of Lord Byron across Europe with his horses, peacocks and tamed leopards following in his train, impressed Europe and was pregnant with literary consequences. It ruined a perfectly good Russian poet. Lermontov, considered generally on a par with Pushkin, would have been worthy of this honor, if he had the latter's strength to preserve his originality.

Left an orphan early, he was brought up in Moscow by relatives, narrow and straight-laced. His sensitive nature left without companions in the early days of his life, turned upon itself for analysis and brooding. He soon discovered the shame, the superficiality of the surrounding world, and like Byron, became dissatisfied with it in general and conceived a hatred for it, keeping on the other hand his desire for the pure, the beautiful, the fantastic. A nobleman of some fortune, he entered the Imperial Guards, where the military discipline, according badly with his temperament, developing the tendencies of his childhood, made him almost cruel. He despised the world and could not get along without it. As an instance of his cruelty it is reported that he made a woman, madly in love with him, wear to a ball a most unbecoming red dress, putting her through an agony of shame. One feels this attitude in *The Hero of Our Times*, his greatest prose work, which seems to recall Byron in so many instances, and a Byron not at his best.

His tongue got Lermontov in trouble at the court, where his dissatisfaction with the existing state of things was viewed with no amiable eye. He was exiled to the Caucasus. The drama of the mountain landscape, the romantic life of the mountaineer tribes furnished him with legends and subjects for his poems. The famous epic poem *Demon* has all the earmarks of romanticism. Lucifer himself becomes his spokesman in verses worthy of Pushkin from the technical point of view, bored, tragic, floating over the great rocky peaks covered with perpetual snow. How sugary the lyricism, how sentimental the love of this almighty being! One misses the faultless psychology of Pushkin, his common sense, his exquisite realism, in this menage of hatreds and marzipan angels. His metaphors, his impersonations of inanimate objects are trite and meretricious. Some of his most famous poems begin like this: "An angel was floating in the midnight sky, singing a quiet song," or "Oh, tell me, branch of Palestine, where did you live, where did you bloom?"

In him too, one finds, together with the hatred, or rather

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because of it, the mysterious element of deep religious feeling. Like Pushkin he understood the landscape. The tragedy of the mountains is well expressed in his descriptions; they remind one of some backgrounds of El Greco, painted with a vigorous brush and clearness, from the distance. Lermontov was killed in Piatigorsk, like Pushkin, in a duel. "Peace to his ashes."

After the great exertion of the major poets, the nation, it seems, has collected her forces through a manifold and slow transition of the minor poets, in order to set forth a new phase on the brink of the Revolution. Many have great talent and suit the diversified demands of a vast country, but genius is absent. This period is unpoetic.

Prince Baratinsky, so much admired by Pushkin, had a vogue in his time, coming close to the fame of the great poet himself. Few read him now, and wrongly so, since the philosophical lyricism of his poems is couched in a flawless technique and emanates a stern and cultivated spirit. Yasikov was enamoured of the Greeks. His anacreontic poetry is charming, lacking in strength and originality. The leading theologian of the thirties, Khomiakov, expressed in his work the Slavophile ideas, he was so deeply interested in.

The liberal ideas which were gaining strength in Russia, and the question of abolition of slavery, directed the attention of Nekrasov and Koltzov to the peasantry. The "simple people" remained essentially Russian; its suffering, its language, its point of view was still unanalysed. Nekrasov returned to simplicity and nature. He described the life of the peasants, sang the poetry of villages and legends. His "naturalism" is coarse. He brought a moral purpose to every idea, to every occasion he discussed. Koltzov drew his inspiration from the folk songs. He too, sang about the "people". Uncouth, clumsy, written with a very poor technique, his poems lack true lyricism, the true beauty of bucolic poetry, the true realism of genuine things. His puerile meditations showed only too well the sad state of the milieu he came from. Both poets knew the people but had no power to express it. In comparison with the same kind of genre in Pushkin, Lermontov or Alexis Tolstoy, their cultural poverty of talent is only too apparent.

Thus the two ideas, the two tendencies of the controversy which was being waged over Peter the Great, that of the "Westeners" and the "Slavophiles" is visible in Russian poetry. Sometimes they are both apparent in the same poet, sometimes they are divided. The foreign influences begin to be definitely assimilated and digested, to produce a fusion, speaking generally, at the end of the century, when poets, no longer preoccupied with their origins, will accept both as a national inheritance.

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In Tutchev one encounters a panslavist of great culture. Thoroughly educated in the European way, he understood Russia well. His poetry of nature, pure, calm, like the Russian landscape, created a native atmosphere which influenced the Symbolists of the older generation. His lyrics, charming and refreshing, remind one of certain soft and undulating passages of Chopin. It is of some slight interest that he used the Russian language only for his poems, and wrote the most frequently quoted description of Russia, which, according to him, "it is impossible to understand, impossible to measure with a common rule, but which can only be believed in."

Fet was another poet, whose influence both on Soloviev and the Symbolists is significant inasmuch as it shows a stage of transition in the evolution towards the new school. His lyrics, sugared, perhaps at times, bear the mark of a good chisel. Pure and clear cut they justly attracted the attention of the later poets.

The Victorian Mykov, bucolic and artificial, like his English contemporaries, among the minor lights, requires a special mood for reading. He lacks the nowadays so much praised vitality, and does not compel one's interest. His contemporary Polonsky has a few good things. He is a realist with a romantic vision (whatever that is) and, like Nikitine, above all not overburdened with talent.

The infamous Nadson, one of the best sellers in his time, brought the Romanticism of a Musset to a truly amusing pitch. He wept bitter and sentimental tears on almost all the feminine laps of Russia. He wrote as follows:

"Don't tell me he is dead—he is still living.
Oh let alone the ruined altar—the fire is ablaze.
What matter if the rose is plucked—she keeps her bloom.
What if the harp is broken—still sobs the chord."

The much maligned Apuktin and his "vers de societe" were quite often classed with the productions of Nadson. As superficial as the tragedy of a "man about town" may appear, it has its pathos, and Apuktin expressed this pathos charmingly in prose and verse. In "With the courier train at five" one finds the misgivings of two aged lovers, meeting in a railroad station, made no less poignant by the luxury of the first-class carriage. In him one finds the silent suffering of a well-bred man, who sees his life coming to an end without having had time to accomplish much, and regretting the excellent marks of Champagne tasted; perhaps recalling tenderly some intimate conversation which will be no more in a corner of Victorian drawing-room, behind a palm. He has a great deal of tact, finesse and charm.

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Soloviev the philosopher, as if in reaction to the positivist nineteenth century with its material discoveries, brings a purely mystical outlook on life and sees symbols in the world unscientifically constructed. His attitude towards the reason and make up of the universe is in a very general way not unlike that of Bergson, departing to an extent from the purely material to an introduction of the Living Force as a coordinate in a system. Soloviev however, does not take science into the scope of his mystical philosophisings.

This attitude, rather this tendency, one discovers in the movement just preceding the Revolution. The period is marked finally by a poetic expansion, a richness in this sense, strong and ripe. Already in Minsky, in his symbolic poems, in his decadant attitude, in his modernist expression, the trend of the times unfolds itself. Gone is the naturalism, the simple unquestioning feeling, attitudes, thoughts of the preceding century. The modern personality becomes complex and subtle. It relies for expression on nuances, moods, impressions.

In the master of technique, in the impeccable jeweller of verse, Balmont, in his cosmic conceptions of individualism, in his pagan joy of sunshine, of landscape, of animals, much like the primitive Italians of the Quattrocento, one finds the subtle shades of Time and Spirit. When Balmont says "I and the cosmos", he goes over into something new, something different from the meaningless beauty of Pushkin and his contemporaries.

Brusov, profoundly saturated with the French Symbolists, combines, like they, liberty of form with a preoccupation with its neatness. He interprets his sensations in symbols fresh and accurate, beautiful and cerebral.

Like Pushkin in many ways, occupying the same position in relation to his period, Alexander Block epitomises in his magnificent work the whole concert of the tragic and unparallel end. His form still adheres to the sound principles of Pushkin, but a change of emphasis is quite apparent in the use of rhyme, for instance, which becomes almost shocking in its innovation, relegated to the place it should occupy as an inconspicuous ornament, accentuating the music and the sense of poems. His language is still the superb, plastic medium of Pushkin, enriched by all the subtle, charming words, which go to express a personality rich with complex and pure, lyric emotions. His meter assumes already the irregularity so dear to the very modern poets. It gives to his poems an effect slightly broken up in feeling, suiting perfectly the profound gloom of the forthcoming catastrophe.

Block is a realist in the sense Debussy is. Intellectual, and enamoured of music, he chooses his words carefully, in a way that would have pleased Remy de Gourmont, the stylist and the

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purist. Nothing but the most true, the most genuine enters the magic circle of his conceptions. One has a feeling with him as of the last judgment, when, one would fancy, human personalities, with all the base, all the hideous attributes are exposed, naked, but already without fear of this exposure and past shame. They are sad and frank about their sins and their crimes, and withal bathed in a divine atmosphere of sympathy and forgiveness. For there is nothing rigid, nothing stern about Block's poems, just an infinite sadness, an infinite all-embracing love, a broadness of outlook which takes in all people. To use the exquisite phrase of T. S. Elliott, he is "an infinitely suffering thing."

The four slim volumes comprise three of incomparable lyrics and one of plays. The last (such is the doom of Russian poetry) are reminiscent, to an extent unpleasing, of Maeterlinck. Russian Maeterlinck, no doubt, but Maeterlinck just the same. In the earlier cycle one has to go back to the primitives for understanding. The "Verses about the Beautiful Lady" have in them the spirit of the ages when the Virgin Mary reigned supreme over as sad a world as ours; when she was sowing the first cultural conceptions, softening the barbarism of the Dark Ages. The apparition of Mary haunts Block through a great many poems, sometimes descending from a star clad in a blue mantle, (which since Giotto symbolised the heavenly love), disappearing behind the white hills of snow on an evening; sometimes the beautiful "Stranger" walks through a Cafe-Chantant, superb, pure, and distant, kindling a sacred fire in the "rabbit eyes" of drunkards. At times she is receiving, smart and mysterious, attended by a butler and a husband, and yet she disappears behind a curtain and the gusts and drifts of snow keep her secret. But already in the earlier period—dedicated to the search of a perfect woman, of a pure love partly mystical, party carnal, so that one never knows if the Madonna will not descend from the ikon and become a bride, a mistress—already in this vision one notices the pervading gloom, as if a presentment of the suffering to be borne by the country. In his beautiful poem, so unsatisfactory in fragmentary translation, he understood the future:

"I went into the night to find, to understand,
The distant rustle and the nearest murmur,
Receive the non-existent, to believe
In the seeming sound of riding."

and later, referring to death:

"I understood who heedlessly is riding
And laughing in the empty saddle."

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Block gives impressions, moods and through this medium conveys an understanding, multiplies our consciousness ad infinitum, giving a supreme aesthetic pleasure.

Scattered here and there, one finds in his volumes perfect gems of "genre", little realistic short stories, little presentations which invoke again the best of the Dutch Masters, so perfect is the play of light and shade, so exquisite the rendering.

Block's poem "Twelve," which created such an uproar, such scandal at the exciting time of its appearance in full Revolution, will remain one of the greatest masterpieces of Russian literature. In it the sound of his rhyme, rhythm and words convey, in the way music does, the shooting, the march of soldiers on the frozen pavements, all the horror of the civil war, of murder and of corpses. And finally Christ with a red flag, a garland of roses, leads the Bolshevik troops, so it would appear, to murder. And yet is not the profound teaching of Christianity sufficiently convincing that His place is with those who inflict and bear the greatest suffering on this infinitesimal planet, so rich in that sort of thing already.

The words of the great genius, dying from starvation on the streets of Moscow, in a late poem are indeed befitting:

"Above our death bed crows
Ascend with screams.
Let those who are more worthy
O, Almighty, behold Thy Kingdom."

SILENTIUM

TUTCHEF

Translated by P. S. P.

BE silent, hidden and conceal
Whate'er you dream, whate'er you feel.
Oh, let your visions rise and die,
Within your heart's unfathomed sky,
Like stars that take night's darkened route.
Admire and scan them and be mute.
The heart was born dumb; who can sense
Its tremors, recondite and tense?
And who can hear its silent cry?
A thought when spoken is a lie.
Uncovered springs men will pollute,—
Drink hidden waters and be mute.
Your art shall inner living be.
The world within your phantasy
A kingdom is that waits its Saul.
The outer din shall still its call,
Day's glare its secret suns confute:
Then quaff its singing and be mute.

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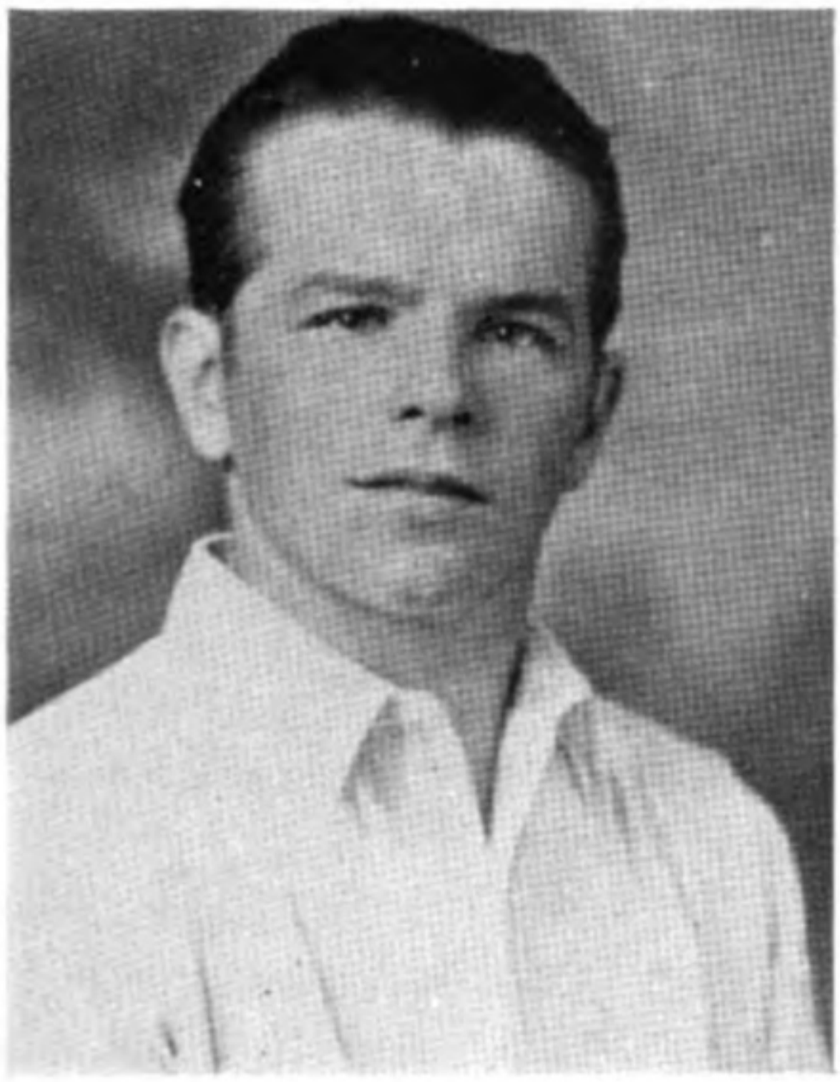
A CLEAN SLATE

VICTOR M. KIBARDIN



VICTOR M. KIBARDIN
University of Michigan
College of Engineering

EVERYONE'S life is a series of different mental attitudes toward surroundings and events. Sooner or later everyone must arrive at that stage where he feels personal responsibility for all actions and mistakes. Some people have such an experience very early in life; to others, on the contrary, it comes late. In the following article I will try to relate as fully as I can my personal experience connected with the beginning of such a stage which took place about half a year ago.

At the very beginning of my student life in an American College I made the mistake of choosing the wrong attitude toward my studies. I observed, for example, some talented students whose progress in school work was above the average, due to their natural abilities. Thinking that I could do likewise I led the same life that they did, that is, I studied as little as I could and used most of my time for reading and sport.

But I did not take into consideration two very important factors. In the first place my natural abilities never have been above the average. In the second place, the hardship of studying was increased by the necessity of using a language foreign to me. The results revealed themselves very soon. The first test showed that my knowledge of the subjects was far below normal. I did not pay much attention to that because even in Russian institutions I never had much success in first tests.

When a second test proved worse and others still worse, then I came to the conclusion that I was making a mistake somewhere. The realization of the presence of a mistake made me start a search for it.

Of course at first the blame was put upon the professors. After careful and strict observation I came to the conclusion that the professors had nothing to do with my bad luck. Another attempt was made and this time I decided to look into my personal life. To my great joy and sorrow I came to the conclusion that there was nobody to be blamed but myself.

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This was only a half solution of the problem. The hardest part was still ahead of me—I must find a way to avoid the same mistake in the future. I had to start everything right from the beginning. I examined my way of living, my system of study and keeping class notes. After long and hard work I knew that I had to be more attentive in the class room as well as during my study at home. Then I had to put twice as much time into my studies. I had to forget about everything that had no close connection with my school work. I had to go so far as even to cut down the number of hours of my sleep in order to have enough time for study.

This time the results were very different. In spite of the fact that my natural abilities never have been above the average, I found I could through hard labor and sincere attitude toward my studies rise to rank among the highest twenty-five per cent of the class at the end of the semester.

But we have to pay a certain price for all our mistakes. So, I could not receive anything better than a "C" average for the semester on the whole. Poor grades at the beginning lowered my average a great deal, in spite of the fact that the end of the semester was quite successful.

I must consider myself lucky, however, that the Russian Student Fund did not refuse to help me this year and their action prevented the necessity of my paying the bitter price of leaving college on account of my mistakes. Opportunity to go on in my school work brought home the fact that instead of laying the blame for one's failure upon the hard conditions we Russian students have to meet in American Universities, it is more sensible as well as beneficial to take an honest attitude toward one's work, and admitting past mistakes, wipe the slate clean and avoid making them in the future.

THREE SPRINGS

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

THREE springs in life's immense and joyless deserts
Mysteriously rise and hurry on;
The spring of youth, unsteady and rebellious,
Bubbling and seething, tosses, boils, is gone;
Life's exiles at the bright Castalian fountain
Drink draughts more pure, more heady than the first;
But 'tis the deep, cold willspring of oblivion
That slakes most sweetly ecstasy and thirst.

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RUSSIAN IDEAS ON PEDOLOGY

CONSTANTINE C. NIKIFOROFF

PEDOLOGY is that branch of science which deals with the study of the soil. It is understood that it is closely connected with Agriculture, but while Agriculture as a method of cultivation and exploitation of the soil is probably the oldest industry in the history of mankind, pedology, as the main branch of scientific agriculture, is almost the youngest among all natural sciences. It dates back not much more than a half century.

Its foundation was laid almost simultaneously in two great agricultural countries, the United States of America and Russia. Two renowned scientists, E. W. Hilgard in the United States and V. V. Dokouchaeff in Russia were the authentic founders of the science of the soil as a natural phenomenon.

The principal ideas of both were in the very beginning almost identical. Both found a close relationship existing between climatical conditions and the character of the soil's development and both regarded soil from a wide geographical viewpoint. But the further development of the young science has since progressed in entirely different directions. Probably here also can be found the influence of our national characteristics.

The American scientists did not lose sight of the practical application of pedology. The soil was regarded as an object of cultivation and almost all investigations in this field were closely connected with the problems of agricultural practices.

Accordingly the special conception of the soil as a medium of cultivation for plant growth, the original system of soil classification and the methods of examining and surveying soils were worked out with this viewpoint in mind. The productivity of the soil, fertilization for increasing crops, practical methods of farming and farm economics were the main torches by the light of which the new science grew in America. And of course agriculture in this country must be grateful to scientists for their experiments and investigations which placed it on a higher plane throughout the world.

It is well known that Russians, in general, are very unpractical people. Russian scientists are not an exception to the common rule. This is true even in regard to a science so closely connected with such practical problems as a study of the soil.

From the very beginning the practical problems were separated into an almost independent branch of agricultural science, the so-called "experimental agronomy", while pedology as such continued its progress and remains to the present as a distinct scientific province.

The soil is regarded by Russian pedologists as a very com-

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plicated natural phenomenon, the creation of which is influenced by numerous natural forces. It is similar to the physical focus in which the mutual actions of the different factors are concentrated and refracted. It is a medium of close contact of the organic and mineral kingdoms, firm geological crust and gasiform atmosphere.

Each one of the natural forces, such as climate, topography, vegetation, microbiology, geological character of the surface formations, its physical and chemical nature, and so on—take a definite part in the creation of the soil. They work together so closely that very often, it is quite difficult to say where one influence ends and the other begins—but the soil's face, its construction reflects all these actions. "The soils are the mirror, the bright and entirely truthful reflection, so to say—the direct result of the coordinate, close, eternal reaction between the atmosphere and ground on the one hand and vegetative and animal organisms together with the land's age on the other", wrote Professor Dokouchaeff.

In another of his works this scientist tells us: "The best and the highest beauty of the natural science, the kernel of the real natural philosophy is the genetical, eternal and always logical relationship between the vegetative, animal and mineral kingdoms on one hand and man, his ways of life, and even his spiritual life on the other. It seems to me that our soil science must be recognized as a center of the study of relations between living and dead nature, between mankind and all other organic life as well as the mineral kingdoms."

So the soil in general is regarded as an adequate link in the circle of the natural philosophy; its position between organic and mineral kingdoms, its dual organs—mineral or better to say even triple—bio-organo-mineral nature must fill the abyss, the bottomless pit between living and dead nature; to melt their contrast into a harmonious, logical whole.

The soil itself in a proper sense, as a natural individual, is recognized as a harmoniously constructed body, as a living organism with very complicated physical, chemical and biological processes characterizing its life, its dynamics or physiology. "The soil permanently lives and changes itself", said Prof. Dokouchaeff. "It develops now progressively, now regressively like every other vegetative or animal organism."

Soil's dynamics, its living functions, are those bio-chemical processes which create the soil's body, determine its age and nature. It is a very complicated process because of these reasons: First, because of a great number of mineral, organic and biological components which take part in this process simultane-

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ously. In regard to this the soil formation process is exceedingly intricate. Second, because all the chemical compounds of the reaction exist in very weak solutions, and third, because this process acts very slowly—the age of the soil must be counted by thousands of years. But they run continuously, because when they stop—soil is no longer a living body, soil dies and loses its prolific ability.

Keeping permanently in mind the wide geographical viewpoint upon the distribution of the different types of soil formation throughout the world, the Russian pedologists worked out the law of universal horizontal and vertical zones which were brought at once into complete harmony, in accordance with the principles of the geographical climatology, geobotany, into so as to say—geographical synthesis in which the soils take a place of honor also. Another notable Russian scientist, Professor Morozoff, author of the remarkable book of the forest as a natural phenomenon, tells us regarding the role of the soil in the geographical synthesis: "There is in nature no other body or phenomenon, which could demonstrate the significance of the geographical synthesis so brightly and so concretely. Nature merges itself into a unique whole in my mind", he remarked when he became acquainted with the principles of Dokouchaeff's School.

A special branch of pedology, "The geography of soil formations", rises from the development of the study of zones.

The careful study of the soil body's construction, that is its physical properties, forms another branch "Soil Morphology" which can be called in other words the Anatomy of the Soil. Repeating the words of Prof. Dokouchaeff we can tell that the soil morphology is the mirror which reflects all processes of the soil formation, its origin, its genesis and its development.

The Russian system of classification of soil is based first of all upon their morphology and is largely known as a genetical classification because soil genesis and morphology are alike to the mind and its written expression or to the invisible process and its concrete result.

Soil genesis forms a third branch of pedology and strictly speaking it is nothing else than an adaptation of the theory of evolution to the organo mineral kingdom of Nature.

Not only the peculiarity in the study of the natural phenomenon directs the Russian School of Pedology along pure scientific lines but the strong belief that the rational exploitation of the natural soil's abilities must be based upon the full knowledge of what the soil means. One of the most notable of Dokouchaeff's followers and a student of his, Professor K. D. Glinka,

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wrote in his last book that "such an action (it meant culture) will be completely rational not earlier than when the agriculturist will clearly understand to what an extent and how he modifies the life of the virgin soil when he meddles with its life. It will be possible to understand all the processes of the cultivated soil only when the process of the life of the virgin soil will be entirely known.

"Culture of the soil, any form of its melioration is more or less similar to education or treatment. It is necessary in both cases to pay attention first of all to the individuality of those who are the object of the treatment."

The Russian School of Pedology is at the present time recognized almost all over the world and little by little is welcomed in this country too. The first direct contact between American and Russian pedologists took place in 1927 during the First International Congress of Soil Science at Washington, D. C. Both sides recognized that the closest contact of our two schools in pedology must be very fruitful for both. The Russians are inherently interested in the wide experience of American applied pedology, while, it seems to me, the very detailed American Soil Surveys will be more complete in the light of the Russian philosophical and geographical generalizations.

The extent to which the Russians are interested in American attainments can be clearly demonstrated by the following fact—Russian pedology has the largest soil literature in the world. It is a common practice for the authors of papers to prepare a short summary translated into one of the Western European languages. Up to a few years ago it was either German or French. At present these have been replaced by English. I am in close contact with many Russian pedologists and I receive numerous requests from them for information, translations, et cetera of recent papers published in the United States. Many of them write to me saying, "My English is too poor yet but I hope that in the near future I shall be able not to trouble you again with requests for translations."

On the other hand our Russian School has many friends among the American pedologists, many of whom are widely known not only in this country but far abroad as Dr. C. Marbut in the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils at Washington and Dr. F. J. Alway at the University of Minnesota.

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THE RUSSIAN PEASANT

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SMATTER

IF there is anyone sufficiently interested to ask, we *loathe* moving. And moving, in New York, is another way of saying October. When the days are just beginning to be thrillingly invigorating, it seems such a waste of time to tear up the old curtains and pick out new ones to fit the new windows and evolve a new color scheme in keeping with the idiosyncrasies of the new apartment, but then somebody always persuades us to become more Russian than we are and take a chance somewhere else. So we move.

But the Russians! Some of them are eternally in that non-gathering-moss state. In this office we have a card for each person who has formally applied to the Fund for aid. There are eight lines on one side for a record of practical experience and a space 6 x 8 inches for addresses. If a certain graduate moves again, he'll get a new card. Since September, 1924, he has notified us of twenty-one different places of abode and his positions space was filled up ages ago.

Wouldn't you think that after wandering from one country to another for several years as a refugee, Ivan Ivanoff would crave a sort of permanence and adjustment to a definite environment? But, no! Before the print was dry on the Directory of Russian Graduates, just published by the Alumni Association, a number of addresses and positions mentioned therein were woefully incorrect.

We are more or less in accord with Raymond B. Fosdick's admiration of the adventurous life "that is willing to cut loose from the past for the sake of the future, that will take chances in casting off from old traditions and old techniques", but we venture to hint that Ivan Ivanoff (or any American John Smith) may be eager for new ideas without being so deeply affected by surroundings as to jump out the window whenever he's at outs with the boss. The multitudinous frailties of human nature being what they are, and though there may be countless glittering examples to the contrary, we agree with Victor Kibardin (see his article in this issue) that one's mistakes are one's own fault and further that it is much wiser to assume, if need be, that our failure to get along was due to our own self rather than to go around with that bantam-rooster-pose intimating that the whole cock-eyed world is wrong and only I, in capitals, am right. We got lost just then in a dense fog of words but we hope you know what we mean.

After all the chances are that the Americans who employ

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Russian graduates of American colleges are no more responsible for the conditions that made it impossible for these same Russians to obtain their education and experience in their own country than these Russians themselves. We thought of Ivan Ivanoff and all of his compatriots when we read Mr. Littlepage's philosophy in Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly*: "The war wasn't the worst thing. The worst thing is this sense of having lost our way in the universe."

Goodness knows, we're no psychologist, just a mere chatterbox, but with all the limitations of our calling, we don't believe that bosses even in America become unbearable at the sight of a Russian any more than Russians become funny on looking at Will Rogers. Dr. Joseph Jastrow, who *is* a psychologist, says the pleasure in getting along in one's job is mental.

Speaking of psychology, Henry Binns of Bradford, England, laid down at Yale a few essentials for industrial leadership. These, as reported by the metropolitan press, are, besides intuition: "capacity, natural and acquired, for dealing with a new situation; specific ability to concentrate upon and coordinate numerous complex factors quickly in one decision, knowledge, confidence, impartiality and stability. The last named is good health combined with freedom from anxiety and from depressing emotions." Nothing there about sociability.

Russian graduates who hold the most responsible positions seem to have these qualities, and we would like to add, (though at the risk of being dull) that the word Russian is not by any manner of means, a synonym for instability. The Russian who knows himself and finds himself usually agrees with the California engineering student who wrote us last week: "Personally to me the observations of my new life have given me some ideas of businesslike character, and show that we Russians are too emotional, too abstract in our thoughts and in our life. I am beginning to know the price of time and effort. The price of money. I begin to learn to economize time and to have my efforts the most effective with the least expense."

Sometimes, we opine, the Russian burns his bridges behind him (and why did Alexander burn Moscow?) because he dares not face reality, unpleasantness. Now that we think of it, perhaps that's why *we* have to spend October's bright blue weather driving nails in tinted walls instead of balls on fairways green.

Yours for all these things,

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Alexander Joukovsky is designed from an etching by Ivan Pavlov. Mr. Joukovsky graduated from the University of Michigan School of Business in 1927 and has since that time been employed by General Motors Export Corporation. He says he became so interested in making this drawing that he almost forgot to go to bed. We have often heard things like that about artists.

Dimitry Niconoff is descended from a long line of naval officers, and although he was deprived of the opportunity of realizing his ambition to become one too, he did follow the sea for several years before landing at New York in September, 1923. Here he stayed only three months, which was long enough to save the money to carry him one term at South Dakota School of Mines. Two months of his sojourn in New York were spent wielding a paint brush and the last month he chased cattle into an elevator. Mr. Niconoff earned most of his expenses while at school doing odd jobs and acting as assistant analyst in the mining experiment station. After his graduation in 1927 he did some special research for the Bureau of Mines at the University of Utah and received his Master's Degree in 1928. He is now research metallurgist with the United Verde Copper Company of Arizona.

Victor Kibardin, an electrical engineering student at the University of Michigan, is one of the most conscientious and hard working students we know. He has set a high mark for himself and we feel sure he will reach it. Another article by Mr. Kibardin appeared in the June number.

This month concludes Basil Petrov's discussion of Russian poetry. Mr. Petrov (Yale '26) is a young New York business man with a flair for writing.

There seems to be nothing adequate to say regarding Georges Wiren's representation of the Russian peasant. The drawing speaks for itelf and Georges Wiren (M.I.T. '23) is a real artist with Stone & Webster of Boston. Many people continue to rave over the cover he made for the February issue and his article on Gingerbread Art. This artist has a hobby. Would you believe it? Raising vegetables, perhaps it's cauliflower!

Dr. Constantine Nikiforoff, of the Division of Soils, University of Minnesota, was educated in the University of St. Petersburg and at Zurich, Switzerland. His father and mother were both physicians and he intended to study medicine but while working on soils with a special expedition in Siberia, he decided to make it his life study. His discoveries have been published under the title *The Ever-Frozen Subsoil.* While learning the English language and working as a laborer in 1927, this scientist heard that his friend and old professor, Dr. K. D. Glinka, was heading the Russian Delegation of the International Congress of Soils Science in Washington. Dr. Nikiforoff attended the Soils Congress and made the acquaintance of Dr. F. J. Alway, who needed an assistant. It sounds like a novel, but it is the truth which is ever stranger than fiction.

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A RUSSIAN MR. HYDE

A REVIEW

IT should be a relief to a genuine American to pick up a book* written by a foreigner, and find not a *nouveau riche Americain*, but a Bolivian planter demanding "the best of everything and by that, meaning what costs the most."

It should be a relief to read that at the estate of the Portuguese Bishop of Mossamedes', near the spot where Rabelais no doubt taught the peasants to drink good wine, Peruvians, Swedish, Norwegians, Argentines, a few Frenchmen, one Russian count and only three wealthy Americans, satisfied their zest for cocktails.

It is a relief, I say, to notice that Americans are not the only easily fooled people in the world and that in Touraine, where France's knighthood are sometimes said to have flowered and less often are said to have gone to seed, knowledge of Russia and Russians is just as incomplete as in any similar province in the United States.

"The muzhiks were dirty and lazy and they had to be whipped before they would work. Isn't that true?" asked Françoise, wishing to impress a fascinating gentleman who possessed the most beautiful hands in the world. And Molinoff, a Russian count turned pastry cook, whose good manners appeared to be second nature, who had poise, who could tame wild horses, speak Russian, Spanish, Italian, French, and English, was a musician of sorts, and whose chief delight was in good society, answered absurdly: "Perfectly." When asked about Russian salad, he blushed and vowed he had never heard of it. Can the Russians blame other earthly creatures too severely? Do not these very Russians exploit such ridiculous impressions to suit their own fancies?

This Russian Mr. Hyde, or if you will, Dr. Jekyll, belonging as he did "to a class in society for which frontiers vanish under the influence of good breeding" may be taken more or less as typical of Russian refugees. He is like many in America (he even fled when he heard *The Volga Boatman*) except that unlike many he allowed his better qualities to go to waste. He became too involved in social obligations to learn how to bridge the gap between his aristocratic upbringing and practical everyday existence.

To float on the waves of worldly pleasure, to have a cup of tea with two beautiful young ladies, to smoke a cigarette with the men of his world—this was the peace he craved. He needed a horse, Buria, which he had already described to these Royalists who thanked him for being Russian and their neighbor and wanted to put him on the Throne of France. So, he cooked stale fish for that affable matron, Mme. Cortes, who smiled as long as her stomach was not empty. She complained, and Molinoff, her cook, kissed her pudgy hand. He would rather die than have it happen, but he needed a horse and carriage in order to do the marketing himself. Who but a Russian, whose life is really so very difficult, would have thus intrigued?

In New York Russians are said to be more entertaining than the radio. The people of Touraine invited Molinoff everywhere for the sheer pleasure of listening to him. Though his life of misfortune had taught him the value of silence and discretion, he talked and talked, veiling himself in a cloud of mystery

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* *Molinoff or the Count in the Kitchen by Maurice Bedel, Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris. The Viking Press. New York,* 1929, $2.50.

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and describing a past life which he had never had but would have loved. These French aristocrats were charmed, and the ladies, old and young, fell head over heels in love with him.

Not that he tried deliberately to charm them or deceive them. As the author states, "It was merely that his spirit found rest in forgetting his own thoughts and feelings." He accepted their confidences without asking for them, and he thought he was satisfying all the demands of true friendship. He felt that he was their friend. He continued to pose as the owner of the old French estate, Fontecreuse, and he was afraid to tell his friends that he was a pastry cook.

Now the d'Eglantiers were genuine. They were capable of accepting him for his good qualities alone and if given the opportunity undoubtedly would have done so, but Molinoff, the count, pondering the injustices of life which made of him a pastry cook and savoring his grief with a too exquisite appreciation became too exhausted to develop the fine gift of discrimination. He could not realize (he did not try) that the friendship and opinions of less genuine beings—the superficial—do not really matter. Their friendship does not count but what *does* matter is loyalty to the d'Eglantiers of life—those who can and do appreciate the friendship of a man of worth regardless of his financial and social status. He committed the unpardonable sin of friendship by receiving the confidences of genuinely sincere people and by holding back his own confidences and giving treachery instead.

He let things happen as he always had. He was ashamed. He had to run away, of course. He made a laughing stock of all Touraine. He hurt the d'Eglantiers, especially Françoise, who really cared for him. He suffered but it was too late.

There are many Count Molinoffs and pastry cooks, whose Byronic profiles, whose pale tragic countenances are beginning to show traces of suffering because they have not developed a real sense of values. But if there were no Russian Mr. Hydes, Maurice Bedel would not have found such interesting material and that would have been a tragedy, depriving this reviewer of three hours of unadulterated pleasure.

L. J.

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Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER 1929

COVER DESIGN—THE KREMLIN WALL, MOSCOW, *A Linoleum Cut* ..... *Vsevolod Fedoroff*

IF YOU MUST, ADD! ..... *George Podd* 1

START THE DAY WITH A SAUERKRAUT COCKTAIL ..... *Vladimir Ericks* 4

THE ENGINEER IN WALL STREET ..... *Bernard Dyck* 5

ANNA AKMATOVA: THE SAPPHO OF RUSSIA ..... *Leonid Strakhovsky* 8

TSAR ALEXIS MIKHAILOVICH AND PATRIARCH NIKON, *Painting* ..... *A. D. Litovchenko* 11

SERGEI FEDOROVICH PLATONOV: HISTORIAN ..... *Michael Illinsky* 12

GREECE AND ROME ..... *Michael A. Sherbinin* 15

SMATTER 19

DINING A LA RUSSE 20

WHO'S WHO 21

ADVERTISEMENTS 22

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

November, 1929

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IF YOU MUST, ADD!

GEORGE PODD

EDITOR'S NOTE: The writer of this article, a member of the American Statistical Association, has been on the staff of the Business Research Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, since his graduation, February, 1929.

DURING the last three or four years the group of Russian students in the School of Business at Columbia University was the largest foreign group, not counting the Oriental students. It might continue to be a considerable group in the future; therefore, I think it would be of great value to those who are still in the School, as well as to those who may join it later, to know something about our experience.

I assume that everyone investing his time, money, and energy in studies logically expects remuneration at the end of his course—a job which he likes.

Our problem of what to do after graduation is a quite different one from the problem which other foreign students face. They may return to their home-land immediately after graduation or use their education here, working in foreign banks and offices connected with their own country. We have not this privilege.

We Russians who have chosen business as our career hardly realize that in our future profession good English plays the most important role; much more important than in the engineering field, mathematics, chemistry or agriculture. Unfortunately, this great factor is entirely disregarded from the very beginning of our studies. Everybody thinks that English will come to him at the completion of the course, "just by itself." It will not. At least for the majority of us it will not, unless we

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pay considerable attention to it. Among 23 Russian students I met in the School of Business only three spoke English well.

But English does not give us credit for the degree, that is to say nobody forces us to take courses in English. Consequently, we don't take them—and here is where trouble begins. It becomes worse at the end of the year when you are writing your thesis. Only this year two Russians failed on account of their "insufficient English." It becomes a tragedy when you start to look for a position.

Then comes the question of specialization. You are free to choose your favorite field. It looks as though foreign trade attracts the majority of our students and offers them the biggest possibilities. It sounds logical, because we all hope that some day Russia will come back to civilization and we may all offer her our knowledge and experience. But suppose that Russia does not turn that way in the very near future? What is to be done? To get a job in an export-import concern, as again our experience shows, is almost impossible. From all the students I know who tried to get into this field only one actually succeeded and after one year of training he went to Mesopotamia.

It is now a proved fact to say that only two lines of specialization bring real placement right after graduation and these are statistics and accounting. The rest of the courses should be considered as very necessary subjects to understand the proper use of the above mentioned sciences of major specialization but are very doubtful ways of providing an immediate and decent job.

Again the majority of our Russian students keep away from statistics and accounting and give preference to advertising, foreign trade, salesmanship, real estate management, in which, without practical experience it is almost impossible to find an opening which will immediately provide enough remuneration to pay living expenses. Another thing that we take advantage of, and to our detriment, is securing so much advanced credit for courses taken in Russia or in European countries before coming to the U. S. A. The result is that a student may obtain a degree without sufficient knowledge of the useful and practical sides of American commercial education. A great many Russian students still measure "American life by the Russian ruler," so to speak. They think that the main object is to get a degree. After they receive the degree, they find out that a diploma by itself will not open doors everywhere. Neither will a higher degree do that. It makes practically no difference what degree you hold when you apply for the first job. You are a "college man." This is sufficient in the eyes of your future employers.

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If You Must, Add!

What gets the job or loses it is *you*. The impression you make, your line of specialization, your age, and more than all of these, your knowledge of English. If a Russian speaks English fluently, his other handicaps fade into the background. He can even find a position before he actually obtains his American education.

Absence of any practical experience is another hard point. Among all the Russian students at Columbia, only one had completed commercial education in Russia and had real practical experience in Europe. Besides there are two who may combine the engineering education which they had in Russia with commercial education received here in America. One graduated in 1928 and went to Europe to work as an engineer. All the rest of us must depend entirely on what we have obtained from the School of Business and are of necessity placed in competition with the young American graduate when we leave the School. It is natural, therefore, to expect all difficulties.

It seems to me that those who are without previous experience, who are over twenty-five years old and whose English is uncertain, will gain more if instead of commercial education, they will choose technical schools, or will take up chemistry where one probably works harder and in less comfortable surroundings than in an office, but where competition is less and jobs are more available.

But if you cannot be content outside of big business, be guided by the experience of others, and specialize in accounting or statistics. If you *must*, add!

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START THE DAY WITH A SAUERKRAUT COCKTAIL

VLADIMIR ERICKS

"START the day right with a glass of sauerkraut juice," says a sign in a drug store. Across the street one reads. "Drink Buttermilk" and somewhere else one is advised that some attention should be paid to acidophilus milk.

In other phraseology, biologic food processes are beginning to come to the foreground; knowledge of fermentation processes is becoming widely known and there is being created a demand for the bacteriological chemist.

Starting as a pure chemist, Pasteur became later interested in the biological side of chemical problems. In 1857 he disclosed his studies on Lactic Acid Fermentation and Alcoholic Fermentation in which he concluded that the changes of sugar into alcohol and acids are the results of life phenomena. These studies served as a signal for diverting man from the course of more strictly chemical studies.

Out of researches opened new horizons in many branches of chemistry and general biology. Fermentation today exhibits one of the most striking and extraordinary reactions presented by chemistry. This problem fascinates the mind of the investigator and has to an exceptional degree the power of keeping the interest of scientific workers continually on the alert.

The fruity acids of oranges, grapefruit and lemons can now be produced by fermentation processes. It will be a surprise for quite a number of chemists to learn that citric acid is produced in the United States in millions of pounds by a fermentation process from sugar.

Fermentation methods play the most important part in solvents production. Starting in 1920 with an output of only a few fermenters, the demand in the lacquer industry for n-butyl alcohol has increased by leaps and bounds until in 1929 approximately 150 fermenters, each of 50,000 gallon capacity, are required to keep up the necessary rate of production. Acetic acid, vinegar, beverages, alcohols, cream, butter and cheeses are manufactured by processes which depend upon micro-organisms. If the producer expects the maximum yield and a uniformity in quality of the product, he must produce the optimum conditions for his micro-organisms. This requires research and constant control by a scientifically trained man, who has both a working knowledge of micro-biology and chemistry.

The educational institutions in the United States recognize the need for courses for men with such training and no doubt before long we will hear of more Russian graduates in biochemistry.

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THE ENGINEER IN WALL STREET

BERNARD DYCK

SOMEONE made a forecast recently that on the basis of the first eight months of this year the volume of securities offered to the American public in 1929 will exceed ten billion dollars. Financing as a business thus is one of the largest industries of the country.

It is but natural that a business of such magnitude has its problems like any other business. For the past few years the American public has accumulated large surpluses which it has been willing to invest in securities, rather stocks than bonds. It is the investment banker's function to satisfy this demand. Generally speaking, therefore, finding a market for his wares is no problem to him, as it is to the manufacturer.

The average banker avoids as much as possible production, the creative process known as "adding value by manufacture." In the realm of finance we would interpret this to embrace the taking of responsibility for organization of a new enterprise or the rehabilitation of an existing but run down concern. Merely to play the broker between the public and an enterprise needing capital and wash one's hands, is in our opinion an out-of-date conception of the investment banker's functions. Such procedure can be followed with good conscience only by well established concerns. There are not enough opportunities of this nature to go around even in highly industrialized America.

In the past an enterprising individual either saved enough money to start a business, make it a going concern first and then resort to financing its expansion through the banker, or he borrowed money from his friends for his initial venture and enlisted the banker's aid after he had made a success of it. Such a process of developing the economic resources of the world is too slow in this age of speedy progress and becomes less and less feasible. The coincidence of the tremendous growth in numbers of investors within the last few years and the demonstrated preference for stock equities, is a sign that the new investor insists on taking a chance with his small surplus. To the unscrupulous this is an opportunity to "give them a ride." But we firmly believe that even considerable losses will not affect this trend substantially, and that the conception of "investment" is due for "revamping."

The banker with proper mental equipment and the long range point of view will fully realize the importance of this trend in future investment banking and prepare himself for larger responsibilities in creating investment opportunities. He is the logical man to assume the responsibility for the fate of an enterprise back of an issue of securities. To the average

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banker this may be a problem; but he will have to solve it, if he wants his share of the investment capital that has caused within recent years the unreasonable inflation of certain securities on the exchange simply because the banking fraternity failed to provide enough new attractive opportunities for the employment of this new capital.

Another major problem in the field of finance is the high cost of doing business. This causes the impossibility of financing smaller meritable enterprises—a serious problem. The source of this trouble is the new business department of the average investment banker In times of scramble for business he frequently is willing to foot the bill for testing an opportunity brought to him for consideration.

An unwise choice will cause considerable sales resistance and thus increase distribution costs beyond reasonable limits. The whole success of underwriting depends on the display of brains in contracting for new business. Close observation proves that the average banker concentrates on shrewd bargaining with the promoter rather than on the scrutiny of the merits of an opportunity. Increase in spread by a few points has no chance of effecting a larger profit, if three per cent of the proposed capitalization is thoughtlessly spent on proving the undesirability of the proposition. Worse still if such expenditure does not reveal any defects, the issue is sold and the enterprise back of it fails in a short time with resultant additional losses to the banker and the public. We are putting ourselves on record here in stating that with the exception of undeveloped mines it is feasible to prove the merits of a proposition, including examination of contracts, accounts and properties, with a maximum cost of one half of one per cent of the capitalization of an average sized issue.

The problem of investment is that of choice of a desirable opportunity for the remunerative employment of capital. Any enterprise that contemplates to provide or is providing a useful service may be said to be an opportunity. It will be a desirable one if it promises to produce a return satisfactory to the investor. This is for the banker to find out. If he is not himself an engineer, he will display wisdom in delegating this task to his partner or associate engineer. The task consists of mentally going through a series of acts necessary to produce the contemplated service ready for sale.

Let us follow the development of the engineer just out of school up to the point where he faces the task of appraising the opportunity. Everyone is more or less familiar with the purely technical aspects of the various branches of engineering, such as structural, architectural and machine design, surveying, material

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testing, electrical and chemical laboratory work, time and motion studies, et cetera. Design is nothing else but a program and prescription to make a certain thing with the least expenditure of material and human effort consistent with the service for which such object is designed.

The rules and methods to be used in economical design are based on scientific principles. They have been taught to the engineer when still in school. According to the dictionary an economist is a person who is careful and thrifty with material resources. The engineer thus is already in the very beginning of his career an economist. This produces the engineering approach so necessary in all business activities. There are degrees in such a state of mind; in pioneer times it is sufficient to do a thing somehow regardless of material and time. With progress in civilization and its attendant change from expansive to intensive methods of exploitation, economical use of material resources and man power becomes increasingly important.

As and if the engineer advances, his work becomes more and more executive. As his responsibilities increase, mere knowledge of mechanics and technology becomes less important; the engineer superintendent of construction or manager of a plant is engaged in materializing the idea of the designer. The latter has prescribed the amount of material to be used; the executive's chief concern is to hold down labor cost to a minimum and reduce the time element through proper coordination of the various operations; he is dealing more with the human element than with materials. The engineer who is promoted to the office of president of his company is neither a technician nor a mere executive any longer, but has a grasp of the larger problems of the enterprise and the ability to coordinate the efforts of the various departments; to use the better European term, he is the director of the business unit, the man who says "what" is to be done, leaving the "how" to the various subordinate executives. He is substantially a practical economist dealing as he does with the elements of cost of service performed by the business unit, the elements of revenue, the inter-relations of these elements, and their resultant effect upon profit.

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ANNA AKMATOVA: THE SAPPHO OF RUSSIA

LEONID STRAKHOVSKY

THE twentieth century produced in Russia a brilliant ring of poets, among whom Anna Akmatova, the poetess, acquired unusual fame. An extraordinary personality herself, she writes in a subtle manner of emotions and impressions. I can never forget a painting of her by Olga Della Vos, which reveals the full interest and charm of her exquisite figure. She is painted sitting with a book in her thin hands, a scarlet shawl embraces her sharp shoulders. Her ebony black hair ripples gently down her head, ending in a heavy knot on the nape of her neck. Her profile with a nose which would intoxicate a cubist seems so heavenly light on the dark blue ground of a sky, where a few snow white clouds float. She leans against a Japanese-like tree, the thin dark branches underlining the slimness of her figure. Such was her portrait, such is she in life.

Akmatova is typically a poet of Petrograd. The spring's twilight—"the white nights"—with its melancholy and dreaming on the islands, where the Neva rolls her waves into the sea and where calm and serenity reigns; the autumn winds round the Winter Palace, when smoke from the chimneys dances a wild witch dance in the air and the steel grey Neva roars with hidden fury, streaming over the parapet into the streets where disaster awaits the citizens of the capital of Peter the Great; or the cold winter brings down masses of snow from the grimy sky, covering the earth with a white eider-down, under which a woman cannot find the cross on the tomb of her beloved. Such are the settings of Akmatova's poetry, which is the infinite, self-sacrificing love, where there is no place for hatred or contempt.

Her poetry is essentially that of a woman. No poetess ever existed who did not attempt to place herself in a man's position relative to the world or its demands. But Akmatova remains always a woman either in the description of her own feelings or in her outlook on the beauties around her and the world's mystery and misery.

There is a strong feeling of perplexity throughout her poetry, the perplexity of a woman's heart before the coming of a conquering love. Only the usual feeling of woman's love—to be loved—gives no satisfaction and the poetess reserves much place for mourning over a dead love. This example is a characteristic description of that feeling:

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ANNA AKMATOVA

PERPLEXITY

I

It was hot under the burning light,
And his glances were like rays . . . .
I was shivering: this one might
Turn me to unknown ways.
He is bending. He's to speak again.
In my throat burns a wild simoon . . . .
Let love on my life remain
Like the stone on a tomb.

II

You don't care. You don't wish to look.
How beautiful, damned, you are!
And I cannot fly any more:
Nor near, nor far.
A mist will blindfold my eyes,
I'll tighten my faded shawl . . . .
How red is the scarlet tulip,
The tulip in your buttonhole.

Akmatova is still in Russia, still in Petrograd. I imagine her thin figure gliding down the grass covered streets of "Petropolis"—Petrograd, the idol of almost all Russian poets from Pushkin to Alexander Blok. Red flags, forgotten here and there from some festival, are sinister reminiscences of some past, like milestones on the road of revolution. The Neva is rolling her unchanged endless waves to a distant sea and the Winter Palace—Akmatova's architectural love—is grim in the growing darkness. What can be written in a dying town among hungry people? Death conquering life? Hatred victorious over love? But Akmatova does not change her leading theme of sad remembrance, which nowadays fits so well into Russian surroundings. On the whole, Akmatova's poetry seems like shadows or ghosts, passing before her half closed eyes. Faint are their forms, slender—their movements, like a whisper is their voice. But, are they shadows of life or death? Are they spirits or souls of some one who already existed? Or, are they just the fantasy of a poet's imagination?

Akmatova seems to be herself one of those mysterious creatures which crawl out of dark corners, when the twilight expands its lilac gown over earth and men. And it seems to be such a blasphemy—a red flag amidst these light coloured shadows. Red is blood, blood is life. But Akmatova's images are something beyond the ordinary flesh existence. I can see her among ruins of life dreaming of sea, rain, and the sun-goldened* temple of Kersoness†.

On the customs floats a scarlet flag,
Over the town glides a yellow mist.

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* Akmatova uses the word "sunburnt".
† An old place in Crimea.

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My heart beats slowly under a rag,
My lips for ever remain unkissed.
To be a little sea girl again,
To put soft slippers on naked feet,
To laugh when dancing under the rain,
And to sing when running down the street.
If only I could be crippled and lame
In the sunburnt temple of Kersoness
Ignoring that, spoiled by luck and fame,
Hearts are slowly beating to death.

All Akmatova's charm is in these short poems. She never attempted to write anything more ambitious and, I think that she simply cannot write in long form because her subtle emotions are like rose leaves, which are small, but tender and full of aroma.

There are two figures in Akmatova's poetry: one, adoring her—still a boy—to whom the woman is burning with infinite pity; the other, whom she adores, a beautiful but ice-cold creature, to whom she addresses all the love of which her heart is capable.

The boy has spoken: "How it aches!"
And I pity deeply the boy . . . .
Not so long ago his eyes were like lakes,
And life to him was a toy.
But now he knows what suffering means—
He is older and wiser than you.
His soul has got a pair of dark wings,
And he knows what is false, what is true.
I know: he will never bear his pain,
The pain of his first unfortunate love.
How sad he is kissing and kissing again
My hands and my yellow glove.

And so different is the other poem. Different even in the rhythm and in the choice of expressions.

I have the power of a smile.
Just a little movement of eyes.
I guard it for you, my dear,
When we meet in a new paradise.

I don't mind your being so shrewd,
I don't mind your not loving me.
I can see a golden altar
Where together one day we shall meet.

Her three volumes of poems *The Rosary*, *White Wings* and *Anno Domini MCMXXI* are very much alike. Akmatova reached the culminating point of her poetical development in her first book and she remains on these heights. It is very seldom that one can find a poet with a fully developed capacity of song-writing from his first appearance in the public eye. I know only one such case in the world's literature, in prose writing, not poetry, and that was the publication of *Boule de Suif* by

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Courtesy Central Book Trading Co.

Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich Romanov and Patriarch Nikon Before the Tomb of Philip the Miracle Worker.
From a picture by the artist A. D. Litovchenko, printed by I. Knebel. Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich, the second Romanoff, ruled from 1645-1676.

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SERGEI FEDOROVICH PLATONOV: HISTORIAN

MICHAEL ILLINSKY

THE Russian proverb says: *Nyet khooda bez dobra*—there is no bad without some good (it is an ill wind that blows nobody good) and the present crisis in Russian life has a good point. It turned the mind of the whole world to Russia. If before the revolution the world took an interest in Russia as a great power and a land of immense riches and possibilities, now its interest is in the Russian people. The world looks for an answer to the questions: What are the Russian people? What is their inner nature? What is their soul? Therefore in the past it was sufficient for the American people to know the history of Russia from the time when Russia appeared in European history as a great state; now this cannot satisfy them and Americans want to know the history of Russia from the beginning up to the present time and not only the chain of historical events, but the internal causes.

It is good that for the gratification of this desire there has been chosen the work of Prof. S. F. Platonov (*), whose textbook of Russian history was formerly used in the Russian Classical Gymnasium.** This book was first published in English in 1925, re-issued in 1928 and reprinted in August, 1929.

A Russian history, especially of the ancient period, should answer the questions which are not clear even to Russian historians themselves. Maybe it is true, as some people say, that the present time is a period only for investigation, but not for writing of the whole Russian history, and that new archaeological discoveries and new researches throw new light on ancient historical events; and therefore it is difficult enough to give a full and true picture of the development of the historical life of the Russian people, especially in short words and in accessible form. But the name Platonov speaks for itself. He is a great authority on Russian history and he is a master of words.

A short sketch of the life of the historian may be of interest. Prof. S. F. Platonov was born in 1860. During the last year of his study in a gymnasium in St. Petersburg, his verses aroused the interest of a teacher of Russian literature. That teacher persuaded Platonov to study this subject in the University. In

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* *A History of Russia* by S. F. Platonov. Translated by E. Aronsberg. Edited by F. A. Golder. The Macmillan Company, 1929. $2.00.

** The Russian Classical Gymnasium was a school of eight classes preparing for the university, the classical languages being an essential part of the curriculum. The course corresponded to the American high school and about two years of college.—Editor.

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1878 Platonov was graduated from the gymnasium and entered the Historical-Philological Faculty of St. Petersburg University with the intention of specializing in Russian literature. But in the university the lectures of the professors of Russian literature did not attract Platonov's attention and he began to study Russian history under the guidance of the eminent professor Bestuzheff-Rumin.

Besides the lectures of his faculty Platonov attended the lectures of professors of the law faculty—Gradovsky (state law) and Sergeevich (history of state law). The lectures of the latter professors had a great influence upon Platonov. Professor Bestuzheff-Rumin called Platonov a disciple of Professor Sergeevich. Platonov himself does not deny the influence of Professor Gradovsky and Professor Sergeevich. He himself says: "Under the influence of Gradovsky's lectures I forged the conception of the state and community, the aim of the state, the relation of the state to the individual and the goodness of personal liberty and freedom." To Gradovsky, Platonov said: "I am obliged to the stubbornness by which I have always resisted partisanship, to defend jealously the right of every person to work in the direction of his internal impulses."

This attitude saved Platonov from great dangers. It must be kept in mind that the time in which Platonov studied at the university (1878-1882) was a period of political unrest. There was the Turkish war for the liberation of the South-Slavic people. This war roused the self-consciousness of the Russian people, but the Berlin Congress, which deprived Russia of the fruits of its victory on the one side and the liberal government given to the emancipated Slavonic peoples (the form of government which was not enjoyed by Russian people themselves) on the other—provoked the discontent of Russians and excited a revolutionary movement, the end of which was the assassination of Emperor Alexander the Second. All these events certainly influenced the student body of Russia.

But S. F. Platonov took no part in this movement. He himself said, "I was not qualified to submit to party or party circles. I was not disposed to plan collective work, and therefore with keenest interest have heard the passionate apology of individualism, and I believe that the source of progress in any society is personal activity. I did not stay in party circles long, but went out of it very soon."

Platonov exhibited this independence not only in his relation to society but also in his scholarly work. While still sitting on a student's bench, Platonov wrote a treatise *About the Dwelling Place of Goth-Tetraksit*. In his work he placed these people in one place, knowing that the people for whom he wrote

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placed them in another place. When the works of V. F. Kluchevsky, professor at the University of Moscow, were published, Platonov fell under his influence. "I shall not conceal", Platonov said, "that the inflencue of Kluchevsky's works over me was strong and deep. I did not follow in his steps and did not wish to copy him, but I read and reread his works and felt myself as a disciple of Kluchevsky."

In 1882 Platonov graduated from the University but remained in the school and was kept as Privat-docent (assistant professor) for further study of Russian history. His initial work was *About Country Assemblies* (*O Zemskih Soborah*).

He took a position as teacher in the gymnasium for girls; he gave lectures in the highest courses for women (the college), Alexander's Lyceum (a college for men); was Inspector of studies in the Pedagogical Institute for Women and was called to give lessons in Russian history to the members of the Tsar's family, which position he held from 1895 to 1900. At the present time Platonov is a member of the Russian Academy of Sciences and is working in Leningrad.

The principal works of Prof. Platonov are: *Ancient Russian Narratives and Stories About the Troublous Times of the Seventeenth Century, as an historical source;* (*Drevne russkya skazania i povesti o smutnom vremeni XVII veka kak istorichesky istochnik*). *The Outline of History of the Troublous Times in the Moscow State in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; Boris Gudunov; Alexis Michailovich, Ivan the Terrible* and many others.

A History of Russia is the fruit of Platonov's teaching in the gymnasium and in the family of the Emperor. In it we do not find all historical events mentioned, but only those which characterize a given period. This book shows the development of the inner history of Russia in the light of recent archaelogical discoveries and investigations. Platonov raises questions that are not yet definitely answered.

It is hoped that more books, similar to this volume of Platonov's, will appear in the American book market. Such books will help the English speaking people to know better the Russian people, their souls and culture.

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GREECE AND ROME

(A Word to the Ambitious Young Man)

MICHAEL A. SHERBININ

THE beautiful Russian proverb says:* "According to his garb a man is met, and according to his wisdom he is conveyed." Like any Oriental the Russian man studies you and is not satisfied with your outward appearance and garb. He wants to find out what is in you and from what you carry in the inward sanctuary of your soul will depend how he will deal with you and take leave of you. The Russian in particular and the Slav in general is a lover of wisdom.

The two great European nations which have contributed to our Russian civilization are Greece and Rome. Greece never excelled in great armies, yet she was esteemed as the cradle of philosophy, while Rome's aspiration was power. Power at any cost. This thirst for power is still seen in the descendants of Rome and in the nations, which are imbued with her spirit.

Russia's first illuminators were Greeks, who implanted the teaching of Christ and who, in giving Russia the Christian religion, made her heir to their culture. Wisdom is what the Greeks craved. It was said by Saint Paul: "The Jews require a sign and the Greeks seek after wisdom." Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle could not have developed their theories of wisdom, if the people among whom they lived had not shown a readiness to accept their teaching.

The soul of our European nations has inherited both the psychology of Greece and that of Rome. Those who place their utmost ambition in finding wisdom are the heirs of Greece; those for whom power is the only goal take after Rome. With the Slavs you see both elements combined, with a decided preponderance of Greece. Wisdom, the joy of knowing, the independence coming from wisdom and the power, which comes not from conquering nations, but from making friends of them—this is what we crave.

In the June issue of *The Russian Student* I saw an etching with the motto: "Cooperation is not a sentiment—it is an economic necessity." Friendly cooperation is the ideal of the Slavs. It is thirst for power which is the goal of those who live mostly on the spiritual legacy of Rome. Those who love wisdom need not run after power, because they are resting in the consciousness that wisdom includes power—first of all power and self-restraint over their lower nature and secondly power and security against dangers from without.

* Po odejde vstretchayout, po oomoo provojhayout.

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A man who is conscious of his virtue or manliness need not have many weapons, (possibly some weapon to protect himself against wild beasts) ; while the man who knows himself to be a murderer has to be armed to the teeth. Naturally such a man will not be loved, but feared. The artist, the cunning craftsman, has a mightier weapon in his possession than the sword. He carries with him a spell or something that charms and disarms even the brutal soul.

There is a modicum of truth in the Greek myth, which tells how Orpheus moves men and beasts by his music and wards off mishaps and disasters from the ship of those Argonauts, whom he joins on their cruise.

The lover of divine wisdom lives in an atmosphere of love and peace and spreads good-will and peace which invariably and constantly radiate from him, as a soothing influence of some X-rays of a spiritual order.

And above all this there is something vigorous and manly in the lover of wisdom. Wisdom appeals to the nobler nature of man better than coercion. Its appeal is irresistible because its victories are those that captivate the will and all the powers of a man. Surely, as someone has said: Peace has its victories no less than war.

As long as error subsists in the minds of men we will have to combat that error. In our schools we were so much taught that we were Russians, Germans, Jews and such like, that we forgot that we were human beings. It is with a painful feeling that I realize that I graduated from the University in Russia and knew about Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar and Hannibal, but knew next to nothing about St. Chrysostom, Basil the Great, Ephraim Syrus or Saint Barbara.

I am glad that the French Government has issued postage stamps with the effigy of that saintly man Louis Pasteur. I admire him. Surely a conqueror he is. Follow up his modesty, his zeal, his sleepless nights, when he for the first time applies the serum against rabies on a young man and then you will understand his triumph, his elation, when he realizes that his labor of love and devotion bear fruit and the lad is cured.

Or will you follow with me in your thought to past days into the old country-house of a wealthy Russian land owner, Nicholas Zinovief, in Orel Province, a man of forty, when I knew him in 1892. He told me how a mad wolf had bitten several men, also a couple of boys and a woman. Then Zinovief, without losing a minute of his precious time, conveyed those people to the railroad station some thirty miles distant, provided them with clothes for the journey, ordered and equipped a special train, which meant a heavy expense, and after four days

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brought them to the Pasteur Institute in Paris, France. He sees that they are at once inoculated with the serum; he follows their treatment, arranges for their food and housing and, when the treatment takes a successful turn, Zinovief returns with them home, happier for the experience, although bearing the heavy expenses, equal only to the wealth of a millionaire.

As everything in life is cheered by a dose of humor, Zinovief related to me that it was not an easy matter to provide for them Russian kitchenware, a big turreen for the center of the table, as the mouzhiks eat everything from one vessel and have no need of soup plates. It was not so easy either to get for them Russian wooden spoons for their *shchi*,* or sour-cabbage soup, but he got them, and the Russian peasant woman did the cooking.

Or take Thomas Edison, whom, if you will forgive me, I consider a giant in comparison with that poor dwarfed Alexander the Great. If you search for a genius, Edison is a genius, but he is no less a tireless toiler. Listen to his own words about what makes a genius: "Genius is one per cent inspiration and ninety-nine per cent perspiration."

If we Russians are called to take after Greece in her research for wisdom and we try to imitate Rome, we will be a failure. You will say: "Wars are predicted by our prophets and the sword is a necessity." Let it be so, but it is also said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." I want to join the latter.

* See Dining a la Russe in this issue—Editor.

The tail pieces in this issue are taken from a small book *Corners of Moscow*, by Prof. A. A. Sidoroff, with miniatures and wood cuts by Ivan Pavlov.

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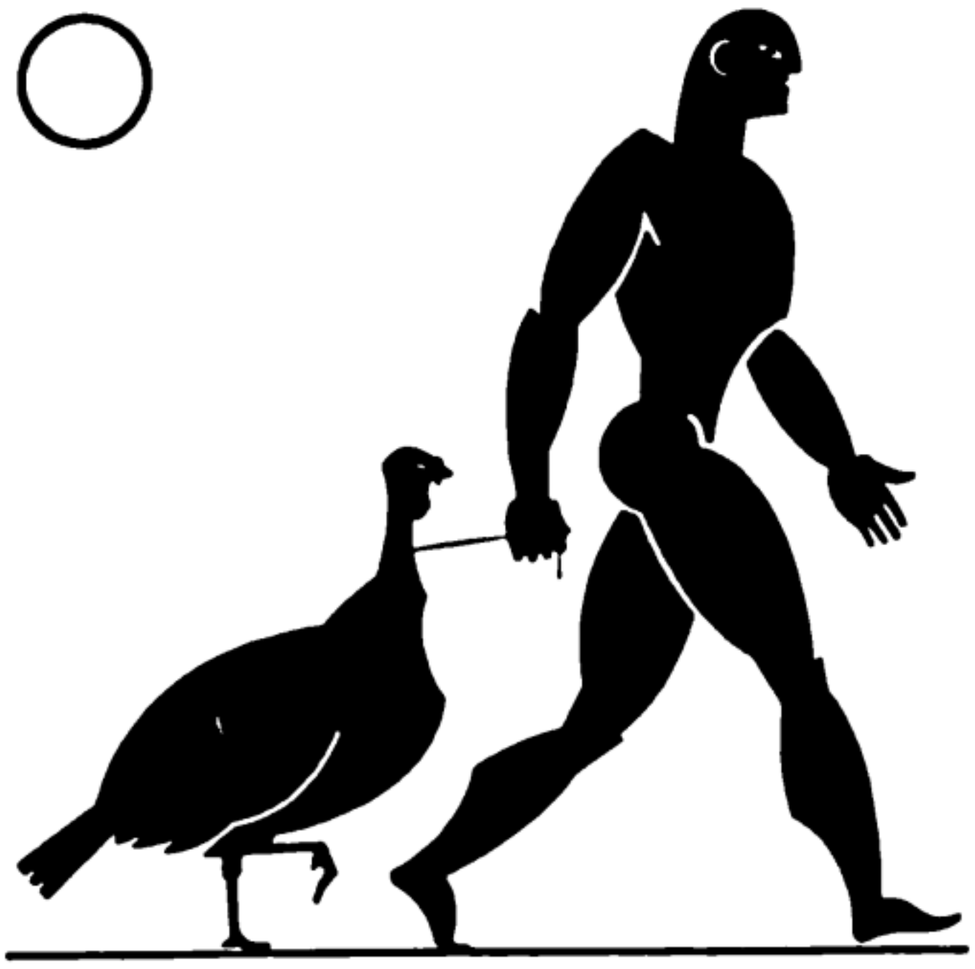
SMATTER



"BUT I'm raising turkeys on the side," explained a blond Russian with the look of starvation in his eye. "And if the cholera doesn't get them, Thanksgiving will," I couldn't help saying, wishing at the same time that he'd eat a little more. "Yes, they're hard to raise, but they ought to bring a good price in November," he finished with a happy look.

A student with a Greek name came to the United States last summer from Constantinople, through the aid of the League of Nations. Today we received a letter from him, written from the University of Wisconsin where he is studying agricultural engineering on his own resources.

> Fortunately enough I have found a room for which I work, thus eliminating the lodging expenses. The food question is the hardest to be solved—due to the fact that I carry a full time program, and that coupled with the work I have to perform for my room, leaves me but very little time to work on any odd jobs that come up. Following, however, the suggestion of one of our Robert College teachers that "the less you eat, the more lively you feel in the university," I, after pretty hard practice, seem to have attained very good results—having quite done away with breakfast and supper and I am on the point of eliminating from my extra-curriculum activities, the unnecessary dinner, too.

He prefaced the above remarks by an apology for not enclosing one dollar as his subscription to *The Russian Student* and begged permission to send it in two or three weeks. If only he wouldn't send it at all, we'd be thankful. At least this man ought to allow himself to have one good meal on Thanksgiving Day. It might help his liveliness in the university too. There are hundreds of other Russians who can subscribe for themselves and this fellow too (without mentioning the Americans) and not go on a reducing diet either.

Yes, our mind's made up. We're not going to close our eyes and hold out a tin cup for subscriptions this month. Not that we don't need them—even though $357.00 has been added to the subscription account since September, and we're three times

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further along than we were a year ago—but our sense of values, bad as it is, insists that we express our thanks for what we have. Or what have you?

Here is a translation of a letter in Russian from a priest in Alaska:

> I thank you most sincerely for sending me *The Russian Student*. It is a pleasure to read such nice articles referring to our dear Fatherland. The reminiscences of Lydia Buketoff on Easter Night have touched me very deeply. Her description of Easter Night in Russia is very true. It reminds me vividly of years spent under Russian skies, amid Russian atmosphere and under the bright canopy of Russian Orthodoxy. I have read that and have cried. I have felt. I have lived through everything that she has described, as every other true Russian. Her sincere words touched in me the memory of my happy youth, happy days at home. Please pardon me that I am not expressing myself in a way I would like to express my feelings. During my stay of over thirteen years in Alaska, among the Aleuts, I have forgotten to express myself correctly. There are no Russians here, and the aborigines speak only a kind of Russian. Besides that I am mixing Russian with English. I hope, nevertheless, that you will not judge me severely for my badly written letter.
>
> God help you to continue your sacred work; to print such beautiful articles as the ones contained in *The Russian Student* and to acquaint the American public by way of written word with our great Russia. Alas, there are many who believe that Russia is a non-civilized, backward country.
>
> You did well in reproducing the Church of Vassily the Blessed. What a beauty it is. Let them see that we have our own art, and that we are not so much behind. Love Russia, do not forget her, pray for her because she is a sufferer at the present time, a great sufferer. Live as friends, help one another, forgive everybody, love everybody, and you will be the true followers of Christ.
>
> God keep you.
>
> Your well-wisher, Archimandrite Gerasim,
> Afognak, Alaska.

A few years ago a recent graduate told us, the day after Thanksgiving that he ate a dinner of hard-boiled eggs, in utter solitude. He is now doing rather well in Wall Street. We hope this year he and all the other Russians can sit down to rows of Turkey dinners with friends.

Yours for a Thanksgiving with cranberries and chrysanthemums, if you like 'em,

—de N.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Kisliya Shchi (Sauerkraut Soup)

1 kilo of sauerkraut
1 spoon of butter
1 spoon of flour
5 potatoes
1 onion

From rather fat meat or, still better, part meat and part ham, make a white bouillon. Take sauerkraut, press it out, pour some boiled water over it, press out again, chop fine and fry slightly in half a spoon of butter with chopped onion, stirring all the time.

Put fried sauerkraut in bouillon and cook it until it is soft. About 1½ hours before serving, add to shchi some slightly fried flour (take 2 spoons of flour and fry in ½ spoon of butter or fat) and 4 potatoes. Pepper and bay-leaves may be added, if desired. Serve with sour cream. If shchi does not taste sour enough, add some sauerkraut juice and boil it with the shchi.

Teliatina Pod Beshameliou (Veal with Beshamel Sauce)

1 spoon butter
1 spoon flour
1 glass sour cream

or

1 spoon butter
2 spoons flour
1½-2 glasses of cream or milk, grade A

Dissolve 1 spoon of butter and one spoon of flour and pour over it a glass of sour cream; put on the stove, stir it, strain after it boils, and cook until thick. Milk may be used as well; 1½ glass of milk requires 2 spoons of flour.

After veal is roasted, cut it on the bias, spread beshamel over each piece and put on a metal dish as veal looked before cutting into pieces. Spread some beshamel over the top of the whole piece, add some grated Parmesan cheese, spray with butter. Put dish in the oven and keep it there until beshamel shows a reddish crust. Serve in the same dish.

Blinchiki—Dessert

3 glasses milk
2 eggs
½ spoon butter
2 glasses flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ klgr. butter
½ teaspoon sugar

Rub 2 yolks of eggs with ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of sugar, add to it, stirring slowly, 3 glasses of milk; pour it all, still slowly stirring, into 2 glasses of flour. Spread evenly, add 2 beaten whites of eggs. When frying pour out evenly and thinly on a very hot buttered frying pan.

The blinchiki can be prepared with any kind of fruit jam; in that case cover blinchiki with a layer of jam, roll them up in the form of a cone, and fry on both sides.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Again we have a cover by an artist who is not an artist professionally. This is a linoleum cut made by Vsevolod Fedoroff from a wood cut by Ivan Pavlov. Now Mr. Fedoroff is a graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University and received his master's degree in 1925, specializing in mining engineering. He has designed heating, ventilating, and air conditioning systems in factories and theatres for the Carrier Engineering Corporation, Newark, New Jersey and is at present in the Standard Products Division of that company.

George Podd (Columbia '29), a son of a former admiral of the Russian Imperial Navy, was himself a naval officer having graduated from the Naval Academy in Petrograd in 1915. After serving in the navy and in the army of General Denikin, Mr. Podd left Russia in 1920. For three years he lived the life of a sailor on Greek ships and saved enough money to come to the United States in October 1923. He says he could not speak any English at that time but his knowledge of the Greek language enabled him to find a position in a Greek restaurant. He perfected his English, entered Columbia and earned all of his own expenses, principally by working at the "Russian Bear," until his last year when the Fund helped him with his tuition only. Fully realizing the competition which a Russian business graduate must face in New York, he laid most careful plans for finding a job and by the time he completed the work for his degree, he accepted a position in the Business Research Bureau, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

In 1916 Vladimir Ericks (Pratt Institute '27) graduated from the Real School in Odessa and then studied in the polytechnic institute before entering the artillery during the World War. Mr. Ericks came to the United States in 1921. He has worked out a process for granulation of anhydrous citric acid and has translated from the Russian several important articles on citric acid fermentation. He is now a research chemist with National Aniline and Chemical Company, Buffalo.

In South Russia Bernard Dyck, the son of a Mennonite farmer, experienced some of the worries of an independent business because from 1903-1921 his father owned a large and well-equipped flour mill. Mr. Dyck obtained a commercial education in Alexandrowsk, and some technical training in Petrograd and in Darmstadt, Germany, and the degree of Civil Engineering from Columbia in 1926. His practical experience has been in surveying and construction work in Russia and in Germany and three years with a prominent American company in the United States. He is now doing free lance appraisals and investigations for private capitalists and bankers.

In 1915 a story by Leonid Strakhovsky entitled *The Dance of the Cobra* appeared in the magazine of the Imperial Alexander Lyceum. Since that time and especially after 1921 his verse and short stories have been published in a number of foreign periodicals. Several volumes of poetry and stories were printed in Berlin. Dr. Strakhovsky is foreign correspondent for the RUL

(*Continued on page* 22)

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Anna Akmatova

(*Continued from page* 10)

Guy de Maupassant. By that short story he ranked almost at once in the line of first writers of France. But his case was different from that of Akmatova. Maupassant was a pupil of Flaubert and his master did not allow him to publish anything until he had reached the age of thirty, the age of expe-rience. Akmatova published *The Rosary* when she was twenty-three, the age of sadness and pessimism, and was famous almost immediately. Therefore I consider her quite unique.

Years pass by and Akmatova's voice sounds more and more seldom. "Petropolis", the northern bride of Peter the Great has vanished. Leningrad is dying out. Alone, like an ancient Sybilla, Akmatova evokes the past. There she goes down the dead streets and avenues buried in the large tomb of forgetful-ness. She cannot sing any more. Her dream has disappeared. Silence invades her soul. She tightens her shawl round her shoulders and a sad smile touches her pale lips.

Who's Who—*(continued)*

(Berlin) and Washington corres-pondent for the New York Russian paper *Novoye Russkyoe Slovo.* Besides his newspaper articles he is working on a novel in French and another one in English—the latter has the provisional title *Three and One.*

Michael Illinsky is a graduate of the Theological Academy of St. Petersburg and was a teacher of religion and pedagogy in several Russian schools. In America he has been Dean of the Russian Theolog-ical Seminary, Minneapolis, and at Tenafly, New Jersey. Father Illin-sky is now rector of the Church of Exaltation of the Holy Cross, As-toria, Long Island.

Michael Sherbinin graduated from the University of St. Petersburg in 1882. For a number of years he travelled with Dr. F. W. Baedeker through European Russia, the Cau-casus and Siberia. In 1901 he came to Canada under the auspices of the English Society of Friends, as an instructor of Doukhobors. Prof. Sherbinin was for a time Russian and Ukrainian professor in Mani-toba College, Winnipeg. At present he is engaged in educational and evangelistic work in Chicago.

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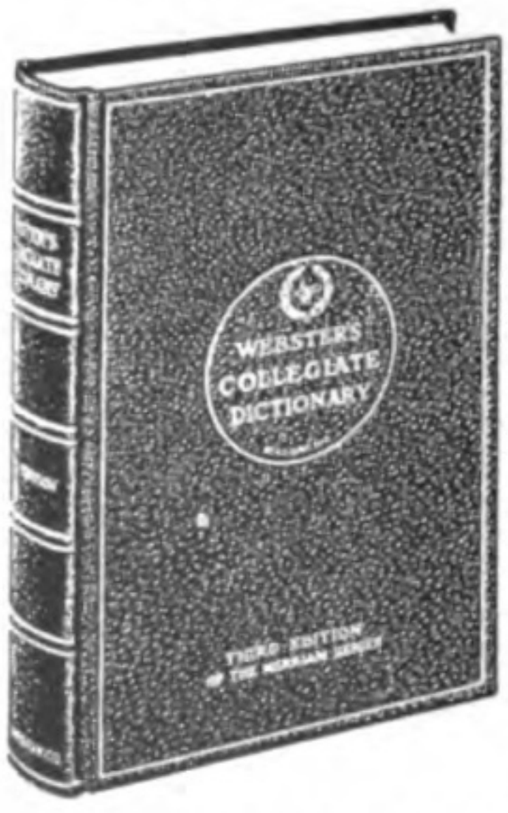

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

December, 1929

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One Dollar a Year : Fifteen Cents a Copy

THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1929

COVER DESIGN	*Vladimir E. Virrick*	
CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA	*Anatoly Movchan*	1
YULETIDE	*Kolyada*	2
S RODJVESTOM XRISTOVYM!		3
SURFACE RESOURCES OF RUSSIA	*I. P. Tolmachoff*	5
AT HARVARD SCHOOL OF BUSINESS	*Stephen Kourch*	11
RUSSIAN MENNONITES	*Philip Isaak*	13
PARTING, A POEM	*Alexander Pushkin*	14
ADVANTAGES OF FRATERNITY LIFE	*Nikolai von Keller*	15
WHAT WE NEED!	*Vadim Sobennikoff*	17
SMATTER		18
DINING A LA RUSSE		20
WHO'S WHO		21
BOOKS TOO!		22
ADVERTISEMENTS		23

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

December, 1929

Volume VI **Number 4**

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA

ANATOLY MOVCHAN

ON Christmas Eve begins the festive season known in Russia as *Sviatki.* The numerous sportive ceremonies which are associated with it resemble in many respects those with which we are familiar. They are rendered especially interesting and valuable by the relics of the past which have been the means of preserving fragments of ritual song which refer to the ancient paganism of the land—the time honored customs which originally belonged to the feast.

The ancient *Kolyada* festival referred in ancient times to the renewed life brought by the Sun after the winter solstice. Through the influence of the church this festival was fused with the Christmas celebrations. On Christmas Eve the young people used to escort from homestead to homestead, a sledge in which sat a girl dressed in white, representing goodness. The songs sung by these people were called *Kolyadki.* It was the custom to give the singers presents such as chickens, sausages, cakes and coins. One *Kolyada* bears the refrain:

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
I smell sausages here!"

Nowadays those songs have in many places been kept up only by the children who go from house to house to congratulate the inhabitants on the arrival of Christmas and to wish them a prosperous New Year.

The serious attempts of olden time to search the secrets of the future have degenerated into the fortune telling of the young. In cold winter an unmarried girl can find an opportunity of sitting besides a hole cut in the surface of a frozen

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river, listening for a sound from beneath the ice, and possibly seeing the image of the husband whom she is to marry within the year. Throughout the whole period of the *Sviatki*, the idea of marriage is uppermost in the minds of many Russian maidens.

On Christmas morning most people go to church. After listening to the service, they go home and sing the songs of their ancestors. At a later date Christmas trees adorned with lights and gifts became the custom. Special dishes for the table were prepared, such as Christmas rolls and cakes. Christmas became a universal social festival for young, old, noble or peasant.

YULETIDE*

KOLYADA

YULETIDE wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If the cakes you do not give,
Your old ox will never live;
I will take him to the wood,
And will twist his horns for good.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

If you make me stand and wait,
I will take away your gate;
If you will not give me eggs,
I will break your chickens' legs.

Yuletide wakes, Yuletide breaks,
Woman, give me eggs and cakes.

*By special permission of G. Schirmer, Inc., publisher of *Russian Folk-Songs*. Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford.

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S Rodjvestom Xristovym!

CHRISTMAS is approached in Russia not in the spirit of feverish sales of merchandise and purchase of gifts, as here in the United States. On the corners of congested streets there were no red brick chimneys with Santa Claus standing by and greeting everyone with a happy smile and pleasant sound of a little bell. The streets in Russia were filled with almost a monasterial quietness: it was the time of Christmas Lent. Only at market places, some liveliness was exhibited, and near the stores with toys suddenly grew up big forests of pine trees.

The day before Christmas is a day of strict lent. Even children must not eat anything until the appearance in the sky of the first star. Though in the winter time this star appears very early, the day seems always unusually long. Oftentimes, unable to withstand the too pleasant irritation of our nostrils, we children hold a consultation and decide that the tiniest *posnii** *pirojok* (*pirojok* is a little stuffed pie; *posnii*—prepared from certain dietary products) will not be held by God against us as a very heavy sin, if it really is the thing that will save us from dying of starvation. And unnoticed by others, two little *pirojki* disappear in our mouths.

The morning is spent in church. There the outward appearance of everything is not any different from the ordinary. But we feel the nearness of Christmas while listening to the beautiful songs sung for this special occasion. This is the last of the forty days of lent.

At last the little Christmas star, so timid and tender sparkled in the pale blue sky. The table is set for the "Holy Eve." Everything is *posnoe* for it is the last day of lent. Here are the traditional *kutya* of different kinds—with poppy seeds and nuts, or with jam and nuts (*kutya* is made of boiled rice, and also a different *kutya* is made of boiled wheat grains); there is also *uzvar* (made of boiled dried fruit). But the most tempting to us are all kinds of *pirojki*—with rice and chopped mushrooms, with sweetened mashed peas and salted mashed peas, with mashed beans, with mashed potatoes. But have the sweet ones been forgotten? We children begin to worry. No, here they are: with mashed apples, poppy seeds, jams. Some *pirojki* are baked in the oven, others are fried in oil and they appear to have round spots on each side, like the rose pink spots on our dear mother's cheeks which are the result of the worry and excitement of the day spent in preparation.

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* See Dining a la Russe in this issue.

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The candles are lighted on the table. We all get up and father reads the prayer of the holy day, *Rojdestvo Tvoe Christe Boje Nash* . . . . We congratulate each other, drink a little holy water which we brought from the church and only then begin to eat.

After supper we hurry to go to bed to give *Dedushka Moroz** enough time to leave all the gifts that we have asked in our letters to him. We lie awake for a long time trying to combat the temptation to run downstairs to the kitchen and see the goose and the ham being baked, to watch the *malorossiisskaya kolbassa* (home-made bologna) being stuffed, and many other things being prepared that we have not tasted for forty long days of lent.

But we finally fall asleep with the happy thought that tomorrow so many things are going to happen, and that there are so many things we will get. We will see the children singing *kolyadki* as they walk from house to house with a big gold star, so fancy and gorgeous, with lights inside, and rays so bright that they make you feel warm and happy, so happy, that you can never forget that happiness.

I wonder how many Russians in America *have* forgotten it?

—Tanya

* The name by which Santa Claus is known to Russian children.

Drawn by Vladimir Bouquetov

Children of Poltava Singing Kolyadki.

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Surface Resources of Russia

I. P. Tolmachoff

RUSSIA claims about one-sixth of the whole land of the globe stretching out uninterruptedly in an easterly westerly direction, for about 165 degrees of longitude and for 43 degrees of latitude from the most southern points of the country towards the extreme north, not taking into consideration the Arctic islands.

In these limits one confronts all imaginable physico-geographical conditions, about all climates and very diverse animal and plant life. The coldest spot of the earth surface, the Pole of Cold, is located, for example, in Siberia, but on the shore of the Black Sea one can enjoy a real subtropical climate. Many hundred thousands of square miles in Siberia have permanently frozen ground, often hundreds of feet deep, and there are waste deserts in Russian Turkestan with dry hot ground. Some regions in Russia are located below the level of the ocean, but there are also many mountains ranging among the highest ones of the world. Lowlands, the most spacious in the world, are confronted by waste high plateaus. The large rivers of Russia are tributaries of three oceans, very different in their physico-geographical relations. Russia has also a great number of lakes with fresh and salt water.

Corresponding to the great variety of physico-geographical conditions the natural surface resources of Russia are very diverse and rich, but they have been only partially utilized, often only for satisfaction of local needs, or not utilized at all, so far remaining latent or potential only. Very often their utilization is also very irrational. It is explained by scant population, great distances, and mostly very poor communications. As a matter of fact, many huge areas of Russia still lack any permanently constructed roads. Great drawbacks are also a very low average civilization of the country and too strong interference of the government into private and economic life of the population.

Occasional changes of these unfavorable conditions had usually a great effect. For example, with the construction of the Transsiberian Railroad commercial agriculture spread over Western Siberia, and ten years later Siberia was able to send abroad, on the average, one million tons of wheat yearly. Siberian butter appeared on the international market immediately after construction of the same road, and shortly before the Great War Russia used to import in this way every year twice as much gold, as was mined in her mines and placers.

Northern Manchuria has become an international political

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and economic factor only after the construction, by Russians, of the Far Eastern Chinese Railroad, the recent bone of contention between Russia and China. Even colonization of that part of the country has become possible for China only since that time. Construction of the Turkestan Railroad had the same effect. Turkestan fruits became an important export item, in spite of their very high quality, these fruits were formerly known only locally and could penetrate into European Russia and Siberia only in dried form and in small amounts. Besides that, railroad connection of Turkestan with Central Russia theoretically would make possible utilization of the whole arable area there for cotton and other warm climate cultures, importing wheat and other similar products from more northern parts of the country. Such a plan of interchange, on a great scale of agricultural products of different countries was strongly advocated before the War in Russia. Owing to immense distances in Siberia the beneficial influence of the new road was limited by Western Siberia. Wheat of Central Siberia could not in this way reach the international market. In spite of very low cost of production, transportation cost made this impossible. In order to sell this wheat it was necessary to find less expensive lines of transportation. Construction of an extensive inner water way was considered an important measure to this effect. Regular utilization of the sea route through the Arctic—another one.

The beneficial influence of the Turkestan Railroad was also very great. It opened large areas for colonization. When new settlers had moved some distance from the line, however, they found themselves in a very precarious position and were ready to leave again for less hospitable northern regions. In new places they had exuberant crops, but no market of any size, and therefore such low prices that they hardly were able to collect money enough to pay taxes.

Russia has more forests than any other country in the world. Russians live mostly in wooden houses. Generally wood is used for heating of houses even in large cities. It is also burned on railroads and steamers in many parts of Russia where such fuel is less expensive than coal or oil. It is not a waste of a precious stuff which could be utilized in some other more profitable and rational way. As a matter of fact, in her forest section Russia has not yet touched the forest capital and even could not spend the interest.

Certain forest areas in Middle Siberia were examined in some detail. It was found that the yearly increase of timber here amounts to about 18,000,000 cubic feet. Only one million feet could be used by the local population; all the balance was simply doomed to rot. Lumber was exported only from a limited

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area of Russia through the ports of Northern European Russia and of the Baltic Sea, also from the Caucasus and from the Far East. Except in this last region, Siberian timber could not find any other outlet, as railage was prohibitive for this comparatively cheap product. At the present time the Siberian forest has to be regarded as a lumber reserve which would be utilized internationally when other forest regions of the world are exhausted, or when transportation in some way becomes less expensive.

The forest area of Russia is also very important as the habitation of precious fur bearing animals. Owing to the high value of fur, great distances and poor communication have no prohibitive influence on this industry with prospect of inevitable extermination of all concerned animals in the very near future. Only during this century this industry has been more or less regulated by the Russian Government. It is expected that an alarming decrease of fur bearing animals will be stopped through different measures introduced recently.

South of the forest region are located the Russian steppes, vast level areas without forest or with small forested island-like spots. In European Russia it is the best arable area which may be called the granary not only of Russia, but of Europe as well. In some parts the steppes are densely populated, but nowhere overpopulated. Shortage of land in Russia referred chiefly to these regions. It was, however, not absolute, but rather relative, and partly depended upon irregular distribution of arable land, partly on very primitive agricultural methods of Russian peasants who used to get much less products from their land than the German and French tiller, or the American farmer. Near the Caspian Sea, owing to increasing dryness of climate, the steppes become dryer and more subjected to drought than in the West, even in the northern sections. In the more southern parts they burn out regularly every summer and can be used as pasturage only during a short period of the year. The same is true in western Siberia where arable land is confined to northern section of the steppe area. Farther southwards fields are limited to valleys of rivers, and still more southward the steppes change into lifeless sandy deserts, occupying waste areas of Russian Central Asia.

These desolate regions support a large population partly living in towns and villages on rivers or in oases, created often artifically by means of skillful irrigation having existed here since immemorial times. A great number of the natives are nomads, cattle breeders. In spring and early summer they dwell in the lower steppes. Later on, when the steppes are burned out, they move along with their herds and flocks into

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mountains where, near glaciers, good pasturages are found during the whole summer. In the fall they go again down the valleys and so on.

Russia, since the occupation of Turkestan, used to work hard on the problem of irrigation of Central Asia, especially with the plan of developing here high cultures of warm climate not possible in northern regions. Everything here depends upon water, as every spot of ground, once irrigated, becomes fertile. Unhappily irrigation cannot be limitless, and the great part of Central Asiatic deserts and dry steppes will remain such forever. Perhaps, in some future time deserts will be used as a direct collector of the sun heat. The steppes, even in present conditions are used now by millions of nomads for cattle breeding. Better organized the latter will support a much greater population and satisfy not only local needs, but give much material for trade from Northern Russia and for export out of the country. It is the future region of the packing industry, butter production and other industries connected with manufacturing of animal products. At the present time the international market knows from here only Astrakhan and rugs made by native weavers.

In Eastern Siberia the Russian frontier has a more northern location than in Turkestan, deserts are found outside of Siberia, and Russia possesses here the northern best part of the steppes. They require irrigation, however, which also existed here since time immemorial, at times, partly on a greater scale than now. Nowhere in Eastern Siberia, as of course, in whole Siberia, are the steppes utilized to their full capacity, neither for agriculture, nor for cattle breeding. They can support a much larger population.

On the northern side the forest area is bordered with tundra hundreds of miles wide in Siberia, but becoming rather narrow in Europe. During winter tundra is a sad frozen snow desert, but in summer it is highly animated. Numberless lakes swarm with birds every year traveling thousands of miles for a short sojourn in tundra. Thousands of reindeer change in summer their forest habitation for tundra. Their domesticated relatives do the same, followed by their proprietor whose routine depends upon his herds. In summer tundra is a wonderful pasturage and during two or three months the reindeer forgets all the privations and sufferings of the spring. He becomes strong, fat, really overfed, as he never would be in the forest. With all its appearance it shows that tundra is its best breeding ground.

This has also been proved by a very interesting experiment made in this country. For a long time Alaskan natives lived much worse than the natives on the other side of the Bering

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Courtesy Brentano's

Campement des Koriaks Nomades, from a series of lithographs published in 1854 under the title Voyage dans la Siberie Orientale par J. de Boulitchoff.

Sea practically under the same general conditions. The only difference was that Asiatics had the reindeer from which they used to have food, garments, shelter, means of transportation, and the Alaskans lacked them. Owing to the perseverance of an Alaskan missionary over two thousand reindeer were brought to Alaska from Siberia during the first decade of this century. At the present time Alaska is proud of possessing about 300,000 reindeer and of prosperous industry with a great future, as Alaska has capacity for about ten millions of reindeer.

In Russia reindeer breeding has existed since time out of mind. During the Great War the writer tried to estimate the reindeer stock already present in Russia. Making a quite conservative calculation he came to the conclusion that the northern population of Russia had in its possession at least one million reindeer, probably more. The grazing ground in northern Russia is ten times larger than that of Alaska, as not only tundras alone, but all northern forests must be taken into consideration as well. In winter reindeer feeds on reindeer moss, a kind of lichen, abundantly growing in sub-arctic forest. As a reindeer herd under favorable conditions doubles every three and a half years, many millions of reindeer could be bred in Arctic Russia, if needed, but there is no such need now. Herdsmen are living

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entirely on their herds, making barter with their neighbors, but possessing often many thousands of reindeer they could live just as comfortably and opulently with only a part of their moving capital. They have had no chance to realize this capital.

In all Arctic Russia, perhaps, only a few thousand reindeer could be sold yearly, besides those killed for local use. It is not surprising therefore, that reindeer breeding was managed in Russian in a very primitive and careless way. Till very recently Russian reindeer natives were helpless against epizooties. The only preventive measure they had was not to keep all reindeer in one herd and in the same place, and in the case of epizooty leave the infected area along with healthy reindeer as quickly as possible. Regular inoculation would certainly stop such calamities. Another calamity affecting the increase of reindeer herds is the great mortality of new born calves. Usually it happens during the end of April or beginning of May, when the weather is very changeable. New born animals are very weak. The mother cannot give them any effective protection in cold days, and all born during a sudden blizzard or shortly before it are practically doomed to destruction. Given some shelter calving females and many young animals would be saved. This would result in a great increase of herds and would be of real value provided it would be possible to dispose of the surplus. A market could be found, however, only a thousand miles from the Arctic regions and seldom on a railroad line.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that the reindeer is a seasonable animal. During spring and summer it is a lame, lean animal with bad hide pierced by numerous holes left by parasites. The animal gets rid of them only in summer and finally recovers shortly before fall, which is, therefore, the best slaughtering season when the reindeer will give the greatest amount of excellent meat and high grade hide and fur. Owing to all these conditions the Russian reindeer industry is at the present time important only locally, for the northern part of the country.

The greatest part of Russia utilizes very few of its products, chiefly furs. The international market hardly knows anything about this richness. In any case it is a great potential resource which will be fully utilized in some future time, not only by Russia at large but internationally as well.

Russia is a self supporting country and will remain such for a long time to come. Very scarce population and the present drawback in the development of the country, has left plenty of room for future generations. For a long time Russia will have no trouble in disposing of an increase in her population.

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At Harvard School of Business

Stephen Kourch

ONE day I asked a yellow-skinned and squint-eyed Chinese boy at the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, whether he thought he could apply in his country the business methods which are discussed in class and whether the great number of business facts which he is gathering in connection with his studies would be of assistance in his future work.

The little man answered me in the negative. No, he intended to work in the cooperative movement among the poor Chinese population. His work would be based on different principles from those applied in American business. Americans are great money spenders. Not so the thrifty Chinese. Furthermore, the people among whom he would work have nothing to spend. I suggested that it would be perhaps better for him to study in Denmark or England where the cooperative movement is highly developed. No, he thought that he was in the right place at Harvard. What he was learning here was the right way in which he should attack any business proposition of any size.

We students are taught at the School to think. It may seem unnecessary to teach men to think. Indeed, it is a common notion that thinking is the privilege and the very characteristic of "homo sapiens." But excuse me, reader, for mentioning the fact that men make use of this privilege too seldom. Thinking is intangible. It is difficult for men to check up on themselves whether they do think or not. I am not referring to thinking which brings about the decision whether to have lunch today at the Latin Coffee House or at Stanley's. I refer to creative thinking. If a man would give himself the trouble to recall the cases when he has done real thinking, he would probably find that the cases were few.

But there is another side to this question. If my memory does not deceive me, Aristotle said that the world would look quite different if everybody would devote half an hour a day to the study of logic. Humans have not changed much since the days of the great philosopher. We still do not know how to think. Correct thinking is maybe more necessary under present conditions of complexity of life than it was in olden times. Students are taught at the School both things; to think, and how to think.

But thinking in the empty is nearly impossible. Facts are the necessary starting point for business thinking. One of the professors started a lecture by saying to us: "If you want to learn something in this course, then think. But I know that you don't think. You don't think for the simple reason that you

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don't have anything to think with. You don't have facts. Here is a reading list. Do your best with it." There we are—gathering of facts and of various ideas and notions. This is hard labor and there is a lot of it. Besides general reading, students are required to read each year several thousands of pages of "cases." Cases are business facts or happenings transplanted into the class room with flesh and skin as true to reality as possible. Under the case system students do not become merely theoreticians but are getting a practical grasp of things. Furthermore the case system brings into theoretical studies the charm of vivid life.

We are required to turn out a lot of work in the form of reports on business problems. Here a man is compelled to do some research, to form an opinion on the matter, to give a workable solution to the situation, and finally to sell his idea in writing a convincing report. The work is certainly fascinating. Well, the average report is fifteen pages long and costs the student a sleepless night.

There are students here from all over the country. A native of Sunny California learns here about the point of view of a softly speaking Southerner, and a New Englander finds out from his roommate that Texas is possibly a pleasant place in which to live.

The system of the School compels students to cooperate. This brings us closer together. We learn how to respect the ideas of others. We also learn the value of friendship. I think that if the strings of friendship derived from knots bound at the School would be drafted over the map of the country, they would form quite a dense network. Some of the strings would go over the Great Waters.

Miniature by Ivan Pavlov.

A Snowy Corner of Moscow.

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Russian Mennonites

Philip Isaak

THE exact origin of the Mennonites is not known but Netherland, according to most authorities, is thought of as their birth place, although some believe that a few Mennonites were found in small scattered groups in Germany and Sutherland. These, however, migrated to Holland and formed small settlements.

During the years of persecution some went to East Prussia, at that time a Slavic Polish country, and these people furnished the group which is known at the present time as the Russian Mennonites. The division of Poland brought them under the Prussian kings. The warlike Hohenzollern did not appeal to the Mennonites and in 1786 when a call came from the Russian Empress, Catherine the Great, they decided to settle in the southern part of Russia, a country known at the present time as the government of Taurida.

Extensive privileges were granted to these people: freedom of religion, freedom from army service and exemption from taxes. Besides these privileges, each family received about 160 to 170 acres of fertile land. These people colonized large parcels of land in a very short time. About 1870 most of the privileges given to the Mennonites were revoked, the main privilege of which was freedom from military service.

Large agitation for emigration to the United States began. In 1874 the first group of Mennonites left for the new world. Other groups followed in quick succession and according to some authorities close to 15,000 came over within several years.

"The gathering place of the Russian emigrants in 1874 and 1875 was Topeka, Kansas, and the town for many years was flooded by people in wide trousers and sheepskins and women in onionlike skirts carrying iron kettles and other utensils which were considered exclusively Russian. In 1875 they were still a strange population. They used the small green painted rattling wagons which they brought from Russia and tried to live the same way they used to live in their old country."*

According to an observer, in seven years the Mennonite communities had changed to the extent that they could be compared with the best farming sections of Illinois.

Today the Mennonite farmer is one of the most prosperous farmers in the United States, not at all asking for farm relief.

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* This quotation is taken out of "Die Alt Evangelische Mennonitische Bruderschaft in Russland (1789-1910) im Rahmen der Mennonitischen Gesamtgeschichte. By P. M. Friesen."

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Extensively populated Mennonite communities can be found in Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, California, Oregon, Washington, North and South Dakota, with extensive colonies in different parts of Canada.

PARTING

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

FOR one last time my thoughts are bold
To limn, caressingly, your face.
My heart is desperate to lay hold,

On all our days and dreams of gold,
And your remembered love, like grace,
Our years roll forward, ever changing;
They change, and we change, in the end:
A darkness like the grave's estranging
Has rapt you from your distant friend.

Accept, my lost dear, this leave-taking,
Such, as a wife, being widowed knows,
Who says her farewells with heart breaking,
Or as the exile, mutely aching,
Who sobs goodbye, and clings, and goes.

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Advantages of Fraternity Life

Nikolai von Keller

HERE at Rutgers fraternities enjoy a rather unhampered existence. The college restrictions which are imposed on the fraternities are all of the type which are essential to the existence and continuance of a sound fraternity. Under this system the fraternities on the campus are run to the mutual benefit of the college and the individual members of the fraternities.

Without fraternities (not only at this but at other colleges) the dormitory systems would have to be increased with great expense to the college. With the many self-owned and operated fraternity houses which provide quarters for nearly half of the school population, the college expenses are decreased leaving more capital with which to improve other features of the educational system. With the expansion of the college the fraternities not only increase in size but also in number, and thus the college is aided in keeping up with the ever-increasing demand for a higher education.

Here at Rutgers the property and houses owned by the fraternities might roughly be estimated at about six hundred and fifty thousand dollars; a value nearly equal to that of the three existing dormitories. Without these fraternity organizations the college would necessarily be cut to half its size. Enough of the actual money savings to the college made possible by the fraternities.

When one comes to college it is supposedly for the purpose of gaining knowledge. This knowledge is of little value unless it carries with it the ability to associate with others. The fellow who comes to college to spend four years in studious seclusion will find his hard earned knowledge of little use in the business world. In contrast, the fellow who has gained perhaps not so much actual knowledge, but this ability to associate with his fellow men, to apply himself to his work when it is time to work, and to make himself agreeable in both the social and business worlds, has gotten from college the maximum value. To produce men who will be leaders wherever they may go seems to me to be the purpose of the college. Such men are found not in the first of the two classes just cited, but in the second, and in the development of such men their fraternity connections play an important part.

In the fraternity a student finds a home and friends, the two most essential things to a happy life. In the home he is somewhat restricted, as he always has been by his parents. Dur-

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ing his freshman year, particularly, he is required to stay in nights and to study. The neutral who has no such instructions may go as he pleases and unless he is unusually strong-minded, his studies will suffer at times. In many other similar ways the fraternity freshman is guided, while the neutral is left entirely on his own and during the first year it is all important that the freshman get a good start, as the rest of his college career and his ultimate success in life depend a lot on his getting firmly established in college. Throughout his college course the student will find that the fraternity takes more than a paternal interest in his studies. The fraternity with the cooperation of the faculty keeps track of his scholastic weaknesses and endeavors to help him to overcome them. In this way he is helped through college and the college itself is again benefited.

The management of a fraternity house falls for the most part on a few of the two upper classes, but none of the members can help but receive some knowledge of its government; thus they gain in practical knowledge which is bound to be of use in the outside world. To manage and direct men in some walk of life is presumably the ambition of the college graduate and nothing can be more useful in this line than actual experience. This he gains through his fraternity connection; he will probably during his four years at college have part in the government of the house, or of the kitchen. He will undoubtedly learn something of the financial operations of the house which are bound to be of use with the rest of his general college education and his social understanding will undoubtedly be improved by his four years of amicable association with his brothers.

I have endeavored to set forth the reasons why in my belief, fraternities are of a very practical value to a college. I have made no attempt to point out the disadvantages of such organizations, as I feel that they are many times overshadowed by the advantages. I think that those few colleges that have eliminated fraternities have eliminated one of the most desirable of the college assets. To restrict fraternities to the two or three upper classes is again, in my opinion, a mistake, as the time when a student needs the assistance afforded by a fraternity is the time during which he is becoming acquainted with his new life—during his freshman year.

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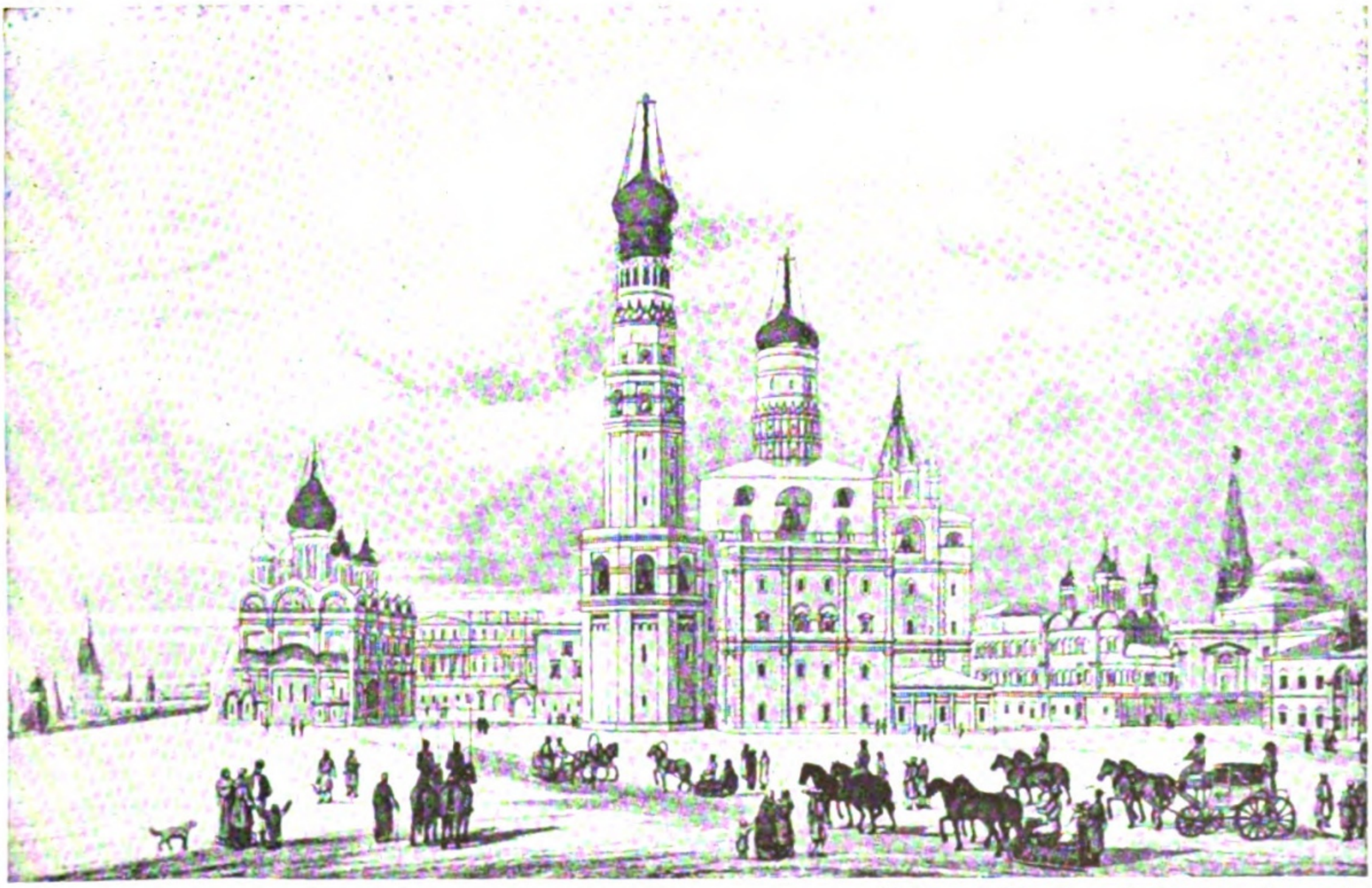
What We Need!

Vadim Sobennikoff

The views of Dmitry Niconoff in the October issue of *The Russian Student* are simple straight cut conclusions arrived at in a remarkably direct manner. It is plainly seen that these opinions of broadmindedness, these expressions of reverence for the professional man were written by a "realist" with a so-called "practical mind", a man that "talks business". No indefinite dreamy notions in his head which are so common to most Russians and which make us an easy prey to Marx, et cetera.

It made me think that, fifteen years ago, if Russia had more men like Niconoff in her universities and outside, it would be the greatest and most prosperous country in the world instead of being in the condition it is now. And if such views were not adopted by the young Russians in Russia fifteen years ago it is time for them to do so now in this country.



Courtesy Russian Orthodox Journal.

The Kremlin, Moscow. From an old drawing.

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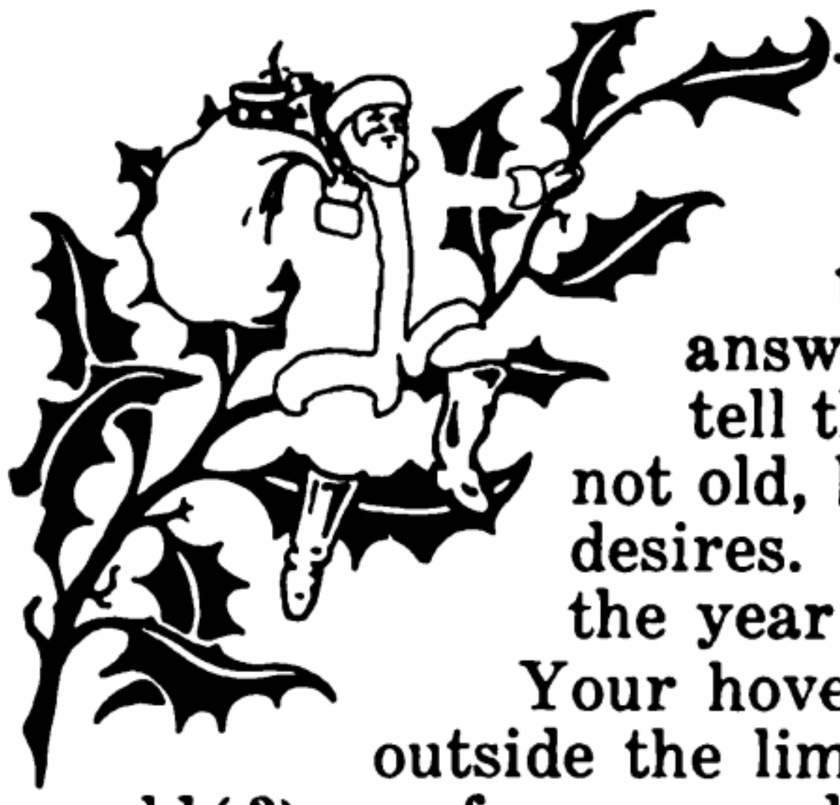
SMATTER



DEAR SANTA CLAUS:

A year ago we put you on trial. We asked you a number of questions and received sufficiently correct answers (even Baedeker does not always tell the truth) to go on record as a firm, if not old, believer in you as a satisfier of human desires. At least during a certain season of the year!

Your hovering presence of guardian spirits far outside the limits of our well-ordered-rule-of-thumb-world(?) performs wonders. What we really mean to imply is that we are now out for 2300 paid subscriptions and we need the help of a really great man. You *are* a really great man, Santa, if Hendrik Van Loon is even half way right in saying: "Now the difference between really great men and just great men is, that the former are never in a hurry." Because last year, Santa Claus, you were not in too much of a hurry in sending us those paid subscriptions. Perhaps this year you've gone modern and will come by airplane. Yes?

That, you may say, depends on the nature of your able appreciators and how completely they have given themselves to the outward amenities of life. A Russian reminded me the other day that Nicias asked Aristides the Just how he became just and received this reply: "My nature was the most important thing; and next I zealously cooperated with my nature."

No doubt you have heard of one Howard Heinz, whose ideal motto for industry is: "To produce a thing that the world needs, to make it the best that can be made, to get it into the hands of the largest number of people and to charge a reasonable fee for the service." Now, *The Russian Student* is not one of the 57 varieties, although it deals with the problems of more than ten times fifty-seven varieties of Russians and it is the only publication in English attempting to interpret Russian culture and civilization and point out the vital aspects of American life for the benefit of both Russians and Americans residing in the United States. And that isn't all—it does not attempt to indulge in politics!

Given our limitations—financial, mental and physical—and receiving the cooperation of the eighty students aided, the three hundred and fifty-one graduates who are paying back and with

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the guidance of hundreds of American friends, we are making it the best we can; we are getting it into the hands of four thousand people. And, my dear Santa Claus, it's only a dollar! What better use could even those sufferers from the stock market modus vivendi put their smaller gains than to invest in one year's subscription? Selah!

There will be some serious scientific articles during the coming year, by Russians and Americans of prominence—all of whom write without remuneration. All the Russians and a few of the Americans, have faced the worst indignities of life. They know, some of them, what it is to have been rich. All of them know what it is to be poor and hungry and friendless. They have touched the extremities of pain, and now all the lesser tribulations of life seem small in comparison. They haven't lost courage.

Some of the graduates repay large amounts at a great personal sacrifice. Just last week one man sent a check for one hundred dollars and when we thanked him he responded that he hoped to keep his payments on a similar level. Now that man *is* successful but he can't possibly have a monthly income of which fifteen per cent would be one hundred dollars. In case you don't understand that, hearing from me only once a year and not remembering that one of my many incurable weaknesses is arithmetic, I beg leave to remind you that according to their agreements with us, graduates earning more than two hundred dollars a month have promised to refund only fifteen per cent each month.

Something obfuscated me and got me off the track, and I insist on staying off long enough to state that these 2,300 subscriptions which you are going to send me are not to interfere with repayments and regular contributions to the Russian Student Fund. We can count on your fine sense of discrimination to see to that—but if a graduate has repaid in full and hasn't paid his own or anybody else's subscription since September 1, 1929, please put ten bugs in each ear and a ring in his nose.

And when you come across any of those readers who are so really great that they are not in a hurry to send their renewals, be as delicate as circumstances seem to warrant, but won't you please, Santa, see that their dollars fall on our desk? We think an excellent place for these gifts this year would be above our motto—IT *CAN* BE DONE EFFECTIVELY.

Yours for flying answers, and of course *S Rojdestvom Xristovym!*

—de N.

SANTA CLAUS, ESQ.,
REINDEERTOWN,
TOP-O-THE-WORLD.

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

The Embezzlers.
A novel of contemporary Russian life. Translated by L. Zarine with an introduction by Stephen Graham. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The God Who Didn't Laugh. *By Gleb Botkin. New York. Payson & Clarke.* $2.50.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. *(American Social Science Series). By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia". (Macmillan. $2.00).

White Eagles. *By Val Gielgud. Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.
A tale of Napoleon's campaign in Russia and of a little group of French spies.

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. *By Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: The Univer- of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

Hunky. *By Thames Williamson. Coward-McCann.*
The story of a great stumbling Slav as he gropes through the strange mists of American life.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*
A full-length study of a great monarch.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. *Compiled by John Cournos. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
An anthology.

The White Coat. *By P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50.
The former Cossack commander writes a novel of the Russia of tomorrow, forecasting a restoration of the old order.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Three and the Moon; legendary stories of old Brittany, Normandy & Provence. *By Jacques Dorey. Knopf. With pictures by Boris Artzybasheff.* $3.50. A Juvenile.

Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff. *By Alberic Cahuet. Macaulay.* $3.00.
A biography of a painter and diarist.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political ***Non-Partisan*** ***Non-Sectarian***

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1930

COVER DESIGN, GOING TO TOWN . . . . . *Vsevolod N. Fedoroff*

CAUSALITY AND CHANCE IN NATURE . . . . *Nicholas Rashevsky* 1

COSSACKS, *Illustrated by Georges R. Wiren* . . . . *John Bannoff* 6

COSSACK CRADLE SONG
By Lermontov, Translation by Clarence A. Manning 13

GIANT FLYING BOATS . . . . . *Victor A. Ivanoff* 14

TOLSTOY, THE INCONSTANT GENIUS, *A Review*
Clarence A. Manning 16

SMATTER 18

WHO'S WHO 21

BOOKS TOO! 22

ADVERTISEMENTS 23

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

January, 1930

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CAUSALITY AND CHANCE IN NATURE

NICHOLAS RASHEVSKY

NOT so long ago the laws of physics, or more generally the laws of "Nature," were considered as exemplifying the most strict determinism. To discover a new law meant not less than to obtain a detailed and exact knowledge of what happens in a physical system under specified conditions, that is a knowledge of the effects of certain given physical phenomena, which were considered as "causes" of those effects. Thus the laws of mechanics enable us to tell how a body will move under given conditions when subjected to the force of gravity, but left free in all other respects. From those laws we know, that whenever a planet is at a given moment in a given position with respect to the sun and to the other planets, and moreover if at this moment it has a definite velocity, specified as to the direction and magnitude, it will move at any future time in quite a definite way.

The marvelous exactness of the advanced calculations of solar and lunar eclipses as well as of other astronomical events witness this deterministic character of physical laws. We know also, that whenever hydrogen and oxygen unite in definite proportions to form water, a certain amount of heat is liberated. Knowing the amounts of hydrogen and oxygen, we know with certainty in advance how much heat will be produced in the process of formation of water. And when there are no additional phenomena, which in one or another way may influence the phenomenon considered, or as we say, when there are no "disturbing influences," the law which states, that a given quantity of explosive mixture develops upon explosion such and such amount of heat *admits of no exception.*

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This deterministic character of physical laws led the great French mathematician Laplace to believe, that the final aim of physics, and more generally of all "exact Science" is the establishing of a "universal formula," which would express the exact relations between all possible physical phenomena, occurring in the universe. The knowlege of such a formula would enable us to know in advance everything that will happen at any future time and at any place of the universe, provided we know exactly the state of affairs in the whole universe at one given moment. But even more: the complete determinism and definiteness of the physical laws must allow also to draw conclusions "from effects to causes" so that the above-mentioned formula would enable us to know exactly all the past history of the universe from the exact knowledge of it at the present moment. Probably Laplace himself did not take too seriously such vast possibilities. The very limited nature of us human beings makes it hopeless to know exactly the state of affairs at present time in all parts of the universe, and thus, even if we would be in the possession of the above formula, we could make only a relatively very limited use of it. But in spite of the nature of their profession, which, at least in the general public opinion, requires only cold reasoning about "facts," scientists commit themselves once in a while by giving way to their imagination, and by thinking about things, which they know will never happen, but which would be so interesting if they happened. And being but human, they find a certain charm in the thought, that a "super-human" being may at least be imagined, which could make full use of the "universal formula."

The introduction in our scientific speculations of such "super-human" beings of different kinds, the imaginary extension of our limited powers, provided such an extension is logically compatible with our knowlege of what we call "laws of physics," can be found at all times in the history of physics up to the present day. And yet many leading physicists do not any more believe, that even any kind of a super-human being could make use of the "universal formula;" in fact, they even do not believe, that according to what we know now about the nature of physical laws, such a universal formula could be found at all, regardless of the limited nature of our knowledge. The belief in causality and strict determinism in nature has been recently shaken to its very roots.

If we follow back the history of these new ideas, we will find their germs already in the development of the most fundamental part of physics—the atomic theory. As a philosophical doctrine atomicity was born in ancient Greece. It is customary to consider Dalton as the scientist who introduced it into chemistry

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on a strictly scientific basis. In physics atomicity became of importance only in the second half of the past century, when the fundamentals of the so-called "kinetic theory of gases" have been elaborated by J. C. Maxwell, L. Boltzmann, J. D. van der Waals and others. The devolopment of the atomic theory was a real triumph of theoretical science. Many new unknown phenomena have been predicted, and the predictions splendidly confirmed. The faith in the theory grew stronger and stronger and fifteen years ago even the most sceptical opponent, Wilhelm Ostwald, stated, that the atomic theory ceased to be a theory and became an experimentally established fact.

It will be however of interest, in particular to the readers of this magazine, to know, that the first fundamental ideas of the kinetic theory of matter were propounded in the first half of the eighteenth century by the great Russian scientist — M. Lomonosov*. At a time when the general belief in "caloric" and "frigoric" fluids was not yet shaken, he clearly stated, that heat is nothing but the motion of the invisible molecules, of which all matter is made. He explained from the atomic point of view the law of Boyle for gases, and concluded from his theoretical studies, that at high compressions the gases must show deviations from this law. These deviations have been actually found and explained by leading physicists of the second half of the past century, without any knowledge of the work of Lomonosov. Like many true geniuses, Lomonosov has too much preceded his own time, to be appreciated by his contemporaries. As a matter of curiosity it may be mentioned, that the University of Erlangen has conferred an honorary degree for successfully demonstrating the absurdity of Lomonosov's views on the nature of heat.

After this brief historical digression let us return to our subject proper. According to our present day knowledge, matter consists of smallest units, molecules. These molecules are held together by forces of attraction, but they are not motionless. They move and oscillate to and fro, and this motion of the invisible molecules we perceive as heat. In solids the molecules are held together very strongly. If however we heat a solid, in other words if the motion of the molecules increases, their mutual bonds are somewhat loosened, the solid gets softer and finally melts. If the temperature is increased sufficiently, the motion of the molecules becomes so strong, that the forces of attraction cannot anymore hold them together. They fly in all directions and scatter, unless enclosed in a vessel. We say that the substance has evaporated, become a gas. We understand in this

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* See article: "Lomonosov; Man of Science and Letters" by Vladimir Pertzoff in *The Russian Student*, June, 1928—Editor.

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way one of the most important properties of gases—their tendency to expand indefinitely.

A gas is a swarm of molecules, moving entirely at random. Those molecules, which hit the walls of the vessel, in which the gas is enclosed, naturally exert a force on this wall. The wall is constantly bombarded from inside by the molecules. The shock due to an individual molecule is very small, but there are many million millions of millions of molecules in a cubic centimeter of gas, and a corresponding number of molecular shocks occur per second. Not only our rough senses, but even our most delicate instruments are not sufficiently sensitive to follow the individual molecular shocks against the walls. But the *average* effect of all these innumerable shocks constitutes the pressure of the gas against the wall. If we compress the gas by reducing its volume say to one half, there will be now twice as many molecules per unit of volume, and therefore there will be twice as many shocks against the walls per second. In other words the pressure will increase twice. Heating the gas causes the molecules to move faster. This increases also the number of shocks, and at the same time increases the intensity of the individual shocks. Hence heating of the gas results in an increase of pressure. These are experimentally established facts, which become intelligible from the point of view of the kinetic theory.

The gas laws exemplify what is called in physics "statistical laws." These laws are relations between average quantities, relating to a tremendous number of individual elements. We suppose that the molecules move according to the well known laws of dynamics. If we would know the positions and velocities of *all* molecules of a gas at a time, we, or better again a "super-being," would be able to calculate in advance all the motions of the molecules and indicate exactly the times and positions of the individual molecular shocks. But this task is obviously hopeless for us.

We do not need to know, however, the positions and motions of the individual molecules. Whatever these will be, as soon as they are distributed and move at *random*, the average result of their shocks against the walls of the vessel will be a *uniform* and *constant* pressure. Why do we know that it *will* be uniform? Just because we assume the movement of the molecules to be a *random* one. If the pressure against one wall would become greater than that against the opposite wall, we would conclude, that the molecules do not move all at random, but that there is a certain preferred direction, namely that towards the wall, against which the pressure is greater. But can it not happen, that just by "chance" for a moment all the molecules will begin to move in one direction, so that all the pressure will be concentrated on one wall only? Yes, in principle this *can* happen. But

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the probability that the trillions of disorderly moving molecules will by chance begin to move at once all in the same direction is just about as small as the probability that a monkey which plays with a typewriter pressing its keys, will by "chance" write down the first act of *Hamlet*. Both things are "practically" impossible, though we cannot deny their intrinsic possibility.

In this sense the statistical laws do not admit of exceptions, just as well as the deterministic laws considered above. And still every one feels, that the validity of these laws is of a quite different nature. Their validity is no more an "absolute one," though for practical life and even for experimental science to a certain extent, this does not make any difference.

Since atomic structure is the fundamental property of matter, the greatest majority of all physical laws had to be interpreted as statistical laws. But behind this still remained the firm basis of causality and determinism. We human beings cannot know the motions of the individual molecules; but a proper "super-human" being maybe could? And yet is there any reason to believe this? Since we cannot observe directly the individual molecules, what is the guarantee, that its motion is governed by the deterministic laws of our "classical" dynamics? Mathematics shows that such equations of motion are conceivable, which admit of *several* solutions under given specified conditions. Would the laws of motion of the molecules be of such a kind, even a super-being would not be able to predict from the instantaneous positions and motions their future paths. To give a very rough but clear example, it may happen, that a molecule will move under the influence of another one along a certain curve up to a certain point, but from this point on it may move in two different ways, both ways being mathematically equally possible and only true "chance" deciding, which way the molecule will follow. If this would be so, then the apparent disorder of the molecular motion would become a true disorder, and the statistical laws would become really laws of chance. The last shadow of absolute determinism then vanishes.

Modern development of atomic theory, of the so-called quantum theory, has led many scientists to believe that the laws, which govern the behaviour of individual atoms are of such a non-deterministic nature. It must be said, that the whole question is still "sub judice," and cannot be considered as being entirely decided. Opinions still differ. It is clear that whatever the final verdict of Science will be, the "practical determinism" of our directly observable laws will not change. It is even perhaps likely, that the verdict itself will not be brought by experimental Science, but rather by philosophy.

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Hold on, Cossak, you will be an Ataman!

Terpee, Cossack, Atamanom Boodesh!

COSSACKS

JOHN BANNOFF

THERE is no person in the world who has not heard the name Cossacks. But there are as many different conceptions of those bearing the name as there are varieties of human capacity and intelligence. There is no human being who has friends exclusively, no nation that enjoys all the world's admiration. Cossacks are not an exception to this rule. Side by side with the admirers of their deeds we find bitter haters, mostly those who were hurt willingly or accidentally, crossing the way of the Cossack in the performance of his duty.

It is not possible in this article to give a complete history of these unique people. Many a volume would be required merely to outline their life, which is very far from being monotonous. My effort will be amply rewarded if I can give a suggestion of their true picture.

Cossacks from different districts may have very little in common with each other physically, due to the fact that the feminine participants in their expressions of love have been borrowed for centuries almost exclusively from local sources.

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Nevertheless, there is something big that is common among these people so different physically, so scattered geographically, so differently influenced ethnographically and climatically, and that something is their tradition, of which the main points are: infinite love toward Russia, for the sake of which to die is an honor for any Cossack; freedom is the indisputable right of any Cossack and one's life is only a small price for it. This last point is the very foundation of the Cossack formation and growth. These two main traditions and many others help Cossacks to react in almost the same way to the same cause.

There were two nuclei of the Cossack formation — the Dnieper and the Don regions. The history of the former is quite popularly known. The beginning of the Don Cossacks is known very vaguely even by Russians themselves, but their importance in Russian expansion and political life have been quite considerable.

The Don Cossacks

Whenever I stop to think of the time of the birth of the Don Cossacks I am invariably brought into the atmosphere of utmost oppression of the Russian inhabitants, especially those of the southern regions. Russia in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was just a series of small quarrelling, forceless states in the face of a strong organized Tartar mass whose capital was at the place of the present city of Astrakhan on the Volga. The Tartars violated the official peace with the Russian princes and made raids on the Russian districts quite often at the cost of thousands of Russian lives, and prisoners of both sexes were sold as slaves. There was a guard to protect inhabitants from the raids, but it was too small and scattered to be of any resistance to the numerous raiders. This was the time of the first Cossack formation.

All who felt a national pride, all who valued liberty above their own convenience and even life, began to organize groups which were not content with a mere guard but who conceived the idea that the best defensive is an offensive. *Kleen Kleenom Vyshibayut**.

Not very long ago I read one of those books with yellow leaves, written in old English by an author long forgotten. I learned that the patriotic outburst against Russia's oppressors was so great at that time that the Russians of the best families, the richest of the Russians, as well as the poorest ones, but possessing one common great heart of love towards Russia,

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* Literally this means a spike is ejected by a spike, or as explained by the Latin proverb, Similia similibus curantur.

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abandoned their estates and families and "went to cossack".*

Russia was not in a state to fight the Tartars, so these newly formed groups operated at their own risk and responsibility. They had begun to intrude upon the very nest of the Tartar raiders and to eliminate them in their embryonic stage.

By the beginning of the fifteenth century the Cossacks had become so strong and troublesome to the Tartars that the situation had reversed and the Khan of Tartars wrote to the Moscow Tsar asking him to stop the Cossack raids. Answering the Khan's letter, the Tsar declared that he was not responsible for the Cossack actions as he did not consider them his subjects.

Finally they reduced the Tartars from the actual possessors of Russia to an obedient nothingness. Later they faced the Turks and Persians. This stage of their activity is well known, so I won't discuss it here.

Cossacks and Siberia

Another service of Cossacks to Russia, which is more or less vaguely known, is the advance of Russia into Asia. There was an Ataman of the independent Cossacks who was not in perfect sympathy with the Russian ruling classes (of the later formation from the escaped peasants) by the name Ermak Timofeevich. He was engaged in the entertainment of liberating the cargo of the Volga commercial boats and sinking them. Merchants did not like this, so the Tsar soon found out about it and sent a force to capture the fellow. A most illogical decision for those who did not know the Cossacks. But to those interested in the spirit of those times, who troubled themselves to become acquainted with the economical, political and social situations of Russia, to those, this decision presents no puzzle.

People of those days and even in the recent past have considered the Tsar as a personification of a somewhat abstract and, to the people's mind, intangible Russia. The Tsar has been pictured as an infallible void of a human negative. All mischiefs were ascribed to the ruling classes as a source. Cossacks grabbed the vessels of ruling classes, the cause of their sufferings, and they heard that the *Tsar Batyouchka**, the divine mother Russia was insulted by their deeds. As obedient sons — but peculiarly obedient sons—they have decided to deserve the forgiveness of their dearest mother, Russia and Father the Tsar.

They knew that nine out of ten will lose their lives for that forgiveness but that was the Cossack way to show clearly what

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* Cossack or Kojak, in the language of their first enemies meant a raider and the verb to Cossack, *Kasakobaya*, means to make a raid. The name was accepted by Cossacks from their enemies.

* Russian for Little Father.

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they meant. They had set themselves the task of conquering Siberia and bringing it to the feet of their displeased *Tsar Batyouchka*, thus emphasizing their attitude toward Russia and clarifying the reason for their actions on the Volga.

So cheating the force sent to hunt for them, they went up the Volga, turned into the Kama River, spent the winter with the merchants Stroganov and in the spring went to Siberia.

Only six hundred Cossacks invaded Siberia. There were hundreds of Tartars against a single Cossack. Finally Kuchum, the Khan of Siberia, was defeated and the Cossacks made a stronghold. Then they sent a letter to the Tsar begging him to accept under his "high hand" a new dominion of Russia—Siberia. The Tsar sent them the word of forgiveness, which was all they wanted. That was the highest reward for their titanic work.

Since then not a single Russian warfare, not a single political change has been made without the participation of Cossacks. Great military authorities, including Napoleon, have considered them as fighting units of a high order.

Internal Organization

Their internal organization from the very beginning up to very recent times was strictly democratic. No personal property was recognized at the beginning. No tributes were paid to anyone. The Ataman—the leader—was elected independently for each war and only for that occasion. In peace times they lived in communes called *Stanitza*, having a common table. The main occupation in peace time was fishing.

Later when there was no enemy on their side of the sea they divided the Don district into regions called *Stanitzas*. But again, though recognizing private property, they preserved lands and rivers as common property of the Don Cossacks, which could not be bought and sold by any person. This was the case up to the last revolution. Agriculture became their main occupation and has remained so to date.

There is a splendid tradition among the Cossacks to help each other by the force of a community. As an illustration, I can cite one that took place under my observation. There was a man who indulged excessively in drinking and gambling. He let his property go to rack and ruin. The community restored his property, with the caution that the community is helping the family and not him, therefore he is advised to take better care of the family property. The man disregarded this warning and the property was ruined again. The community helped him out again but told him that in case of a failure from the same cause he would be deprived of the name of Cossack and sent out of the community. The Cossack could not resist his hobby. The

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second time his property gravitated close to nothing and he disappeared from the community. Again the property of his family was restored by the community. For three years the Cossack was missing but finally he was found by his relatives and brought back. He has never drunk since, nor has he gambled. This property became one of the best in the community.

There is a strong feeling against class distinction. Here is an illustration from the past. One of the Tsars sent presents to the Don Cossacks as a token of his gratitude for their service. The materials sent to the atamans were better in quality than those sent to the Cossacks. A letter was written to the Tsar pointing out that among the Cossacks no one is better or worse than another and informing him that they had divided the atamans' material among them.

Here is another illustration, from recent times. During the World War there were two princes in the Cossack Division. They admired the work of the Cossacks to such an extent that they decided to become Cossacks themselves. Ataman of the Don Cossacks granted his consent but the Stanitza meeting made a resolution that Cossacks by tradition have no titles, therefore is is impossible for them to confer the name of Cossack upon the princes.

Marriage and Divorce

Marriages of the first Cossacks were unusual. Since there were no priests and their religion was quite vague, embracing all "who could cross themselves," the marriage ceremony was performed or rather witnessed, by a community. The ceremony was as follows: A Cossack desiring to marry brought his future wife to a meeting of the Cossacks and in the presence of the meeting covered her with his coat. By so doing he legalized her as his wife. The wife was at the mercy of her husband. He could divorce her at any time he chose. In spite of the simplicity of obtaining divorces, they were very rare. In order to get a divorce, the Cossack had to be sure of the sympathy of every single member of his community. If any man covered the divorced wife with his coat, gravest disgrace was thrown upon the ex-husband. There was enough assurance that a wife would be well treated, in view of the unusual respect towards woman as the source of the family. A writer thus describes the thirst of Cossacks towards the family life. "Since there were married scarcely one in a hundred, the birth of a child or the first tooth drew visitors for hundreds of miles." Marriages of modern Cossacks are only church marriages.

Parents and relatives are usually eugenists. They investigate, sometimes for several generations back a party considered

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for marriage and if everything is satisfactory the boy is allowed to make a choice from the girls considered, or put under investigation a girl chosen if that is the case.

Marriage, as is everything else, is a social affair. Almost all the community participates in the festivities. All marriages, irrespective of the wealth of the couple, are quite pompous. Tradition has set certain definite ways of carrying out this event, and the resources of the commuity are employed to carry it out properly. For example, the horses are matched and the owners of them are notified that their horses are to be used at the marriage procession, certainly free of any charge.

Maybe there is an influence of marriages of the first Cossacks but up to date divorce is considered as something that simply cannot happen if even defects are discovered after marriage, except certainly the question of virginity. Unfaithfulness is punishable by death and quite cruelly, even now. On the other hand, protection of a woman is quite strict too. As a peculiar instance, I can cite this from personal knowledge. One of the boys had made an indecent proposition to a wife whose husband was in the army. The woman let somebody else know. *Hootor* (village) meeting was held and at the meeting the poor boy had to make a "ground bow" to the insulted woman and then voluntarily leave the community for "better places."

Religion

Since the time of peace and settlement the Cossacks searched deeply for religious truth. Again community effort was employed. Meetings of a religious character were held many times during the winter months and religious books were read in the homes every evening. Due to this religious thirst there were exceptionally rare cases of absolute illiteracy among the male population. Almost everyone could read "print" and sing by church notes.

In religious information the best were the so-called "old believers"* (third source of the Cossack growth). Trained men from the legal Russian church were "unfeathered" by these religious hair-splitters. Speaking of old believers, neither smoking nor excessive drinking has been recorded among them. Holy days and lent were kept with the utmost strictness.

Among the main entertainments is that which was held the last week before pre-Easter lent (*maslenitza*). All the week was a continuous celebration. Young men showed their skill in horseback riding while all the rest of the community composed the

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* See article by Clarence A. Manning in *THE RUSSIAN STUDENT*, Vol. V, No. 7, March, 1929.—*Editor.*

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audience. At the end of this week there is one day the celebration of which may probably not be found in any other part of the world. This day is devoted to peace making in a community. All who have quarrelled during the year have to make peace. There is no question who is going to ask pardon. Tradition has decided that question. The younger one has to visit the older and making a "ground bow", asks his forgiveness, announcing that he has forgiven him in turn.

Civilization

Civilization of modern Don Cossacks is not by any means backward. Even in pre-war times all modern means known then were employed on their farms, including steam engines and internal combustion motors. There was one virtual drawback in their farming and that was—since the land was "common" and redivided every seven to ten years, it was very hard to introduce fertilization. But there was a strong movement among certain communities to introduce fertilization by the community. I believe that they could do that. My belief rests upon one experience which took place about the years 1910 or 1912. A small field animal destroyed the crops of a certain Cossack community. It was decided at the Stanitza meeting to fight the animal. Military methods have been employed in fighting the animal and in three years it was eliminated entirely.

Education

"Civil" education, as it is called by the Cossacks, as a contrast to religious, drew more and more attention of the "hootor" during pre-war times. The real schools and gymnasia scattered over the Don district have been filled with the "hootor" Cossack children almost exclusively. There were polytechnic institutes, schools of commerce, agricultural and veterinary schools and other higher educational institutions in the Don district. A number of young Cossacks received their education in Petrograd and Moscow higher schools.

In conclusion I may summarize the main characteristics of a Cossack. They are:

(1) He is proud of being a Cossack because he knows the history of his ancestors and something besides that with which to compare it.

(2) He is human, because he loves his ancestors who sacrificed their lives for others.

(3) He is an enemy of any kind of individual oppression, because he knows the value of personal freedom.

(4) He is honest, because his ideals are not based on a struggle for personal life.

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Cossack Cradle Song

Written in 1840 by Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov
Translation by Clarence Augustus Manning

SLEEP my child, my little darling,
Bayushki, Bayu.
Softly shines the moon and brightly
From the skies on you.
I shall tell you pretty stories,
Sing a song to you;
Sleep, and close your little eyelids,
Bayushki, Bayu.
O'er its stones rolls on the Terek,
Its wild force they feel.
On the banks the Chechen crouches,
Sharpens well his steel,
But your father is a soldier,
Battle-tried and true;
Sleep, my baby, and be quiet,
Bayushki, Bayu.
You will know—the time is coming—
Life in martial band,
Boldly put your foot in stirrup,
Take your gun in hand.
I shall decorate your saddle
With fine silk and new;
Sleep, my child, my own sweet baby,
Bayushki, Bayu.
You will look a mighty hero,
Cossack be in heart;
I shall go to bid you farewell,
When you will depart.
But what bitter tears in secret
I shall shed for you,
Sleep, my angel, sweetly, softly,
Bayushki, Bayu.
I shall grieve and know no comfort,
Unconsoled shall wait.
All the day I'll pray God for you,
Nights I'll spell your fate.
I shall think you are unhappy
Mid scenes strange to you;
Sleep, while yet you have no sorrows.
Bayushki, Bayu.
A blest ikon for your journey
I shall then prepare.
When you pray to God Almighty,
Look upon it there.
Yes, when you prepare for battle,
Think of mother too.
Sleep, my child, my little darling,
Bayushki, Bayu.
Bayushki, Bayu.

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Giant Flying Boats

Victor A. Ivanoff

AIR minded people no longer ask us the questions: "With what gas do you fill your airplane?" "Can you fly tail-head?" "Why can't you stop and rest in the air?" and so on.

Even school children are now familiar with the rudiments of aeronautics; they recognize huge and clumsy dirigibles filled with inflammable or non-inflammable gas; they know their enormous cost, the necessity of large and expensive hangars, mooring masts, thousands of people to handle them at take-off and landing. They know their comparatively low speed, about seventy miles per mile and regardless of the *Graf Zeppelin*—round-the-world-flight, are more enthusiastic about their own models. They are also familiar with the possible development of modern helicopters and they can distinguish *landplanes* with the usual landing gear in the form of a pair of wheels (and tail skid) from *seaplanes* with float systems for landing. The combination of a flying boat with retractable landing gear in the form of an *amphibian* is also well known, due to some distinct advantages, mainly to the ability to land on water or on land and take off from either. But everybody does not know that the *flying boat* is the most advantageous of all types because of its highest maximum useful load.

Imagine a giant sea gull with wing spread of about 160 feet proudly rising from the foaming waves into the air, after a twenty-five second run along the rough surface of the high sea! Just think that about 6,000 wild horses hidden inside the roaring cylinders in a mad gallop are rushing this graceful bird into the crystal air waves, higher and higher to the snow-white curling clouds on the azure sky, and scores of passengers sitting in comfortable chairs enjoy this rapid and safe transportation along the picturesque seashore lines and may even fly across the ocean!

The great size is the most impressive attribute of the seaplanes of the present time. The single-engined, two or three-engined planes with cabins the size of a yard dog-kennel, of course, cannot compete with these luxurious, gigantic seaplanes. These real leviathans of the air, these real giant airliners deserve their names.

But how was it possible to lift a large parlor full of passengers into the air and to carry them through the clouds, across the seas with terrific maximum speed up to 150 miles per hour? It is a problem in some ways resembling the first construction of skyscrapers and requiring even more engineering skill than the erection of the Woolworth Building in comparison with the construction of a log cabin.

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GIANT FLYING BOATS

It is true that the design of a commercially profitable plane several times larger than the other types was impossible by old methods of design. But a continuous mainly theoretical investigation, combined with deep scientific research and laboratory experiments revealed some secrets in air mastery in the creation of real giant airplanes.

Some new theories appeared several years ago disclosing new ideas of enlargement of airplanes. Rumpler, Rohrbach, Dornier, Junkers, Handley Page and other European engineers solved that problem, but their ideas were almost unknown to this country. A few pioneers and inventors tried to promote their projects but met insurmountable difficulties. Although one inventor has combined many fundamental improvements besides mere size, his invention aroused a real interest in financial circles only when in Germany Dr. Claude Dornier actually accomplished his problem and his flying boat of 100,000 pounds gross weight met with world success, thus proving that new aeronautical methods scientifically developed lead to still greater achievements in giant plane structure.

It is worth while to consider more closely the main lines of such development and research. The studies were conducted along three lines; (1) Aerodynamical improvements—or flying features of the plane were made in accordance with the latest wind-tunnel experiments and theories so the boat could take-off, fly and land perfectly; (2) Hydrodynamical features were designed as results of deep study and experiments on thousands of models in basin tests. It means that the boat can have, regardless of huge size and enormous weight, a quick and easy take-off from water. (3) Structural details were developed in accordance with research and skillful design of the hull and wings providing sufficient strength and surprisingly light weight. This is the most important point as the real basis of this success is hidden beyond mysterious signs of higher mathematics and elaborated stress analysis investigation along the lines of precise methods of applied mechanics.

We must say, however, that regardless of excellent performance and significant features of the Dornier twelve-engined flying boat, this boat is a short distance plane of 600 mile range; with fifty per cent reserve, i.e. maximum of 900 mile range is insufficient to cross the ocean, as the shortest leg, for instance between New Foundland and England is about 2,000 miles. We understand a successful flight to be one with a normal full load without any dangerous overloading.

(*Continued in the February issue*)

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TOLSTOY, THE INCONSTANT GENIUS*

A REVIEW

By CLARENCE AUGUSTUS MANNING

THE man who would write a sympathetic and satisfactory biography of Count Leo Tolstoy is faced with no easy task. With other subjects there is the difficulty of securing facts, of rounding out the picture of a character in which one trait stands out preeminently. With Tolstoy the case is quite different. The author must show him as a dashing army officer and as a convinced pacifist, as a gay and unmoral man of the world and a severe ascetic, as a dutiful husband and father, and a man who lives in constant friction with his wife and children and publishes his disagreements to the world, as an ardent believer in God and religion and a rationalist of the most irreligious character, as an outstanding writer, one of the few great men in the nineteenth century, and a destructive critic who regards literature as sinful and immoral. In short the author must show Tolstoy as a man confounding and condemning by example everything which he praised and set forth in his own writing and preachings, and with it all living with almost unimpaired faculties and strength past the age of eighty, while an astonished and uncomprehending world endeavored to choose its own portion of his ideas and to glorify him for that portion.

In the good old days the means of doing this was easy. With delightful ignorance and naivite, the scholarly world decided that there were two Tolstoys, one bofore his conversion, the other after. We know now that this was a result of over-simplification, for the two tendencies or should we say the myriad tendencies, ran throughout his whole life and no one except perhaps Chertkov could play upon them, so that he could produce a desired result.

Such a character leads readily to psychological study, to the production of theories which can easily be demolished by a further study of the facts and which do not advance us any further in the understanding of the man himself. For that understanding we must wait the coming of a genius. Dostoyevsky might have given it but it would be hard to name any other author or critic who could dissect with such ruthless truth the living soul of a great figure of modern days.

The success of this book lies in the fact that the author does not try to explain Tolstoy. He reveals him as the complex char-

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* Tolstoy: The Inconstant Genius. By Alexander I. Nazaroff, New York. Frederick A. Stokes Company, $5.

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acter that he is, without trying to judge him or to estimate him in the course of world history and literature. Mr. Nazaroff rather shows him in action; he points out the mad frenzy of decision which led him as a boy to leap from the window to see if he could fly, which led him at the end away to die at Astapovo, and which guided or goaded him through life. He shows the leading stages in his ideas without endeavoring to find a bond of union or of unity between them and is ready to accept a difficulty in bringing together the threads and motives, the ideas and actions that went into the long life of the genius.

In a word he has written a sympathetic description of the life of Tolstoy and when he finishes the reader will feel the real greatness of the man, his real defects, and the enigma that lies behind him. Who or what is Count Leo Tolstoy? None of his contemporaries answered him that question. Perhaps no one can, but there are few biographies that have so well brought out the idea that we, mere human beings, must leave Tolstoy not with an expression of certainty or of satisfaction but of confusion and amazement.

The style of the book is like the style of much of Russian literature. A union of narration in the past and of description in the present without that strict sense of sequence of time that has so influenced English language and English literature. In a few passages the transitions may seem awkward but usually the manner is very effective in bringing out the tumultuous confusion that marked the thoughts and actions of Tolstoy.

On the whole, then, the book is more than satisfactory. It may be criticized by admirers of the artist Tolstoy and by worshippers of the seer of Yasnaya Polyana but it can be read with interest and can be recommended to those who wish to obtain a real picture of one of the great figures of nineteenth century Russia, of one of the leaders of the world, and one of the most incomprehensible men that ever lived.

Miniature by Ivan Pavlov.

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SMATTER

A Dialogue

Characters: Mr. I. M. Auditor, Miss Ex. Sec., and Miss Accountant

I

TIME: A HOT DAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1929.

Mr. I. M. Auditor and Miss Ex. Sec. are seated at a table on which are many papers. They appear to be uncomfortable and very much annoyed.

AUD. (*Trying unsuccessfully to pronounce a name but finally giving it up.*) What about him? (*Pointing to a long name.*)

EX. SEC. Same as last year. Graduate. No response to letters.

AUD. (*Attempting another name*) And this one?

EX. SEC. See here! I don't understand why you put this man on that list. He has been doing graduate work on his own. Now he's working and he'll pay more this year. He's all right. Why do you insist on penalizing him for paying small amounts? Don't you think it's a good thing for them to pay even one dollar a month when it's impossible for them to keep the regular agreement?

AUD. Look here, Ex. Sec. I think the repayments are good—a total last year of $24,324.21. That's fine and they ought to pay something every month. Even one dollar puts them in the habit. They have to understand that it was not their money and it has to be paid back. But here's a man —how you ever pronounce all those consonants so they sound like anything I don't know—but that man (*pointing to a card*) has paid only $6.00 in the last three years.

EX. SEC. He never graduated and he has no regular work. He drives a taxi two or three days a week.

AUD.: This one graduated in 1926 and paid only $24.00 in the last three years.

EX. SEC. Oh, he's another one doing graduate work on his own. He's already sent $4.00 for September. He'll pay more this year than the last three years together because he has a job now.

AUD. This man took a nice American name, didn't he? What's the matter with him?

EX. SEC. (*Sighing*). If I tell you his whole story you'll think it never happened. You wouldn't believe that so many things could happen to one man. Besides I'd betray his confidence, if I told you. He has a good job. He's all right. He'll pay. I'm sure of it.

Enter Miss Accountant.

AUD. Acc., Ex. Sec. here seems to have a lot of faith. She thinks all these people are better than the figures on the books. You know figures are . . . .

EX. SEC. (*Impatiently*). Oh, I'm not as hard-boiled as you are. I know . . . .

ACC. (*Smilingly*). She *knows* her man.

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AUD. (*Laughing and turning on Ex. Sec. a lively twinkle*). I don't think any woman knows any man.

EX. SEC. (*Ignoring his facetiousness*). I know some of the circumstances. The first year a business graduate makes about $100.00 a month —the engineers more. They need clothes; they're exhausted; they've lived a thousand years and they've not turned thirty; they fall ill; there's no reserve to draw on but debts, black depression and families more completely exhausted than they are. With American boys it's different but do *you* know just what it's like to live in New York on $100.00 a month. When emergencies come, I can't say to a tale of woe, even if it is not true, "Let your mother starve! Pay the Fund what you owe!" Can I? Would you have me tell them, "Let your sister die! Pay the Fund!" Would you?

Silence broken only by the irritated drumming of Ex. Sec.'s fingers on the table and a slight stir among Aud.'s papers as he pretends to pore over them. Finally he lifts his head and his eyes rest on a picture on the wall over the table.

AUD.: That's rather good!

EX. SEC. Yes. The first etching of one of our graduates. You won't find his name on your black list although he supports several of his relatives too.

AUD. Well, I guess we'd better get on with this.

EX. SEC. I should say so. I've got more than this to do today.

AUD. (*Examining his watch and mopping his brow*). We've spent too much time as it is.

EX. SEC. Why do you do this? You know that by and large repayments are good and . . . .

AUD. I told you I think it's a fine showing but . . . .

EX. SEC. Even some of the uncollectibles suddenly begin to pay every year. You seem to get so much satisfaction out of adding to this list of ebony and so you dig up 29 others and lump them as uncollectible. I object. They *are* paying. These are not hopeless.

AUD. You really think they'll pay *everything*.

ACC. I tell you she *knows* her man.

EX. SEC. But you're right, Aud. No woman really knows any man. The point is all these men have a reason for not paying and that reason is not because they don't want to. It's because things have happened to them. They're really worrying about this now. They're proud and they *loathe* charity. They're going to pay . . . . that is, if they only live long enough. Take that man! He's not on your list. The first two years he paid only $50.00. He was sick. Now he pays $50.00 every month and is beginning to talk about a contribution when he's through. In two or three years the same story could be told about many of these 29. They're honest. These are not uncollectible accounts.

AUD. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll call them slow payments and I'll star every one you're dead sure of. How's that?

EX. SEC. Star him and him and him and . . .

AUD. HIM?

EX. SEC. No! He could pay more than that if he wanted to. I am not so soft-hearted as you imagine.

AUD. Well? Will you work on these this year?

EX. SEC. You needn't worry about *that!* Goodbye.

AUD. Goodbye!

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

As an encouraging index of the standards of literary taste in America, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., has published a series of sixty-two classics, known as the Borzoi Pocket Books, at one dollar a volume. The Russians in this series are represented as follows:

N. V. Gogol—*Taras Bulba*
Maxim Gorky—*Chelkash*
L. Andreyev—*The Little Angel*
M. Y. Lermontov—*A Hero of Our Time*
Ivan Bunin—*The Gentleman from San Francisco*

In the Modern Library at ninety-five cents a volume we find:

Dostoyevsky—*The Brothers Karamazov*
Merezhkovsky—*The Romance of Leonardo Da Vinci*

The Embezzlers.
A novel of contemporary Russian life. Translated by L. Zarine with an introduction by Stephen Graham. The Dial Press. $2.50.

The God Who Didn't Laugh. *By Gleb Botkin. New York. Payson & Clarke.* $2.50.

Humanity Uprooted. *By Maurice Hindus, illustrated by Arthur Hawkins, Jr., with an introduction by John Dewey. New York. Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith.* $3.50.
A study of present day Russia.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

Nicholas Roerich. *A Monograph. Compiled and edited by A. V. Yaremenko. Central Book Trading Company, New York. Subscription Price* $25.00. *After Release,* $35.00.
Contains 110 colored and half-tone illustrations of Professor Roerich's work.

The Background of the Russian Revolution. *By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt.* $2.50.
An interpretation of historic processes and conditions that culminated in the revolution by a former vice-president of the Russian Duma. Given as Colver lectures at Brown University in 1928.

Principles of Rural-urban Sociology. *(American Social Science Series). By Pitirim Sorokin and C. C. Zimmerman. Student's Edition. Henry Holt.* $3.60.

Nearing the End in Imperial Russia. *By George T. Marye. Dorrance.* $4.00
The contemporary notes and impressions of the American ambassador to Russia from 1914 to 1916.

For reviews of histories of Russia see *The Russian Student,* September—George Vernadsky's "A History of Russia" (Yale, $4.00) and in the October issue, Platonov's "History of Russia". (Macmillan. $2.00).

White Eagles. *By Val Gielgud. Houghton Mifflin Company.* $2.00.
A tale of Napoleon's campaign in Russia and of a little group of French spies.

Civic Training in Soviet Russia. *By Samuel N. Harper. Chicago: The Univer- of Chicago Press.* $3.00.

Hunky. *By Thames Williamson. Coward-McCann.*
The story of a great stumbling Slav as he gropes through the strange mists of American life.

Peter the Great. *By Stephen Graham. Simon & Shuster.*
A full-length study of a great monarch.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Short Stories Out of Soviet Russia. *Compiled by John Cournos. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
An anthology.

The White Coat. *By P. N. Krassnoff. Duffield & Co.* $3.50.
The former Cossack commander writes a novel of the Russia of tomorrow, forecasting a restoration of the old order.

The Life of Napoleon. *By Dmitri Merezhkovsky. Translated from the Russian by Catherine Zvegintzov. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A biography of the Corsican by a famous Russian author.

Three and the Moon; legendary stories of old Brittany, Normandy & Provence. *By Jacques Dorey. Knopf. With pictures by Boris Artzybasheff.* $3.50. A Juvenile.

Moussia: The Life and Death of Marie Bashkirtseff. *By Alberic Cahuet. Macaulay.* $3.00.
A biography of a painter and diarist.

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The Russian Student

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political ***Non-Partisan*** ***Non-Sectarian***

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1930

COVER DESIGN, A RUSSIAN PHANTASY	*Georges R. Wiren*	
TO HIS LEADERSHIP		1
GIANT FLYING BOATS	*Victor A. Ivanoff*	2
A PRAYER, A POEM	*Dmitry Merezhkovsky*	5
OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY	*Alexis Fovitsky*	6
A FRENCH HISTORY OF RUSSIA	*B. B. S.*	11
THE FIRST AMERICAN MISSION TO RUSSIA	*Peter Routsky*	12
ROSTRAL COLUMN IN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, ST. PETERSBURG	*Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky*	14
RUSSIAN FISHERIES	*N. A. Borodin*	15
DINING A LA RUSSE		18
SMATTER		19
WHO'S WHO		21
ADVERTISEMENTS		22

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This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 93 are still studying, have been advanced over $450,000. Former students have repaid $89,346.21, 55 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

February, 1930

Volume VI **Number 6**

TO HIS LEADERSHIP

A YOUNG Russian, by name Alexis R. Wiren, felt that his compatriots should be helped to become of service to humanity. He went out and urged people to give so young men and women might study in American universities instead of digging ditches and pasting labels on bottles the rest of their earthly days.

He thought not of himself; he spared no personal sacrifice. His boundless zeal, untiring energy, unshakeable confidence in young Russians, even under the most exhausting and trying circumstances, created and put on a practical working basis the Russian Student Fund.

On December 3, 1929, Alexis R. Wiren left the active administration of the Fund and began a business career with the Bush Service Corporation. On January 3, 1930, a number of students and graduates gave a dinner in his honor at the Russiana Restaurant in New York. There were also present American friends and prominent members of the New York Russian Colony.

Many testimonials of appreciation and gratitude were rendered. On behalf of the students and graduates throughout the entire United States, Alexis N. Pestoff, President of the Alumni Association for 1929, presented Mr. Wiren with a gold watch bearing the following inscription:

"To A. R. Wiren
From Those who owe much to his Leadership
Alumni and Students
of the
R. S. F.
1921-29"

We feel sure that the readers of this magazine regret with us that Mr. Wiren is not here in the same active capacity as before but that you share with us the wish that the Founder of the Russian Student Fund may achieve a glorious success in his future work.

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Giant Flying Boats

Victor A. Ivanoff

In the first part of this article the author briefly described the recent success in flying boat construction in relation to the solution of the problem of enlargement of planes, in accordance with new methods of structural design developed mainly in Europe. Dornier twelve-engined flying boat was mentioned as an example of successful multi-engined seaplanes.—Editor.

We may mention also that another still greater giant has been under construction. Rumpler (Germany) flying boat, designed for transatlantic flights will have a gross weight of 250,000 pounds, wing spread 288 feet, maximum speed 286 miles per hour and range about 3,000 miles, conveying 135 passengers, with 10,000 horse power and having following distribution of loads; weight empty fifty per cent, useful load—fifty per cent of the gross weight of the ship. Besides that an American project is under way along the basic patented principle (O'Connor) of a huge flying boat provided with ten engines, 575 horse power each, with total gross weight of 90,000 pounds, designed for transatlantic flights, capable of carrying forty passengers with fifty per cent reserve of fuel at a normal range of 2,000 miles or maximum range with full normal load of 3,000 miles. The technical details of this ship cannot as yet be disclosed, but we may mention that it is the most practical boat made so far for transocean commercial travel.

To make clearer the technical advantages of huge all-metal seaplanes we must point out their seaworthiness. Even a flying boat of a comparatively smaller size, a Dornier "Wal" two-engined plane of gross weight about 16,000 pounds was able last summer, after a forced landing to keep afloat on the surface of the ocean about one week until the fliers were saved.

The Rohrbach three-engined flying boats of gross weight about 40,000 pounds regardless of comparatively high and a rather dangerous landing speed of eighty miles per hour (120 Russian versts per hour) has a proven seaworthiness.

The British *Blackburn Iris* and *Nile* and *Short Calcutta* with their peculiar and efficient shape of the hull bottom as well as French flying boats and the Italian *Savoia-Marchetti*, S-55 (a twelve passenger twin-hull flying boat which since last summer carried passengers on a regular schedule between Boston and New York) have demonstrated a seaworthiness and safety in transportation.

A design with excess of power about forty per cent is most desirable, especially for long distance flights and particularly for transocean service. A failure of one or two or even four of ten engines of a flying boat capable of flying on six engines with full load has no effect on the success of the flight, while

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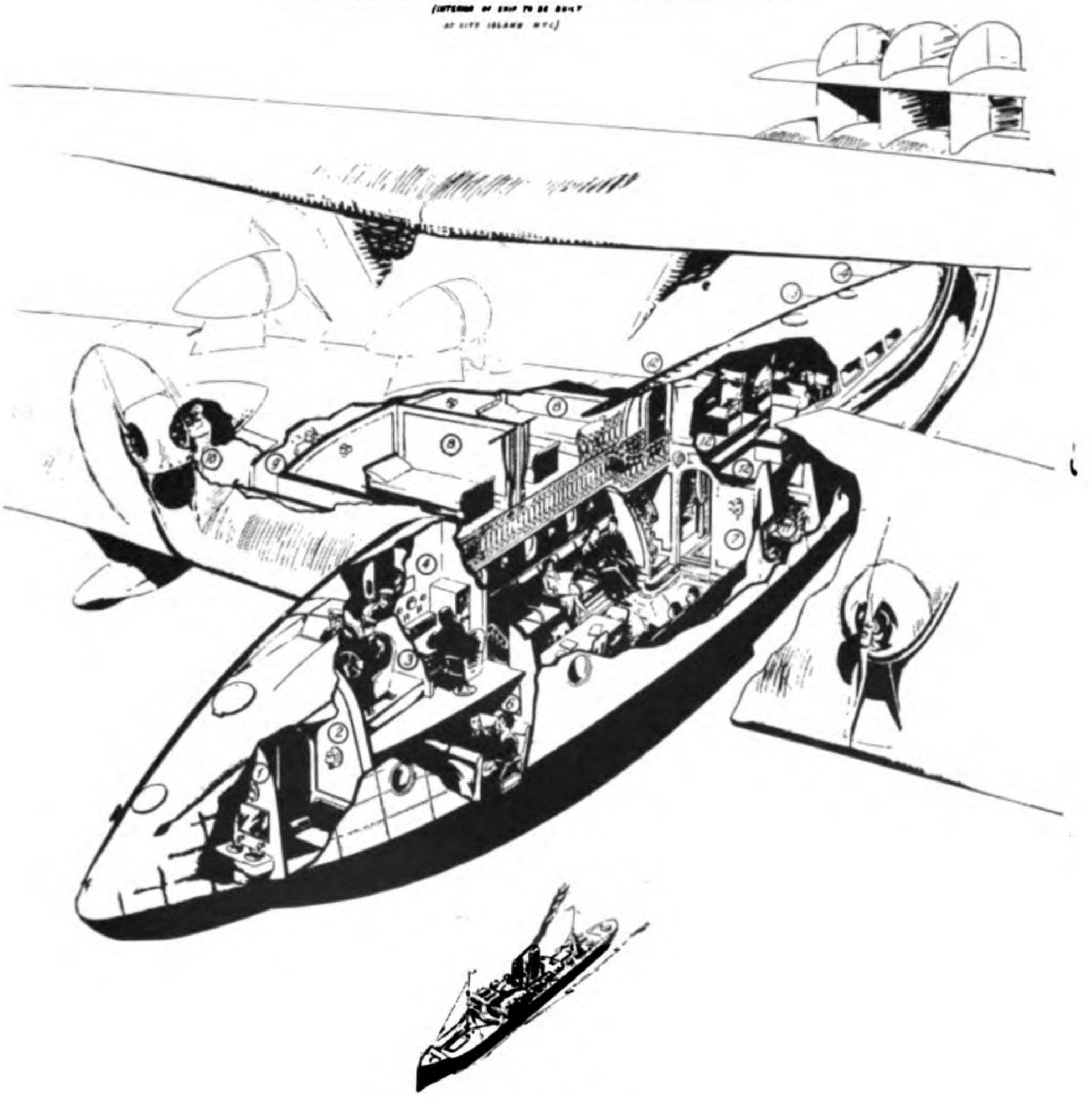
GIANT FLYING BOATS

O'CONNOR TRANSATLANTIC FLYING BOAT.

(INTERIOR OF SHIP TO BE BUILT AT CITY ISLAND N.Y.C.)



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1. Wash room.
2. Smoking room.
3. Pilot house.
4. Radio room.
5. Engine room.
6. Passenger cabin, lower deck.
7. Salon.
8. Berths.
9. Fuel compartment.
10. Engine nacelle.
11. Passenger cabin, lower deck.
12. Passenger cabin, upper deck.
13. Wash room facilities.
14. Kitchen and store room.

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a failure of one of two engines which represents fifty per cent of the total power available, especially in an overloaded plane, means a forced landing and perhaps failure or disaster for a small craft.

The father of multi-motored airplanes, Igor I. Sikorsky, who built the first four-engined plane about sixteen years ago in Russia and to whom is given full credit for the development of the amphibion type in this country, exhibited sound judgment concerning this type of planes of multiple engines and excess of power.

We may mention also another Russian engineer whose successful development work and research on seaplane floats is a valuable contribution to flying boat progress—Boris V. Korvin-Kroukovsky (Edo Aircraft Corporation). Mr. Korvin-Kroukovsky is a recognized authority on seaplane floats and hulls, used by outstanding aeronautical firms in this country.

Improved details in design mean improved safety in transportation. Although the reliability of modern aircraft engine is extremely high, the long distance flight would be still hazardous without a multiple engine power plant in transocean flying boats.

Regardless of the above mentioned theories of necessity to have at least five engine-units for a safe long distance, flight of over 2,000 miles, we encounter an opinion that four engines are sufficient for a large plane and that Dornier used twelve engines just because he could not obtain motors of greater power. This is simply a serious misunderstanding, because the necessity of having at least five or six units has been proved by the theory of probability as well as by practice of long distance flying. It will hardly be safe transportation if in the case of failure of two engines out of four, the ship, being overloaded and unable to fly, losing altitude, makes a forced landing which may lead to a disaster. A sufficient excess of power and subdivision of it into several units, at least five or six, will furnish adequate safety. This condition is of special importance when in trans-ocean flights the plane enters an area of low pressure; the lifting capacity of wings becomes weaker, the engine power smaller, and without reserve of power the plane rapidly loses its altitude, goes down on the rough sea or in the worst cases right to the bottom of the ocean.

This idea is not familiar to all designers; some of them are still advocating their designs of three or four engined planes for long distance and even for trans-ocean flights. Stunt flying on single-engined planes across the ocean has been already condemned. We can not find on the pages of scientific magazines, a line about that kind of flight. Flights in planes with insuffi-

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cient number of engines is almost of the same kind and the idea of the necessity of having power plant sub-divided into sufficient number of units must be kept in mind by every designer, regardless of his experience on small and short distance large planes, if he does not intend to send his passengers to death.

Safety First! Safe flying at night in fog is a special problem.

At the present time the problem of blind flying is solved completely. Not only flying in fog or at night is possible but even the problem of blind landing is solved successfully. This is mainly due to the new electrical height-indicators, measuring altitude *above the ground* with the highest precision. If used in combination with radio beacons and direction finders the apparatus gives full safety in blind landing regardless of fog or darkness; and all these instruments may be easily installed in spacious, huge flying boats as their weight is a negligible part of the gross weight of a gigantic boat.

In conclusion it is worth while to point out that the present brilliant success in building giant seaplanes is mainly due to the general success of engineering science, the same science which helps to construct gigantic bridges, fifty story buildings, ocean liners and other masterpieces of modern framed structures, due partially to some new metallurgical alloys unusually strong and unbelievably light, as well as due to thoughtful use of all modern achievements in aerodynamics and hyrodynamics providing new rational means for safe and easy take-off of huge boats after a comparatively short run.

A PRAYER

DMITRY MEREZHKOVSKY

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky

Published by International Publishers Company

CAST prostrate, in mourning,
Wingless, self-scorning,
Gulf in a gust
Flings us, dust upon dust.
We desire not, we dare not,
We believe not, we care not.
No wisdom has worth.
God, do thou dower us,
Kindle, empower us,
Give of thy mirth.
From the langour that clings
Give us wings! Give us wings!
Wings of Thy Spirit.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitzky

In the September and October 1929 issues of *The Russian Student* there appeared articles on Russian poetry by Basil Petrov. It is indeed due the author to state that his articles make interesting reading because of their literary form, daring and novel comparisons, although the material is often times very debatable.

At the same time it seems to be necessary to round up the short outline of Mr. Petrov and also, if possible, to give a more objective character to the appraisal of Russian poetry. With that purpose in view we wish to point out, in so far as it is possible in a foreign language, not only the subject matter of Russian poetry, but also its peculiarities and merits.

The "music of form" is often the real subject in poetry and form and matter in true poetry are two sides of one entity. It must be kept in mind that the transposing of a poetical work into a foreign language is ever—if we remember Croce—the demolition of an ancient temple. Even if the new version might be more promising in some respects, the "soul" of the original has departed, carrying with it the very essence that was hidden behind the poetic vaults of the old poetic structure. This can not be truly reproduced by translators.

Rhythm can be correctly noted, but all the details of "word music", all the gamut of sounds peculiar to a given language are lost. Very often it is impossible to feel all of the "internal form", all of the "emotional philosophy" of the work (if I may say so) unless the gamut of sounds is perceived.

This is true when applied not only to the early verses of Maeterlinck or to the poetry of Verlaine, to both of whom "the music of rhythm" is everything, but also to the famous Lermontov (the Russian Byron as he was sometimes called by narrow critics). He wrote a poem which begins thus:

"O, Mother of God, my prayer of today is not a prayer for my soul . . . . "

Because of special attuning, of the matching of alternate vowels and consonants of different sounds, a very profound basically Russian and tenderly mystic frame of mind envelops the reader of this poem. Such a musico-poetical technique in poetry opens to us a new and quite different world of spiritual beauty. How can it be told in a foreign tongue? Will not a most perfect story become only an imperfect echo of the original?

It is impossible to initiate the foreign reader into the series of perfect and important treasures of Russian poetry, and,

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therefore, it behooves us not to *prove* our contention not even to *show* it, in the majority of cases, but to *describe* only.

Russian Folk Poetry

In the past this Russian folk poetry was familiar to all classes of Russian people. But during the last two centuries, it "made its nest" generally among the "plain" people and mostly among the peasants.

The sources of this poetry are very old, as the sources of all folk lore, but many have been transmitted from generation to generation and so reached our time.

Numerous scientific expeditions were organized to Northern Russia and Siberia in order to collect through phonograph records the precious bits of songs, to write down *byliny* (heroic poems). They are still recited in sing-song in Russian *izbas* (peasant homes), in the family circle during the long winter evenings. In times of long ago *byliny* were recited with the accompaniment of *gusli* (string instrument) in manors of princes and in the homes of rich merchants.

Russian folk poetry was alive for centuries, and during that long period the creative force far from being exhausted continued to imagine not only the new details but even the wholly new "genres". One of the latter created under the influence of a busy city and over a century old was called *chastushki* and represented short, abrupt, malicious songs.

Generally speaking everything that was taken down (beginning in the seventeenth century at the initiative of foreigners) and then edited, would form a library of many hundreds of volumes on Russian folk poetry transmitted from one generation to another viva voce. *But the whole thing is measured not by volume but by quality.* As to its sterling quality the foreigners who have studied the subject thoroughly can tell better. Their opinion is unbiased. Prof. Reinhold Trautman (Leipzig), one of the foremost modern authorities in literature, writes as follows: (Das Russische Heldenlied, 1926)

"The knowledge of the essence of that wonderful phenomenon, the Russian literature of the nineteenth century, including also the poetry, can be obtained only through the study of the remarkable Russian folk lore, especially of Russian *bylina;* it is the most essential donation to European folk epics."

Prof. Trautman in studying the language of the works of Tolstoy who treasured *byliny* above everything, finds in that language traces of "bylina-style"; as, for instance, the "strong strokes" (*Zuschlagen*) used in Tolstoy's manner of speech.

But form usually leads to subject matter; many *byliny* contain in embryo so to say elements of Tolstoy's ideology relating

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to peace. Such is his poetization of rustic simplicity, open veracity, Christian-like friendliness, of almost childlike pacifism in its naiveté (*byliny* relating to Ilia and to Dobrynia.)

So Thomas Mann is perfectly right in stating that he finds in Tolstoy's creations, elements inherent in Russian folk epics. Many facts could be mentioned touching upon the similarity of Russian folk lore, in its ideas and moods, with Russian literature in general (including poetry and music) but that recitation would complicate our theme.

It will suffice to mention that beginning with the poets of the eighteenth century, who wore the mask of French classicism, and ending with the futurists, of our times, not to mention the contemporary peasant-poets of Yessenin type, there is not a single Russian poet (including Pushkin and Lermontov, Balmont and Blok) who was not influenced ideologically or formally, directly or through others by the elementary force of Russian folk epics.

But let us come back to *byliny*.

Though their subject matter was often of non-Russian origin, but of Eastern, Scandinavian or Finnish, these epic songs became with time typically Russian. They are interlaced with vivid and fantastic battles between different hyperbolical monsters, dragons, et cetera, together with pictures of ancient Russian history and life—that purely Russian mirror which reflects the spirit of the nation. *Byliny* were first recited by bards at the princely castles of medieval Russia where they were chanted under the accompaniment of *gusli*, then they were transmitted from mouth to mouth by *skomorokh* (merrymaker in Greek, something like the Greco-Roman mimes) to all strata of Russian people. And finally they found a lasting place in the hut of the Russian peasant where they were narrated and are still repeated by special "narrators" of both sexes.

Byliny Cycles

The birth and growth of the *Kiev Cycle* which is mentioned by Mr. Petrov is connected with the name and the court of Prince Vladimir—the Red Sun. His personality is reflected in two or three historical types from the tenth to the twelfth centuries, bearing the same name. The heroes and valiant knights are viewed as comrades in arms; they fight not only the external foes of the Russian land (the *Polovtzy* and Tartars) but the internal enemies also in the person of *Solovey-Razboynik* (Nightingale-Robber), for example, who is encamped by the road at the edge of the forest and deafens his victims by a shrill whistling. Sometimes the heroes search for a bride for their prince or for themselves. The latter case reminds us of the German Nibelungen.

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The *Novgorod Cycle* created in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries is inspired by the rich independent mercantile Republic of Novgorod (called Lord Novgorod the Great by its admirers). It gives us different subjects and scenes. There is pictured fabulous wealth. The divine art of *gusli*-playing which enchants even the Sea-King (in the *bylina Sadko*, the subject of an opera of the same name by the famous Rimsky-Korsakov which will be staged shortly by the Metropolitan Opera Company).* Again we find the daredevilishness of the discoverers of new lands (*ushkuyniki*) and their adventures, which usually end in a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. The hero of this *bylina*, Vassily Buslayevich sums up in a humorous and ironic way the adventures of his tempestuous life: "During my life I did a lot of killing and robbing; now that I am getting old it is time to save my soul."

The *Volynsko-Galitzky Cycle* represents a different picture. The heroes belong also to the merchant class, usually guests from overseas—handsome dandies very much inclined towards romantic adventures. The picturesque style of these *byliny* shows a great deal of aestheticism and good taste. The hero, Churila Plenkovich, has such an elegant light bearing and walk that he does not tread on "sky-blue flowers."

Other Byliny

There are many interesting *byliny* outside these cycles. One of them is especially characteristic as its hero is not a warrior but a peasant, by the name of Mikula Selaninovich; whatever might be the origin of that *bylina* it symbolizes undoubtedly the importance and the idealization of peasant work which is so characteristic of Russian literature.

The peasant appears there to be mightier than the whole princely city militia. It is of interest to note here that among the many different kinds of heroes, some famous for their cunning, others for physical prowess only, and still others for their masterly guidance of men, the first place is accorded to an old Cossak, Ilia Murometz, the son of a peasant and pet of the people. Besides the above mentioned traits of non-malice and unwillingness to slay his enemies for the sake of slaying, his personality is distinguished by a pristine simplicity and veracity which possibly were reflected in Platon Karatayev (Tolstoy's *War and Peace*): "I will bless you for worthy deeds, but there will be no blessing for wrong doings", says the father of Ilia while speeding him to a fight with the enemies of the Fatherland.

There is much to be said regarding the Christ-like tendencies of the *byliny*. They are seen not only in sayings, as the one

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* Premiere, January 25th.

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above mentioned, but also in the ways that the heroes use so often in treating their feebler and stupid foes. For instance, the same Ilia teases good-naturedly the robbers who wanted to slay him and who lost all their courage after learning who their prospective victim was. Ilia did not kill them but at the same time he smilingly refused their offer of honorary leadership.

Literary Qualities

Byliny in their technical and poetical language represent a very special and rare literary specimen. It seems pertinent to mention here some of their qualities:

(1) A very rich selection of similes, especially negative which are met only in Serbian epic literature—("It was not the white snow on the field that whitened the view, it was the snow-white head of the old Cossak, Ilia Murometz, that whitened the horizon").

(2) The manner of beginning *bylina* with special introductory harmonies, and of bringing it to an end with special finale (*ishod*) which was in the repertory of *skomorokh* and "narrators."

(3) The method of reiteration of words and of whole episodes in order to enhance the impression and to infuse into the hearer a special mood.

(4) The manner of undervaluing the hero in order to show afterwards more vividly his qualities.

(5) The method of artificial retardation in "narrating" the *bylina* so as to impress its importance, et cetera.

There should also be mentioned the special "written tonality", the musico-vocal instrumentation which represents one of the chief beauties of *byliny*. It is expressed in the play by the full-toned, multisonorous, soft and harmonious Russian language which was described by Prosper Merimée as follows: "That language, more than any other, is created for rendering the most subtle shades."

The peculiarities of the language and rhythmic structures of *byliny* create that "attunement" which cannot be expressed and which is best appreciated when heard sung by "narrators" themselves who are becoming rarer and rarer.

Only when all the above is taken into consideration can one understand the deep psychological importance of the dynamics of *bylina*-epos, rich in conjoint prepositions with many verbal predicates, and in "endearing" and diminutive terminations which contain so much of Russo-Slavonic softness.

(*To be continued in the March number*)

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A French History Of Russia

B. B. S.

IN the scheme of modern education as a whole, popularization of science is perhaps one of the most dangerous weapons that can be wielded to inculcate knowledge in unenlightened masses. This is especially true in the field of history where it is so easy for a writer to step over the line in trying to dress up attractively the products of scholarly erudition and where it is so difficult to turn the real elements of historical processes into a vivid but undistorted drama. Popular writing reaches largest number of readers. If it misrepresents facts or dislocates the true scientific perspective, it does more harm than good.

In this respect, M. Nichols Brian-Chaninov's *Histoire de Russie* (Artheme Fayard et Cie, Paris, 1929. 508 pp. 15 francs), which appears in a series of *Les Grandes Etudes Historiques*, sufficiently well known in France, is of a doubtful quality. Written by a Russian, a man of wide culture and much journalistic experience this eminently readable account does not contain any gross misrepresentations of historical facts which are not infrequently found in books written about Russia by foreign authors. His sins are rather those of omission than commission. In broad, nonchalant strokes and crisp colors he pictures the early stages of Russian history and surrounds the product by a thin mist of Oriental influences, Byzantine mysticism and some intangible mystery. This makes things all the more attractive and very obviously smacks of Eurasian school. The rest of the book consists of a series of character sketches of Czars and their courtiers, interspersed by numerous but choice anecdotes, the necessary historical sequence being invariably but less discriminately followed. Examining too closely the great or would-be great personalities and seeking for drama in their personal doings, the author has entirely obscured from view the vast panorama of the development of the Russian people as a whole. This social element, together with the economic one, are the most powerful of several dynamic forces which went into the making of Russian history and which are conspicuous by their absence in the book under consideration.

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The First American Mission To Russia

Peter Routsky

THE thought of sending an envoy to Russia was very popular with Congress for some time but the actual decision to appoint Francis Dana was not reached until December 1780.

By training and by the services rendered to his country, Dana was well fitted for that difficult post. Born in Charlestown, Massachusetts on June 13, 1743, he graduated early from Harvard and devoted his time and energies to the causes of colonial rights and popular liberty. In 1774 he joined the "Associated Sons of Liberty" and in the same year was elected delegate from Cambridge to the First Provincial Congress of Massachusetts. His sense of honor and of public duty was soon appreciated, and in 1775 he was sent to England to report on the critical state of colonial feeling. On his return he informed General Washington that there was no reason to expect peace from England. In 1776 he was elected to the Congress which framed the Articles of Confederation; then he became simultaneously member of the Congressional Board of War and chairman of the committee charged with the reorganization of the United States Army.

In 1779 Dana was nominated Secretary of the Paris Legation headed by John Adams who was appointed to negotiate treaties of peace and commerce with Great Britain. He sailed with Adams on November 13, 1779, in the French frigate *Sensible* and after a rough crossing they landed at Ferrol, Spain, reaching Paris, February 9, 1780.

Shortly after his arrival in France, Adams left for Amsterdam in consequence of a diplomatic quarrel with Vergennes, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Dana remained in Paris until Congress commissioned him and Mr. Adams to raise loans in Europe. He then joined Adams in Amsterdam and remained with him for some time. Returning to Paris he received on March 15, 1781, a commission from Congress as Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg.

After a necessary stay with Adams in Holland, he left for Russia in July 1781, journeying by way of Frankfurt and Berlin, reaching St. Petersburg on August 27, 1781.

In accordance with the instructions given to him by Congress, his duties were to "engage Her Imperial Majesty, (Catherine II) to favor and support the sovereignty and independence of the United States," to open friendly negotiations between the two countries and to announce his official mission and letters of credence only after communicating them to the French Minister

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in St. Petersburg and provided he had "a fair prospect of an honorable reception."

Thus, Dana was restrained at the outset in the fulfillment of his duties; first, by the conditional character of his instructions, and secondly by the difficulties of conducting his parleys privately amid the atmosphere of insincerity and diplomatic intrigue so prevalent at that time. He was also soon discouraged by the indifferent attitude, to say the least, of the French Minister, who was supposedly the official friend of the United States.

For a man of ardent and passionate temperament, intolerant of timid or temporizing measures—and such was Dana according to his biographers—the situation was acutely wearisome.

His secretary, John Quincy Adams—later the first official envoy to Russia and sixth president of the United States—after a few months stay in St. Petersburg, sensed the difficulty of Dana's situation, and after consulting with his chief left for America to report the whole matter to Congress.

After over a year of fruitless and tiresome pourparlers with the French Minister and Foreign Office, Dana decided in March 1781 to give official information of his mission to Count Osterman, Russian Vice Chancellor and Foreign Secretary. He never doubted that his main object, namely, the recognition by Russia of the United States would evoke an immediate protest from England. And that is what happened.

As soon as Dana declared his official status, Sir James Harris, British Minister in Russia, lodged at once his protest with the Russian Foreign Office. He remarked that "until the ratification of the definite treaty had taken place, the independence of America was not virtually constituted, and to negotiate with the American Minister before that event was disclosed publicly, would at least be a precipitate if not an unjustifiable measure."

At that time Russia contemplated a series of commercial treaties with various European countries, including Great Britain, and this fact combined with the English protest and with the lack of support from the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, stopped any further negotiations between the American Mission and the Russian Foreign Office.

Dana reported his failure to Congress and asked for permission to return home. Acting upon his last and former reports, Congress passed on April 1, 1783, a resolution approving Dana's return to America "provided he should not be engaged in any negotiations with the Russian Court at the time of the receipt of the resolution; but if he were, it was the desire of Congress that he should finish the negotiations before he returned."

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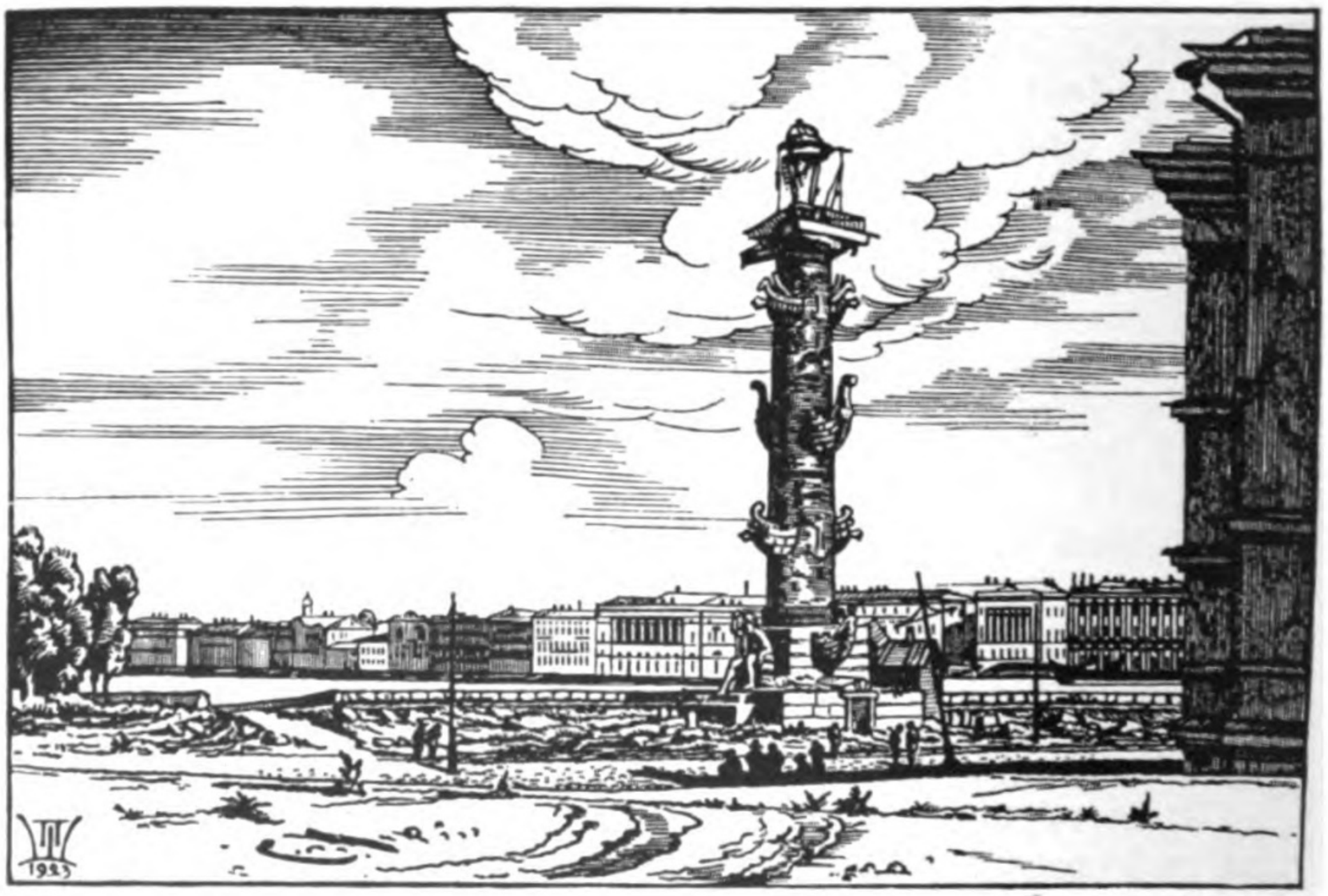
It is apparent that Congress hoped that the signature of the preliminary peace with England, which took place in the meantime, would give Dana the official diplomatic footing and would enable him to bring his negotiations to a desirable end.

Unfortunately the hopes of Congress were not realized, and Dana, sorely disillusioned, left Russia in August, 1783, without being admitted to the presence of the "Semiramis of the North". Before his departure he visited Count Osterman, with whom he had entertained a very friendly personal intercourse. He sailed directly to Boston where he arrived in December of the same year.

Dana's trying sojourn in Russia and the failure of his mission reacted unfavorably on his health, and that was one of the reasons for his declining the Special Embassy to France which was offered him in 1797.

After his appointment in 1791 as Chief Justice of Massachusetts he remained on the bench until his retirement in 1806. His last years Dana spent in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he died April 25, 1811.



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ROSTRAL COLUMN IN FRONT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE

Wood Cut by Paul A. Schillingovsky.

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Russian Fisheries

N. A. Borodin

RUSSIA, with its many large interior seas, lakes and rivers, with a considerable coastal length of two oceans—Northern Glacial and Pacific—is a country very rich in fish. Its fisheries constitute an important branch of extracting industry.

About a quarter of million men are directly engaged in this industry, and many more people work in preparing and transporting fishery products. Annual production of fishery products in Russia before the war was estimated as high as two and a half billion pounds, valued at one hundred and forty million roubles (1913). At that time Russia occupied the second place among the countries of the world, exceeded only by Great Britain; the United States held the third and Japan the fourth place.

After the war the production of fish in Russia declined to one billion two hundred million pounds and it occupies at the present time only the fifth place: the first place belongs now to the United States with the production of 2.4 billion pounds; the second to Japan, the third to Great Britian, the fourth to Norway.

Before the war Russia used to export about forty million pounds of fishery products, valued at about two and a half million roubles. The most important items of Russian export were red and black caviar. The countries which used to import these products were the Balkan States, Germany, France and Great Britain.

At present Russia exports: fish—fresh, salted, smoked and preserved, 12,500,000 pounds—black caviar, 800,000 pounds and red caviar, 2,000,000 pounds; all these goods valued at 6,000,000 roubles (1926-27). As a novelty it might be mentioned that frozen sturgeon and cured "vobla" are imported into this country which never was the case before the war. Most of the black caviar is imported also into the United States.

The principal regions of fish production in Russia are: the Caspian Sea with the rivers Volga, Ural and Kura; Amur River and Kamchatka. Fisheries of all other regions—Black and Azov seas, Aral Sea, Baltic, White Sea and Northern Glacial Ocean with many large rivers falling into it (Petchora, Obj, Yenisei, Lena)—are of much less importance as compared with the above named principal regions.

The Caspian Sea with its rivers supplies sixty per cent of the total fish production and the Far-Eastern region twelve per cent; both of them together supply almost three-quarters of the total fish production. The Caspian fisheries were exploited at

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least during two centuries, and they still rank as the best ones. They do not present, however, possibilities of further expansion, while a comparatively new region—the Far-Eastern with Amur River and Kamchatka, is in process of development and has every chance of being greatly developed in the future. The same thing must be said about the Northern Glacial Ocean, especially in the boundaries of European Russia—(Murman, Novaya, Zemlya and their vicinities).

Russia possesses several peculiar and commercially very important kinds of fish and produces some very valuable fishery products in quantities, unknown to any other country. I mean sturgeon, which supply palatable and valuable meat and most valuable fishery products, rightly called "black gold"—caviar, because the price of the best Russian caviar (*beluga malossol*) brings on the New York market twelve to sixteen dollars a pound.

There are five species of sturgeon in Russia: *Beluga*—the largest species, which attains twenty feet in length and one ton in weight; *osetr*, or Russian sturgeon, four or five feet long and thirty-six pounds in average weight; *sevryuga*, or star-sturgeon, two and a half to three feet long and twelve or thirteen pounds of weight; *shyp*, close to *osetr*, a little smaller in size and weight; *sterlyad*—the smallest species, one foot average size and one-half pound in weight.

The best large-grained caviar is prepared from the roe of *beluga;* next grade will be that of *osetr* and the third grade that of *sevryuga*, the grains of which are smallest.

The importation of caviar into this country in 1919 was only five thousand pounds, in 1920, forty thousand pounds and in 1926, three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This shows an enormously increased consumption of Russian caviar by Americans.

Sturgeons constitute only 3.5 per cent (by weight) of the total fish production in Russia, salmon, 11.5 per cent, white fish, 9 per cent, cod fish and other marine fish, 2.5 per cent, fresh-water herring, vobla, 42.5 per cent, other fresh water fish—the rest. In total, about 97 per cent of fish in Russia are fresh-water and anadromous fish (ascending into the rivers, but living most of their life in the sea); in this Russia differs from all other countries where marine fish are predominant.

Besides the black, or sturgeon caviar, red caviar is prepared in Russia by using the roe of the Pacific salmon "keta" (*keta-caviar*) and of many carp-like fishes, *vobla, bream*, et cetera. More than 5,000,000 pounds of this kind of caviar are

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prepared; a considerable part of it is exported to the Balkan States and especially to Greece.

By salting and drying sturgeon-backs, the Russians manufacture a peculiar fish product called *balyk*, a delicious hors d'oeuvre, unfortunately not yet known in this country. Among other special Russian fishery products must be mentioned *syomga*, mild-cured Petchora and Onega salmon, not excelled by any cured salmon in the world, and some Russian canned fish, as for example, sturgeon, *skumbriya* (mackerel), *belorybiza* (white-fish), prepared with a special southern sauce—a most delicious fish delicacy.

Americans, until the War, did not know well, Russian caviar. At present it has become fashionable to have some caviar at dinner or supper. They do not yet know the use of sturgeon. They know only smoked sturgeon, after the German manner of preparing it. They do not know such delicacies as: "steamed sturgeon", "sturgeon pie", cold sturgeon with horse-radish sauce, sturgeon *ballyk*, canned sturgeon in tomato-carrot sauce, et cetera.

One of my lectures at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on Russian fisheries (1928) was accompanied by a degustation of some Russian fishery products which I was able to find on the New York market, and those who were present seemed to be very enthusiastic in their appreciation of Russian fishery delicacies.

From 1900 to 1914 the Russian government paid great attention to fisheries. A very important scientific investigation of fisheries along Murman coasts in the North Glacial Ocean, Caspian Sea, Azov and Aral Seas, were carried on during the said period. The Gosudarstvennaya Duma granted huge appropriations for the work of fishery investigations and fish culture. At this period an important artificial propagation of sturgeon was begun. All this work stopped during the world war, revolution and civil war. But in 1922 and 1923 the work was resumed and continued on the previously organized plan, and at present is carried on under the general guidance of some of the pre-war time specialists. Regular scientific fishery investigations are carried on by the ichthyological stations at Astrahan, Baku, Kerch and Vladivostok. The last one recently purchased in the United States a schooner, has a large staff of scientists and is making important investigations on the Pacific Coasts, including Kamchatka and other rivers running into the Pacific.

In the domain of fish culture regular hatching of sturgeon is carried on every spring on the Kura River with an average output of ten million of sturgeon-fry. In 1924 there was a suc-

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cessful transportation of a northern white-fish from the Ladoga Lake to the Transcaucasian alpine lake *Gokcha*. This fish is reported to be acclimatized there and is now a new object of fishing.

Just recently an experiment was made by transporting on an aeroplane eggs and fry of Caspian herring from the Caspian Sea to the Aral Sea where this fish was absent. Of course this is only an experiment and nobody can tell in advance whether it will be successful or not. I mention it as a rare case which, however, together with other activities in this branch of industry, shows that the fishery industry in Russia receives some resources needed for carrying on the work which was begun before the war. Russian fisheries have not yet attained the level of prewar production, yet they have some chance of not being destroyed and even of further development.

Being entirely in the hands of the state to which it brings a considerable amount of foreign "valuta" (from the export of fishery products), the fishery industry, for this reason, is obviously patronized by the Soviet government.

DINING A LA RUSSE

STEAMED sturgeon is served in different ways—in sturgeon soup (*oucha*), in chopped form, also fried and baked. It is cleaned and thoroughly dried and is boiled in a pot on a wire frame barely covered with sturgeon soup (steamed).

Cold sturgeon with horse radish may be prepared by placing sturgeon in a pot on a wire frame and pouring into it prepared beforehand boiled soup of white roots, onion, laurel leaf, eight to ten round black peppers, 1 carrot, and some soup greens. Place around sturgeon evenly sliced pickles, some stuffed olives, white pickled mushrooms, pour two glasses of pickle solution (the solution in which pickles were) 2 glasses of white wine, and a piece of butter.

Place on fire. Boil for one quarter of an hour. Carefully take the sturgeon out and place on platter. Peal off skin. Place around sturgeon vegetables boiled with it, also shrimps, then pour a few spoons of soup over it. Serve separately with horse radish.

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SMATTER

IT was a Frenchman, we believe, who said that somewhere in the Russian soul lurks the desire to be considered incomprehensible. We recall the young woman who warned us that *The Sea Gull* portrayed typically Russian psychology, perhaps incomprehensible to Americans. We wonder?

Recently 76 students and graduates gave as the leading shortcoming of the United States: "Substitution of materialism for spiritualism", yet there are Russians (although perhaps not these 76) who in social conversation talk more about the price of things than Americans. They, some of them, will ask how much you pay for your apartment the first moment they see it. They inquire as to the size of your personal income. They, at least a few of them, dart around the rooms peering into personal niches like little animals. "Did they act that way in Russia?", an American may well ask. "No, of course not," say the Russians in righteous wrath. Incomprehensible? No, there are always a few misguided souls who lose their sense of the fitness of things as soon as they go away from home. Take an objective glance at the Americans flitting around Paris!

Some months ago a former member of the New York Stock Exchange—it was ages before the memorable crash of 1929—wrote an article and called it *The Mucker Pose*. "The very first step", wrote this, shall we say, ex-materialist, "towards a cultivated mind is the development of the ability rationally to discriminate, to distinguish between varying values and qualities. . . . . It *is* a loss when a man deliberately uses worse manners than he knows how to use, when he tries to cover up his intellectual abilities, or when he tries to be average when he is above it."

Just because an aristocratic Russian (although Americans must give him credit—he doesn't, as a rule, start calling himself a prince or a count, until the American puts it into his mysterious Slavic head) but just because he is forced by uncontrollable circumstances to live in bourgeois America does not mean that he must cultivate crude and ill-mannered habits. In spite of what you hear and see, one does not have to indulge in slap-back comedy and prying into personal matters to get anywhere. Success comes as a result of many failures, and it hangs most gracefully around the shoulders of those who remain true and genuine and who retain their sense of values (although there *are* others who seem to have grabbed it.)

There have been Americans in college, but perhaps they are no longer there, who did not write home for money even when they needed it for necessities, but the Russians usually can't be bothered with them. There are young American graduates

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who make themselves hopelessly unhappy wishing they had a social footing in New York and who think they could get better jobs if they had entree in certain quarters. The Russians, at least a few of them, think Americans have the money they undoubtedly crave and the best jobs because of the influence of "papa" or somebody else's "daddy."

But the Russians who seem to be getting along in America realize that they must face life as it is and that success, granting ability, in this American environment depends upon personality and not nationality. A business man said somewhere, somehow, that personality is human character developed to the nth degree.

Incomprehensible or not, the Russians have a contribution to American life. It is not in assisting the cause of materialism, although one must exist, of course; it is not in pushing their native culture out of their souls, although one can not live very long, it is true, on philosophical discussions and the appreciation of music; the contribution is not in adding to the sins of American hypocrisy by being a poseur, although one must undoubtedly make a favorable personal appearance. But let the Russians come out of themselves and make this contribution.

A tall graduate with an aggressive air smote a glass with his knife and yelled: "SERVICE!" He looked pleased, we thought, at assuming, what he considered, an American attitude, although he had taken me to a Russian restaurant. Incomprehensible? No. Just an enlightening first experience with a vociferous tumbler-tinkler—outside the movies. He talked of soap (we are calling it soap because that's what it precisely was not). Having only the superficial knowledge of soap required by the exigencies of New York life, and also having a slight acquaintance with the real subject of his monologue, we listened, though bored. He finally paused for breath, and being an opportunist, we cut in ruthlessly: "Is there anything besides soap in which you are interested?" He stammered, "Everything," and floated back to soap.

During dessert he confided that he would rather starve than not be well dressed. Eating was so degrading. We had wondered, while he was speaking of his importance to soap, at his pale cheeks and the neat twist of his tie, and the date of his last meal, if any. Incomprehensible? O, I don't know. Rather silly idea, we thought. Fancy! A faultlessly groomed—yea, a painfully well dressed man—more, a Russian manikin—with a face like a death mask, talking incessantly of soap! What impression does he make? If interested, ask all your American girl friends, rich and poor. But when you ask, don't omit the death pallor and pinched look!

Now think that over for a Valentine, —deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Georges R. Wiren (M.I.T. '23) of Stone and Webster, Boston, was made to satisfy the request of the editor for something startling and Russian. This design is of the "genre" used by noted Russian artists in illustrating Russian fairy tales.

When young Russians want to know something about Russian literature, they turn to Prof. Alexey Fovitzky, of the Russian Educational Bureau. His discussion of Russian poetry will run through several numbers.

Under the supervision of Victor A. Ivanoff, construction of the first giant flying boat of the O'Connor Transatlantic Airways, Inc., was begun on January 15th at City Island. This boat will accommodate 60 passengers and will have a cruising radius of over 3,000 miles with a pay load of 18,000 pounds. The craft is designed for 30-hour transatlantic service and the first flight is expected to be made between New York and Bermuda in September. Other details regarding Mr. Ivanoff were given in the January issue.

For detailed information regarding Prof. N. A. Borodin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Massachusetts, the reader is referred to *The Russian Student* for June, 1929.

We wish to express our gratitude to Peter Routsky, Director of the Service Bureau for Russians for his help in preparing material for this magazine as well as for the article—the first of a series of Russian-American historical episodes.

WANTED

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

"AND SO THEY WENT ON TOGETHER TO THE TZARDOM OF TZAR DOLMAT."

March, 1930

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political ***Non-Partisan*** ***Non-Sectarian***

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1930

COVER DESIGN, IVAN TZAREVICH	*Alexander Joukovsky*	
TO WHOM IT IS REALLY DUE	*Alexis R. Wiren*	1
OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY	*Alexis Fovitzky*	2
THE VOLGA BOAT SONG	*Translation by Jacob Robbins*	5
STENKA RAZIN	*Translation by Jacob Robbins*	6
ALTAI—THE PEARL OF SIBERIA	*George Grebenstchikoff*	8
MY LITTLE ALMOND TREE, A POEM	*Alexey K. Tolstoy*	13
THE THREE SISTERS, A REVIEW	*B. B. S.*	14
SADKO	*Scenery by Sergei Soudeikine*	15
GUAYULE RUBBER	*Boris Krukoff*	16
SMATTER		18
DINING A LA RUSSE		20
WHO'S WHO		21
ADVERTISEMENTS		22
BOOKS TOO!	Back Inside Cover	

Published monthly from September to June by the Russian Student Fund, Inc., 347 Madison Avenue, New York.

This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 95 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $91,680.94, 57 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

March, 1930

Volume VI **Number 7**

TO WHOM IT IS REALLY DUE

ALEXIS R. WIREN

I AM asking the indulgent reader to forgive me for writing a few words of personal character, but, really, it would not be natural for me not to say them, especially after the unexpected first page of the last issue.

No achievement in life of any group of people, however small it may be, is accomplished by a single person. Many are to be thanked for whatever the Fund was able to do. First of all—those who by generously giving their time and means made it possible; their confidence and help brought us through many moments of anxiety. Much is due to the unfailing devotion of my wife who gave me inspiration and courage, allowing me, while she was still in this world, to take much of the time from her and give it to this work. All members of the staff who have so loyally done more than their part must receive their share of appreciation.

Greater of all, however, deserve acknowledgment those of the students and graduates, who have in so many ways showed that they deserved faith and that they are worthy of all that has been done for them. One who has not passed through similar experiences cannot realise all the obstacles which these young Russians confronted and conquered. Even if occasionally they may seem to be too much interested in the material problems of life, I know that they have kept in their hearts the best of their heritage and added to it what America has been so generous to offer for their further growth.

The task is not completed. Every one has to go on trying to live up to the trust placed upon us, and must thank all those to whom gratitude is really due.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitzky

BESIDES *byliny* of which I spoke in my February article there are many other "genres" of Russian oral folk poetry. I will mention here some of them starting with Russian songs proper.

I have in mind not the musical side of these songs, which was the source of inspiration of Russian composers, not even the musical peculiarities of the songs (the presence of natural counter-point) which amazed foreigners but their purely literary and poetic qualities. Here is the opinion of Prof. Rudolph Westfal, famous German investigator: "The majority of Russian folk songs contain such a rich, inexhaustible depository of natural, soft poetry, of purely poetical ideology vested in highly poetical form, that literary ethics should allot them *first place* among the folk songs of all the peoples of the World." (Allgemeine Theorie Und Geschichte Der Music.)

In the same vein speaks Alfred Rambaut, noted French author, in his book *La Russie epique.*

The poetry of Russian folk songs speaks of different shades of love sentiments ("it is not your present that is precious to me, but your love") full of tenderness and deep cordiality; of family tragedies where woman is usually the sufferer; of thoughts as to the fate of mankind, fate taking the forms of Misfortune, Grief, et cetera; of the severe conditions of war life ("our bed covers are mighty winds"); of tragic, daring and reckless life of robbers who swarmed Russia ("The Tzar will grant me two posts and a cross-beam") and of that special understanding of "robbery" which was born of the yoke of servitude ("We are not thieves or robbers but co-workers with Stenka Razin*").

There exists also a special kind of song, *burlatzkaya*, one of which *Volga Boatman* ("*Ei, uchnem*") is known all over America. Then, there come "ritual songs" where a pagan idolatry of nature and extolling of different phases of its life blends with Christian ideology. Ritual songs are still in use to a certain degree during the solemn rituals of marriage, funerals, et

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* Stenka Razin, an ataman of the Don Cossacks, led the peasant rebellion from 1667-1671.

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cetera. Quite original are poetical "lamentations" with their rhythms which control sobbing and tears.

Outside the peculiarities of poetical forms of *byliny* which have been described, let us note also in conjunction with songs other formal values of Russian folk poetry. First to be recorded is richness in symbols . . . . In order to show all the intricacies of the soul of a Russian girl, the song selects the names of the most beautiful, the most delicate flowers and trees. The maiden is called sometimes "white little birch-tree," sometimes "blue corn-flower" . . . . And the young man is called falcon, hawk, "whose heart is closed with a golden padlock." Symbolism and allegory are prevalent in songs which deal with occultism, fortune telling, and with yearning to control the forces of nature ("agrarian occultism.") There is to be noted also erotic symbolism in songs, plucking of flowers, breaking of trees, et cetera. And when the maiden scatters the pearls, it is the symbol of tears. The Russian song is noted in its poetical structure by constant use of "anacrusa," non-accented syllables in the beginning of verse. Such a song is construed upon a verse called musico-tonal, where accentuation of words is similar to music. The descriptive part in Russian songs, as also in folk songs, is usually devised in "scaled" order, starting from general description and continuing up to concrete description. These are some of the external traits . . . .

There are numerous divisions in Russian oral poetry. Historical songs (*byliny* with a definite historical background where are depicted Ivan the Terrible, Peter the Great, et cetera) ; religious verses, legends and songs; different types of conjuration and exorcisms, written in rhythmic form and often in rhyme; folk drama in form of verses, et cetera.

Religious songs which were influenced by the Church, lives of saints, and apocryphic narratives (agiography) are found to contain cosmogonic theories, ideas on martyrdom, and reflections on destiny of mendicants who popularized those songs all over Russia while strolling from monastery to monastery. Among

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the most popular are the songs on Lazarus being raised from the dead, on the ascension of Christ, whose gifts to the "poor" are not mountains of gold which can be taken from them but His Name. The invocation of that Name for Christ's sake is feeding the poor.

There is another form of religious poetry, namely, ecstatic songs and hymns of sectarians ("old-believers," et cetera) those songs and hymns take sometimes the form of what is called by the left wing of futurists "a language without ideas."

It would be strange not to speak of Russian fairy tales when talking of folk poetry. They are not prosaic writings, as it seems to those who consider poetry only that which is written in verse.

As a matter of fact the subject of the best fairy tales is rhythmic and often rhymed and besides that the prose of fairy tales is full of purely poetic elements from the formal point of view. But above all the fairy tales belong to poetry owing to their vivid imagination, high strung emotionalism, and innumerable artistic descriptions and symbolisms.

Russian fairy tales just as well as *byliny* and popular sayings, are connected somehow with Indian epos and some other foreign folk lore, but they are, nevertheless, permeated through and through by the spirit of pure Russian poetic genius.

Let us mention but a few pictures, for instance, Ivan Tzarevich and Ivan the Fool. The last one is the son of a peasant. He has been called the Fool because of his purely Russian qualities, as we already know, of simplicity, humility and lack of malice. His clever elder brothers are sly and crafty. The sympathy of the tale is with the Fool whose heart finally overcomes the crafty cleverness of his brothers . . . .

Ivan Tzarevich is a splendid hero of the fairy tale who performs miraculous deeds with help from forces of nature impersonated sometimes in the form of a gray wolf, and sometimes in the form of a magic horse *Sivka-Burka.* While fighting the dark forces (Immortal *Kashchey, Baba-Yaga-the-Bony-Leg,* impersonation of spitefulness . . . . there is also a benevolent *Baba-Yaga* . . . .) Ivan Tzarevich is ready for any sacrifice. In searching for ideal, ideal beauty, "Beauty-you-could-not-look-at-enough" he feeds his horse—*Ptitza-Mogul**—with his own flesh . . . . all in order to attain his high purpose.

There are also fairy tales depicting material pursuits and people's humor; then, there exists, as usual in every epic, animal fairy tales where animals familiar to Russian peasants (bear,

* Ptitza in Russian—bird, Mogul—the name of the bird.

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fox, hare) show original Russian characteristics; such is the clumsy and good natured bear . . . .

Russian fairy tales are known not only for the wealth of imagination, but also for creative terminology, they contain names for animals and things quite characteristic of the animal world—*Tiapish-Liapish* is called the heavily treading bear.

As I have no opportunity to go more deeply into the theme of this article, I will cite the most recent work of one of the most famous Russian scientists: "There is no need to prove any more that the upper strata of Russian literature and poetry owe much to oral folk poetry. Notwithstanding the fact that printed literature presses heavily on oral poetry, the living well-springs of the latter are still in action and even feed creative genius. Such a state of things remains unchangeable up to our days."

This is the reason why an essay on oral folk poetry is essential as an introduction to the History of Russian Poetry in general.

(*To be continued in the April Issue*)

THE VOLGA BOAT SONG*

EI euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!
Once again, and once again.
Soon the birch will move onward,
Soon the birch will move forward.
Ai da da ai da, Ai da da ai da,
Soon the birch will move forward,
Ei euch nyem!
Ei euch nyem!

Translation by Jacob Robbins*

* By special permission of G. Schirmer, Inc., publisher of Russian Folk-Songs. Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford.

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Stenka Razin*

From beyond the wooded island
to the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yoemanry.

In the first one Stenka Razin
With a princess at his side,
Drunken, holds a marriage revel
With his beautiful young bride.

But behind them rose a whisper,
"He has left his sword to woo,
One short night, and Stenka Razin
Has become a woman too".

Stenka Razin hears the jeering
Of his discontented band,
And the lovely Persian princess
He has circled with his hand.

His black brows have come together
As the waves of anger rise,
And the blood has mounted swiftly
To his piercing, jet-black eyes.

"I will give you all you wanted,
Life and heart, and head and hand",
Echo rolls the pealing thunder
Of his voice across the land.

Translation by Jacob Robbins*

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Stenka Razin

"Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Deep and wide beneath the sun,
You have never seen a present
From the Cossack of the Don.

And that peace may rule as always
All my free-born men and brave,
Volga, Volga, mother Volga,
Volga, make this girl a grave."

With a sudden, mighty movement,
Razin lifts the beauty high,
And he casts her where the waters
Of the Volga move and sigh.

"Dance, you fool, and men, make merry,
What has got into your eyes?
Let us thunder out a chanty
Of a place where beauty lies."

From beyond the wooded island
To the river wide and free,
Proudly sail the arrow-breasted
Ships of Cossack yeomanry.

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ALTAI—THE PEARL OF SIBERIA

GEORGE GREBENSTCHIKOFF

1. The Message from America

MY thoughts about Altai often shape themselves into a psalm . . . .

When through the narrow and high space between the towers of New York appears the strip of the clear western sky, I look for clouds resembling mountains.

The sun is setting and the clouds by thin entangled threads catching its rays — as many as they can, as many as time permits.

The summit of this pillar of sky is of enamel — blue and lightly swathed in a thin white cloudy veil. A little lower a cloud like a huge snow flare slowly flits by, resembling a transparent topaz, delicately tinted with rose.

Still lower this snow-like cloud burns with a yellow flame, then pink, and red until it turns into a reddish—purple glowing mass and finally, at its very bottom the entire pillar of sky and clouds is set upon the solid inflamed alloy of the earth itself. Soon the pillar interwoven by purple and rainbow hues begins to burn and glow. Then a feathery ray of the setting sun, like a dazzling white spear, pierces sidewise all these hues. And the pillar of heaven is transformed into a spear made of rainbow colored alloy of the sky, sun and earth.

And it seems as though someone, in the blue depths, holds this staff which every day touches the earth at sunset. Who is He, who covers by a starry blue veil the beloved face of the earth?

Who takes away this staff, which locks the day like a key, in order that in the quiet of the night the earth might be sprinkled by a universal starry rain?

Who plants a gigantic blue candle in the place of this staff? Now, He lights up this blue expanse with the evening star. My soul is filled with a sacred trembling before the inexpressible triumph of this Mystery.

Brighter and brighter blazes forth the star, the first, the largest. Soon it will call from the depths of heaven all the other stars and lead them into the distant Milky Way.

Then, like lightning, flashes the pleasant thought:

This distant star seems so close because someone dear to me is looking upon it from the heights of the mountains of my far away country . . . . Blessed thought! You that conquer space! Evening Star! There, in my land you are the Morning

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Star. Setting here behind the Western boundary, you also rise there from behind the Eastern mountains and the traveler and the shepherd of Altai meet you with the morning prayer.

Beautiful star! If at the same moment you can be the morning and the evening star for two opposite hemispheres of the globe, does not the moment unite us with all the travelers upon all the ways of the earth?

. . . . Thus, sometimes are performed the evening vespers of my reverie about the distant and sacred mountains of Altai.

Shall I ever see the happy morning when I shall sing of the building of a new life upon the silver mountains glowing in the rising sun?

Oh, Altai, Altai! The pearl necklace of my hopes for a marvelous future!

Shall I find adequate words to sing Thy beauty and splendor? . . . .

2. The Bell of the Earth

Whenever I say or hear the word Altai I see its blue purple hues bordered with white. And undoubtedly the caressing musical consonance of this word must be comprehensible to all peoples and languages:

A l t a i—because it has a sound of home.

The following beautiful three lines written by the poet Khomiakov a hundred years ago seem to be dedicated to all the nations:

"Wild and formidable is the summit of Altai,
Eternal is the glitter of its snows,
There lies my mother country."

The longer I live, the greater number of countries I see and the further I go from the blue Altai, the more majestically its massive rocks rise before me, the more inexpressible is my rapture in thinking of this country and therefore I can never speak or write about it without a sense of exaltation.

Not because Altai is my mother country, but precisely because it is the fatherland of all mankind, the cradle of the universe, the bell of the earth, that its name reverberates in melodious chimes:

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Altai

Moreover it is situated just in the center of the greatest continent, in the very heart of Asia, spreading its ridges like wings—the right across Sayany and Baikal towards the joining of the Pacific and the Arctic oceans, the left—across Tenshian Pamir, towards the sacred Himalayas and to the adjoining of the Caspian and the Black Seas. Its south-western slopes go into Mongolia, China, Tibet and India, and the north-western foothills expand throughout all Siberia to the Arctic ocean and the Urals. Into the plains of Siberia it sends seventeen messengers, seventeen Altai sisters, great mountain streams to replenish with an inexhaustible and everlasting supply the three largest rivers —Irktish, Ob and Yenisei, which feed and give life to almost all the interminable expanse of Siberia, and which, the still more abounding in water, flow into the boundless ocean.

The people of Altai have good reason to sing:

"Like a nine-faced diamond,
Glitterest thou, oh, Altai."

The nine principal ridges in the various parts of Altai which rise up glittering with their perpetual snows.

Yet, in all, Altai has twenty-one summits with perpetual snows, there are still twelve more white capped mountains.

It is only upon a few of these ridges and on their south side alone that in the end of June the snow disappears. But on the north side, even during a very hot summer, the snow is to be seen upon all of them. On many of the mountains, the depth of the perpetual snow is so considerable that it reaches to 5,000 feet above sea level and yet it does not thaw throughout the summer; and at 7,000 feet, that is above the vegetation zone, the snows form glaciers which occupy large areas. Many glaciers in the Katunsky chains reach ten and fifteen square kilometers.

The magnitude of these ranges and the variety of their positions and interlacings is beyond description. Merely climbing one of the lowest mountains is sufficient to dazzle you with the glowing whiteness of the nearest peak; and the higher you climb, the more fantastically beautiful is panorama spread before your eyes. As the vista extends wider and wider, the horizon becomes more and more of a purplish hue, while here and there unexpectedly rise up the snow capped peaks. Sometimes they are hidden by clouds, but in clear weather you often mistake for clouds a whole ridge which entwines sky and earth in a fantastic design. When the clouds drift midway across the

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mountain, it seems to you as though a whole snow white mountain has been lifted by the clouds and is floating away into the misty distance.

Continually different worlds are unfolded before your eyes. Right under your feet lies a dark green valley, beyond which rises the first elevation, visible and clear, but immediately beyond the next proclivity, the range is already enveloped in a bluish mist which resembles a transparent blue net. Further, these nets become thicker and darker, until quite far away, arise dark purple stone waves, as though petrified in a powerful surge and swathed in silver blue.

If only people were more worthy of the gifts bestowed on them by nature!

If they only *could* attune their lives to the glow of purity and sanctity with which glitter the mountains—how wonderfully would the life of our planet blossom forth, and with what an inexpressible beauty would gleam the crown of Belukha, the double-headed lofty queen of Altai, called by her people the throne of God.

3. The White Queen

We have thus seen that the most marvelous feature of Altai is the eternal speed and the unbrokenness of its many hundred rivers. The streams of Altai never dry not only at their sources, in the glaciers and perpetual snows, but even where there are no snows. Only temporarily, depending upon the seasons, the body of water in the rivers decreases or increases, as though the rise and the fall of the water was due to the rythmical breathing of the canyons.

The secret of this inexhaustible supply of water is not difficult to understand were you to climb to a considerable height and spend there some time.

The mountains are alive and breathing and their stone breasts covered by forests and intersected by folds—the canyons—always repose on feathery clouds, the result of this breathing.

If you were to climb on some height above the zone of vegetation, from which the panorama extends for a hundred versts, you could for days and hours at a time, with ordinary opera glasses observe these clouds early in the morning, coming slowly out of the canyons, climbing the slopes, reaching the summits and then spreading their wings and bearing off in whole droves, like caravans of white-winged camels, into the expanse of the heavens towards a higher range. Arrived there, as though lost in thought, they stop for a while, circle around and tearing themselves away off they go to a still higher summit which is

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surrounded by a multitude of clouds already gathered. Then, finally all together as a numberless dark-opal colored host they drift in the direction of the greatest ridges of Altai, to the Chuyisk and Katun columns—the lofty queen of the Asiatic mountains, Belukha. Yet, once there, all this host of clouds seldom ventures into the glaciers, but clings as though in an ecstacy of joy and adoration, close to the great rocky mass of Belukha, whose powerful shoulders extend several hundred square versts about its glaciered summits.

At any time of the year during day or night you might see Belukha always surrounded from base to summit by masses of clouds—these messengers from the canyons and valleys—from the far off mountains, from the depths of the blue canyons, from the limitless plains of the west and the north and the south and the east — from everywhere, even in spite of a wind blowing from one direction only, there continually drift towards Belukha, new pilgrims, new envoys of the breath of the earth and the mountains.

It always happens that if the winds are blowing across the earth and the mountains, the clouds rush to Belukha high in the sky, while those which have already performed their mission crawl back by the lower route; and on the contrary if the storms are high beyond the clouds, they crawl to Belukha to pay their homage, grappling at the summits of the mountains, stealthily, or catching at the fortress of the rocks in their agitation, but not daring to stop, or disobey the imperial call of the white queen.

But no one could ever divine what has taken place on these great heights, under the ever moving turbulent strata of clouds. What sacrament or witchcraft may be hidden there, behind the clouds? About what does the sacred Belukha converse with the messengers of all the distant countries? One thing is certain, however, that always, even in clear weather, storms gather and some sort of trial is held. Blizzards rage there even in days of burning heat and the perpetual movement of glacial ice rumbles and crashes in response to the rolling peals of violent thunder storms. Very seldom, perhaps in the end of August or the first days of September, Belukha shows its unveiled face. But even then and even from a great distance, one could not contemplate this highest point of Altai with impunity because, unprotected by smoked glasses no eye can withstand the dazzling glare of her snow.

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Meanwhile in these hours of sparkling brilliancy the greatest of all sacraments takes place on Belukha. Gathering together in an immense white circle, the clouds rise to the summit and wrap themselves around her like a turban which, presently, lifts itself up into the sky and poised immobile in its blue expanse, form a white crown.

In the meantime new coming clouds descend almost to her foothills and pressing to sources and valleys of the rivers, they pour forth rain or disperse slowly, scattering into the forests and upon the grass a shower of mother of pearl drops.

Thus, an eternal whirlpool of living, evaporating waters swirls around Belukha while upon her summit is performed the great mystery—the birth of these same white waters, the purity of which from old attracted many pilgrims and seekers of beauty and celestial perfectment of spirit.

MY LITTLE ALMOND TREE

ALEXEY K. TOLSTOY

From *Poetry: An Anthology* by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky
Published by International Publishers Company

MY little almond tree
Is gay with gleaming bloom,
My heart unwillingly
Puts forth its buds of gloom.
The bloom will leave the tree,
The fruit, unbidden, grow.
And the green boughs will be
By bitter loads brought low.

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THE THREE SISTERS, a drama in four acts by Anton Chehov. At the American Laboratory Theatre, 222 East 54th Street, New York.

ONE of the most pertinent problems of our cosmopolitan stage is how adequately can it produce an undistorted interpretation of a foreign art in the midst of our own syncopation and distortion; whether this stage can cause the average New Yorker to empathize, to "feel into" a foreign situation.

In the current procession of Russian productions on Broadway, Chehov's fragile plays are in particular need of receptive calm. To make Chehov comprehensible, to make him acceptable, a flawless true tone must prevail on both sides of the footlights. No one has ever learned the lesson better than Chehov himself who witnessed the premiere of his *Seagull* at the Alexandrinsky Theatre, where a good cast playing slightly out of tone and a restive audience brought forth hisses and catcalls.

There are enough difficultes to overcome in producing Chehov in Russian; to give a reasonably good production of his plays in English is well-nigh impossible. The only occasion on which the impossible has been distantly approached, although by no means attained, is the production of his *Three Sisters* at the Laboratory Theatre, under Mme. Germanova's exceptionally able and authoritative direction.

The *Three Sisters* is in many ways a more subtle and elusive play than the familiar *Cherry Orchard.* Both are tragedies of inactivity, but while in the latter play this inactivity results in an obvious, tangible loss, in the *Three Sisters* the loss merely consists of the failure to realize potential capacities, and for that very reason it is more keenly felt and is more dramatically expressed. The plot of the *Three Sisters* is more complex, but it is not the plot that makes the play so tremendously difficult to produce. Through every one of its scenes there runs a never-changing, never-disturbed undercurrent of stillness which, in the apt words of Gerhardi, is "the very water of existence." In fact, this oppressive staticity, as thrown against the background of boundless human yearning, is the very essence of the play. Of all theatres, Russian and non-Russian, only the Moscow Art Theatre has succeeded in fully grasping this essence and in giving it adequate expression.

In the Moscow Art production, the tragic figure of Masha as portrayed by Olga Knipper-Chehova, was the keynote of all acting, it tied, so to speak, the whole thing together. Germanova's acting, when considered apart from other characters, is excellent. But it does not rhyme with that of the rest of the company. That essential binding link, which should make the play an indissoluble unity, is missing. Her individual interpretation of the part, moreover, strikes the present writer as somewhat incongruous with Chehov's intention. It is not sufficiently subdued, too obtrusively melodramatic.

By all means the most masterly piece of acting is found in Maria Ouspenskaya's portrayal of the old nurse Anfissa, a minor but necessary character in the play. As for the American members of the cast, one must grant that their common handicap of language and culture taken into consideration most of them are eminently successful in bringing the play to the high level which it has attained.

Mme. Germanova's chief merit in this production lies in her directing. The mise-en-scenes are all artistically done and full of atmosphere. The singing scene in the dining hall is strikingly well handled. The entire production shows that the American stage is capable of true interpretation of Russian dramatic art.

Although the Laboratory group has not completely succeeded in overcoming the difficulties inherent in the production of the *Three Sisters*, theirs is an educative and a worthwhile experiment.

—B. B. S.

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SADKO, SCENERY BY SERGEI SOUDEIKINE

Hail to thee, famous City of Novgorod!

SHORTLY after Rimsky-Korsakoff visited the United States as a naval officer in the '60's, he composed a symphonic poem *Sadko*. The orchestration was revised and thirty years later the opera *Sadko* was performed, Rimsky-Korsakoff having written most of the libretto himself, assisted by Byelski.

Sadko, perhaps the most gorgeous of Rimsky-Korsakoff's thirteen operas, was given in the United States for the first time on January 25th, and repeated several times this season, by the Metropolitan Opera Company, stage settings designed by Sergei Soudeikine.

There were two legends of the *byliny* cycle of Novgorod, *Vasili Buslaevitch* and *Sadko*. Sadko (the role taken by Edward Johnson, tenor) won the love of Volkhova, the beautiful princess of the sea (Editha Fleischer, soprano), but forsook her to return to his wife, Lioubova (Ina Bourskaya, contralto). Volkhova dissolves into mist and connects Novgorod with Lake Ilmen, thus opening a new waterway which could be navigated to regions afar to the glory of Novgorod.

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GUAYULE RUBBER

BORIS KRUKOFF

WHEN horses were unhooked from hundreds of thousands of vehicles and gasoline engines were hidden under the drivers' seats, the epoch of rubber was initiated. About nine pounds of rubber per year are necessary nowadays for every person in the United States.

If one starts to think about rubber, what comes to his mind? A lofty tree; high forests of the valley of the Amazon—native home of Hevea; plantations in the Far East with excessive moisture and tropical conditions; and a finished product—tires.

Very few however have even a general knowledge of what has been accomplished in the last few years with the native American rubber-producing shrub Guayule, which at the present time is being extensively cultivated on a commercial scale in California.

Guayule is a small shrub, rarely over two feet in height, covered with short silvery leaves, native to the elevated semi-desert regions of North-central Mexico where winter frosts and even snow occur. Its botanical name is *Parthenium Argentatum* and it belongs to a family Compositae which includes our *Palyn*, sun flower, et cetera.

The story of Guayule could not be told without mentioning the Intercontinental Rubber Company. For the past twenty-five years one of the subsidiaries of this company has been engaged in the production of rubber from the shrub which grows spontaneously on its extensive holdings in Mexico. Its output has been as high as ten million pounds of rubber per year. As early as 1907 the company employed a staff of botanists to study Guayule with a view to increasing the supply available in Mexico. Attention was concentrated on artificial propagation and cultural methods and after eighteen years of experimentation this was successfully accomplished and resulted in a domestication of the plant and the production of rubber as a field crop with a cycle of three or four years.

Side by side with botanists the work was done by mechanical engineers who have developed a practical machine or device to do away with every item of hand labor. At the present time Guayule rubber is a machine grown and machine fabricated product. The production of rubber involves the following program.

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Seeds are gathered by specially devised brush-vacuum seed picking machine. They are sown by a seeding machine at the rate of 72,000 square feet per day. An overhead automatically operated spraying system is used in growing seedlings in the nursery. After nine months in the nursery seedlings are topped, or cut back by machinery, another machine digs them and after being packed in moss, they are transported to the fields and planted by a four row tractor drawn planter which has a capacity of over 100,000 plants in eight hours. Plants are set in check rows to permit cultivating in two directions. The planted fields of Guayule must be kept from weeds for at least the first two years, and this is done by a four row, one-man operated cultivator.

About 8,000 seedlings are planted to the acre and at the end of three or four years, depending on the type of land, they are ready for harvesting. The plants are pulled up with roots attached by a specially designed digger, dried in the open and sent to the factory, where the rubber is extracted by a complicated mechanical process. The rubber is found mostly in the cells of the cortex, being up to fifteen per cent of dried weight of a plant.

The first commercial planting of Guayule rubber was made a few years ago in California and at present plantations are rapidly increasing in extent. At least the problem of whether crude rubber on a commercial scale can be produced within Continental United States has been solved.

Eighteen years of experimental work by a number of skilled botanists, chemists and mechanical engineers and a total expenditure running into seven figures were necessary before this question was solved for the States. This was done only by one concern and there is no need of mentioning that this is only a part of what was spent in unsuccessful effort by others.

A start toward the same goal has recently been made by Russians in Turkestan, the Caucasus, and elsewhere, but success will only follow many years of painstaking and expensive effort.

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SMATTER

A RUSSKY of considerable solidity pushed a five dollar bill across our desk. "Don't count me an 'uncollectible', will you?" He begged.

"Of course your *Smatter* is purely imaginary anyway", he went on after being reassured. "Why, that dialogue last month happened," we blurted out, not flattered at all that he thought we had the ability of making it up. "Everything in *Smatter* is based on something that really happened, but you know no human being can relate any event exactly as it was." He smiled, and departed to deal with a power station uptown.

While we were rummaging among our tons of waste paper to induce the cerebral processes to function, we found this boomerang—"The human mind does not deal honestly with reality. It is forever distorting such facts as can be ascertained in order to gratify its desire to enjoy power and the experience of life and death in the proportions and sequence that are most pleasing to it.—*Rebecca West.*"

Honest! We don't experience any pleasure in recording the fact that the majority of young Russian students and graduates of American colleges consider their greatest handicap to be failure to adapt themselves to American life. We retorted once, "You don't try!" "We do," came the answer. We know now that Russians *do* try to meet the demands of American life but unfortunately too many times their efforts carry them in the wrong direction and are thus woefully inadequate. They suffer from a conflict with their environment and within themselves.

We don't believe we are being purely imaginary when we emphasize, as we thought we were doing in the January dialogue, our faith in the Russians through everything.

That architect in Philadelphia insists that we are urging *complete Americanization*, but we don't think we are. We've observed that the Russian who makes himself completely over into an American is not particularly popular either with Russians or Americans. After all nobody likes an imitation. If he remains a Russian—but a Russian adapted to American life—that's sensible. For civilized human beings it ought not to be impossible.

"Civilization," writes Henry Seidel Canby, "is so marvelous a mechanism that it can accustom itself under necessity to anything . . . . The readjustment that comes after struggle is a hardening rather than an easing process. It is a process which means the resolute acceptance of a changed order of existence.

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. . . . It implies a recovery of balance, measure, and perspective and in that recovery of proportion a reassuring of human values."

Dr. Canby was thinking of post-war American literature. Americans born before 1914 have had to readjust to a *native* environment, while these Russians of the same age, their own social heritage seeming to prove inadequate, were forced to go to other countries and try to adjust to an altogether *foreign* environment. They are laboring under a double strain; the process of readjustment is longer, more hardening and more involved. But, we reiterate, they can and do survive to dominate their experiences. It is an acid test of the Russian character.

These Russians can not count, usually, on possessing whatever they may happen to want, and they often find it too painful to want what they *can* possess. What is to be said of an adult who is eternally crying for the moon? But there are Russians who have learned the bitter lessons of adjustment, revamped their desires in the light of their understanding of life. They have undergone a "transvaluation of the values" they brought here with them. They have found out that it's no use whining, even in secret, "Everybody's out of step but me."

A business graduate feverishly argued: "I can read between the lines." That's all very stimulating! But why not read the lines? Why waste one's energy on imagining something that isn't there? Why not use one's mind to understand what is actually there? Then the reading between the lines can be done with fairness, discrimination, and what is more important, understanding.

A Phi Beta Kappa (the only one we ever met who did not deliberately put his hands in his pockets to display his key) finished his *zakuska*. Across the table came the words: "If we could have stayed in Russia; if the revolution hadn't happened, we might have been different. But now, well, we couldn't be any better adapted anywhere else, not even in our own land, after all we've been through. Things can never be the same again. That's the way life is. I used to think it was just America, but I've thought things out and I know that it is in ourselves.

"I've thought it all out and that's the conclusion I've come to. Now I feel better."

He stirred the cream in his *borscht* with a gesture that surpasseth all understanding.

Yours for thinking things out,

—deN.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

Mushroom Barley Soup

PREPARE either with usual white bouillon, without any roots or vegetables, but with some greens or soup of white roots, carrots, onion, celery, et cetera; take one glass of peeled barley; put in a pot and add half a spoon of butter; cook until ready, put through sifter. Boil five dried mushrooms, put juice through the sifter and add to soup. Cut the boiled mushrooms into long narrow strips and put in the pot; mix two yolks of eggs into one glass of sweet cream, boil it with some soup juice, and then pour into pot. Heat the soup but do not boil it; add one half tablespoon of butter before serving.

Beef a la Stroganoff

Cut one pound of beef into small long pieces, sprinkle them with pepper and flour; put into a frying pan, add two or three tablespoons of butter, a large onion sliced. Place on stove. Add one-quarter of a glass of bouillon (meat stock), three tomatoes, one tablespoon of soy sauce, ¾ glass of sour cream, one glass of red wine (perhaps grape juice would do). When meat is a light brown color, remove from pan and put on a deep plate; add either O'Brien potatoes or mashed potatoes and dill pickles; champignons (small mushrooms) or white pickled mushrooms may be used instead of pickles if desired.

Apple Charlotte (Mousse) Russe

Make puree of a dozen apples; whip the whites of three eggs and sweeten to taste. Whip puree and eggs together, then add to the mixture as much gelatine as necessary to serve six people. Put in cold place. Add whipped cream before serving.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover by Alexander Joukovsky (Univ. of Mich. '27) is taken from the Ivan Tzarevich illustration by the famous Russian artist, I. Bilibin, made in 1899 for the Russian magazine *The World of Art*. Mr. Bilibin, who resides we believe, in Paris, is considered by Russians and others who know his works as "the poet of the intimate, lyrical disposition of Russian soul and of Russian character." Besides his water colors illustrating fairy tales (in which field he reigns supreme) this artist has planned Russian costumes for Diaghileff's performance of *Boris Godounoff*, in Paris; for *Sadko* and other operas given in St. Petersburg; decorated the Nizny Novgorod State Bank and other decorations executed in Syria, Africa and Paris.

The Siberian novelist, George Grebenstchikoff, was born in Churaevka, a tiny village in the Altai Mountains so picturesquely described in this issue. Mr. Grebenstchikoff has written plays, short stories, verse, monographs, and articles but his best known work, translated in several languages, is *Churaevs*, named for his native village. In addition to writing, Mr. Grebenstchikoff has organized an art village near Southbury, Connecticut, which he appropriately enough calls Churaevka. Mr. Grebenstechikoff's plan of bringing about an exchange of ideas between Russians and Americans is incorporated in his lecture on Siberia and Russia which he will give in English at the Roerich Museum, New York, on April 7th.

The cover design depicts Ivan Tzarevich and the Beautiful Princess fleeing to the Tzardom of Tzar Dolmat. The Gray Wolf who performed miraculous deeds in aiding Tzarevich Ivan in his heroic adventures is seen as his mount, while the Princess is riding the "Horse with the Golden Mane." After many hair-raising escapes from enemies and from certain death the Tzarevich wins his Princess and half of his father's Tzardom and they lived happily ever after.

Boris Krukoff graduated from the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse University in 1928 and almost immediately went to South America for his practical experience. He is at present connected with the International Rubber Company somewhere in the vicinity —near or far—of Valparaiso. He is quite enthusiastic about the opportunities which Russians may find open to them in the tropics.

Ivan Tzarevich is mentioned by Prof. Alexis Fovitzky in his second article on Russian poetry. Prof. Fovitzky, a graduate of the University of Moscow, Faculty of History and Philology, Class of 1903, has contributed to Russian as well as American literary magazines.

Sergei Soudeikine, to whom the laurels are given for the success of *Sadko* given this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company, is one of the most prominent Russian artists outside of Russia. Mr. Soudeikine's individuality and Russian spirit are recognized in many Metropolitan and Chauve Souris settings and costumes.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR APRIL, 1930

COVER DESIGN, *Christos Voskrese*
AN EASTER IN MOSCOW — *Donald A. Lowrie* — 1
HOLY NIGHT IN THE NORTH. *Painting by I. S. Goriushkin-Sorokotoudov* — 4
SOUP OF MASTER JOHN. Fable by Krylov. *translated by Sir Bernard Pares* — 5
NATURALIZING THE STOMACH — *Tatiana W. Boldyreff* — 6
A UNIQUE BIT OF HISTORY — 11
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY — *Leo Nasarevich* — 13
WHEN THE RUSSIAN READS — *Alexis P. Gaidash* — 15
THE DEMON. An extract from Lermontov's Poem. *translated by Lionel M. Summers* — 17
DINING A LA RUSSE — 18
TWO SONGS FROM PUSHKIN'S EVGENI ONEGIN. *translated by Elena Y. Mitcoff* — 19
SMATTER — 20
WHO'S WHO — 22
ADVERTISEMENTS — 23
BOOKS TOO! — Back Inside Cover

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

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Volume VI **Number 8**

AN EASTER IN MOSCOW*

DONALD A. LOWRIE

IT is the night before Easter, and we have come into the old Cathedral of the Assumption, in the heart of Moscow, for the vigil service. The great, dim-lit room is fragrant with the odor of incense and the burning wax of scores of tapers. The walls are covered, every foot of them, with pictures of the Christian heroes and martyrs of the past. Row on row from every pillar and angle, their gold-haloed faces look down on the crowded worshippers, a sea of heads which fills every corner of the great church. And as you slowly elbow your way among them to face the sanctuary from the foot of a great pillar, the patient, expectant faces of the silent crowd rouse your imagination.

And you think of the crowds which were here last year, and a generation ago, and a century: and back and back to the days when first these walls rose, a score of years before Columbus discovered the New World. And as never before, perhaps, you feel your identity with the Church of all the centuries. The chain is linked with lives of the great and holy men of the past, these frescoed forms which crowd wall and pilaster and dome, and in the dim light, and the magic of the solemn service, they seem almost to live again, and join with the worship of the present throng. The Apostle's

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* From the book *The Light of Russia*, an Introduction to the Russian Church.

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"cloud of witnesses" has become a new reality.

For three days the service has been almost continuous. Yesterday saw the high solemnity of the Entombment, with every worshipper holding a lighted taper, in the church, darkened to commemorate the "darkness" which "was over all the land until the ninth hour," and the pompous setting up of the "Tomb of Christ," in the center of the church. On it was spread the purple velvet pall, embroidered with gold and jewels, and bearing a life-size picture of the dead Saviour. Flowers were brought, and a goldbound copy of the Gospels was laid beside the catafalque. And all night, and all of today, the people have thronged up to kiss the pictured body of the Lord, pierced hands and feet and side, and the holy Book wherein His life is told. There have been the long lines of people waiting for confession; no light save from the hundreds of votive candles, set before various ones of the pictured saints, and in spite of the crowd of worshippers, the great church seems almost silent, with only the hushed sounds to be heard of the coming and going about the Tomb. And the dim stillness, heavy with the odor of incense, calls to mind high thoughts of Life and Death and the meaning of all the great Mystery.

It is ten o'clock. The church is almost dark, with here and there a stray reflection from the great gold and silver ikonostas, where the flicker from some candle strikes. That flash of green fire is the Tsar's emerald in the crown of the Mother of God; most of the tapers are burning before her wonder-working image, set in priceless jewels and banked with roses and narcissus. Some greybeard general has relieved the priest at the reading of the prayers, but aside from that steady drone and the shuffling feet about the Tomb, the church is still. You try to think back to the first Passion week, and to imagine His disciples on that last night, with hearts as empty as the tomb they found the next morning, talking sadly over the final service they could render Him. And you can see them stealing quietly out, in the dim dawn, to carry their spices to the grave. But how that night could ever give rise to such an occasion as this, with the gorgeous temple and the pomp of clergy and the flash of gold and gems—all the magnificent pageantry of Candle and Cowl, is something we find it hard to understand.

Eleven o'clock, and the choir-boys, on one side of the altar in red, and on the other in deep blue, begin to take their places. A procession of priests appears not robed in the black and silver of the past week, but in something approaching the splendor of Easter, and the Winding-Sheet is carried back into the sanctuary, and the church made clear for the following service. One by one, more lights come out and row after row of the great silver chandeliers is kindled. Midnight is near, and suddenly there issues

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from the holy place a brilliant procession of bishops and priests, gold robes and mitres flashing diamonds, preceded by the Life-giving Cross and some richly jewelled pictures. The whole choir follows, more than a hundred boys in blue and crimson; and, all bearing candles, they go out to circle the outside of the Church, in memory of the women who went to the Tomb "while it was yet dark." There is a tense hush all through the crowded aisles, broken only by bursts of song floating in as the procession outside passes one or another of the entrances. It is as if the whole world were breathless on the threshold of some divine, mysterious portent. But I think our attitude, here, again, is different from that of the faithful ones who went to the Tomb the first Easter morning. Theirs was such a hopeless journey: we stand in vivid expectation—we *know* He is to rise, again.

With a swell of music from the choir, the glittering procession enters the great doors, and as he crosses the threshold, the Bishop exclaims "Christ is Risen," and the packed crowd sways to meet him with "He is risen, indeed." Every light in the church is lighted, every bell rings, and priests and people answer each other, many, many times: "Christ is Risen" . . . "He is risen, indeed." And the choir sings it: "Christ is risen from among the dead, trampling down death by death, and upon those in the grave bestowing life." Over and over, with ever changing music, such as only the Orthodox Church has produced, and all the while, the people repeating the salutation of the first Easter morning—"He is risen, indeed."

Then follows the great festival of rejoicing, with the beautiful prayers of adoration, and choral music which is beyond describing, until you have heard it, yourself. Could anything be sweeter than that quartet anthem of boyish voices which floats out from the sanctuary into a sudden hush in the service in the great church? There are long portions of the Gospel, notably the Prologue to John, which is read, with choir responses, in four successive tongues: Greek and Latin, Russian and Slavonic, the language of the Church. The Slavonic is thrice repeated, and all the people join at verses they know by heart, with many repetitions of the Easter greeting. Then much more litany and choral music, moving and wonderful, than which, surely, that of no other Church could be truer worship. To hear these great choirs sing, you would be sure there was an organ accompaniment somewhere, but it is only that the rest of the chorus is sustained and supported by the tremendous Russian bass. It is a great service, and you come home in the glowing dawn of four o'clock in Moscow, with all the countless belfries of her "forty times forty" churches making the air fairly throb with sound. It is Easter morning: the Lord is risen, and all the world rejoices together. Surely it never was like this, before.

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Holy Night in the North

Painting by I. S. Goriushkin-Sorokotoudov

The Day of Resurrection! Let us be illumined, O ye people! The Passover, the Passover of the Lord! From death unto life, and from earth unto heaven hath Christ our God brought us over, singing a song of victory!

—From Russian Service Book.

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Soup of Master John

Fable by Ivan Krylov

*Translated into English Verse by Sir Bernard Pares**

Now do, old fellow, do!
This dish was specially for you."
"No, my dear fellow, no; I'm simply stuffed." "No matter
There's room for just one little platter.
By Gum, one soup like this, it's just a joy to sup!"
"I've had three helpings now." "What, counting every bite?

Why, where's your appetite?
'Twill do you good; so eat it up!
So rich and thick, upon my soul,
It curdles and it strains like amber in the bowl.
Now do, old friend! Just help me out!
Here's perch, and here's some tripe, and here's a piece of trout.

Just half a helping, do!
You ask him, wife; perhaps he will for you."
'Twas thus that Master John did Master Tom entreat,
Nor rest, nor respite gave, still urging him to eat.
You see from Thomas' face the perspiration pour;
Perspire or not perspire, he takes one helping more,
Contrives distaste to smother,
And clears the platter dry. "'Tis you're the lad for me;
With all your squeamish gents I never could agree.
Well done!" cries Master John. "And now you'll have another!"

But here, in sheer dismay,
Though fond enough of soup, old Tom gets up straightway;
Hat, belt and stick
He gathers quick
And runs for home with might and main,
And Master John won't see that friend again.
My author, well for you to own a talent rare;
But if you will not learn in season to forbear
And so your neighbour's ears too seldom spare,—
Be sure your prose and verse, as you go on and on,
Will sicken people more than soup of Master John.

* Reprinted from Fables by Ivan Krylov, by special permission of Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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NATURALIZING THE STOMACH

(Fighting Foes and Fondling Friends in Foods)

TATIANA W. BOLDYREFF

> Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger.
> We must eat to live—but if we eat carelessly we may eat to die.
> —*C. Houston Goudiss**.

THERE exists among the students of Western Reserve University a Cosmopolitan Club which I understand is fostering sybaritic and epicurean inclinations through the encouragement of various foreign delicatessen. I am not initiated into the chief aim of this institution but I fancy they can gather much instructive material for a treatise on comparative cookery.

Since we are physiological organisms, why should we not discuss food and digestion? Matters of bodily reactions in health and disease are very delicate, even though they are facts and not fancies; but I have no naturalistic vein and am a bit precieuse into the bargain; the reader, thus, is in no danger of being shocked by a too frank approach to the subject.

Many have a certain reserve when it comes to eating á la what-one-is-not-used-to, and parenthetically said, this is not just a matter of idiosyncrasies alone, but this reserve is a refined development of the natural instinct of self-protection. Imagine yourself at a formal banquet in a strange land, say Ethiopia, where the menu is a perfect mystery to you. Would you not experience a most trying suspense between the courses? Somewhat of a similar suspense we Russians feel on landing in the U. S.; only here we imagine ourselves face to face with the latest inventions which we are often reluctant to try: we are diet-shy. Perhaps this is the general psychological attitude of being slow in "taking to" the unusual?

Curious controversies may arise and I think interesting topics for intercollegiate debates may be gleaned, such as whether we should serve desserts first or last; dip our bananas in mustard, pour milk in our tea, or eat our berries with cream and our melons and watermelons with a grain of salt? The truth seekers may nearly come to blows, yet the solution would ever elude them, for it has been said that one man's food is another man's poison.

Perhaps no other nation is as fond of, and as reluctant in giving up, the national food as the Russians are, but this should

* Eating Vitamines. New York, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 1923.

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not necessarily be interpreted as an indication of a trait contributory to an exalted patriotism, or should it?

Russia knows no Chinese restaurants and chop suey, luckily for China and the reputation of Chinese chefs, for no Chinese restaurant could stand the rivalry of a Russian inn: it's the recipe that counts! On the other hand, Russia is not looking for outlandish repasts; she is appreciative of her own wealth.

Now, it would be sheer ingratitude and bad breeding to insinuate that American food is bad. As a matter of fact Americans are most enthusiastic about Russian cuisine, and so are Russians too . . . .

But, says Dr. J. H. Kellogg, an authority in matters of diet and nutrition, in his recent article of significant title "Food and Funerals"*—being a study in the statistics of deathrate traced to the nutritional defect: "the great slaughterer who destroys several times more lives than murderers, automobiles and a dozen other of the great killing agencies, is the *American cook*," for, let us add, she knows not what she is doing!

Textbooks in nutrition give data showing that "observations of school children by physicians have shown that approximately one third of the children of the U. S. are suffering from malnutrition."

Perhaps owing to the influence of this machine age and the pressure of over-occupation in the strenuous American life and the unfortunate hurry habit, the housewife has forsaken the golden rules of the old-time simple cookery and lets herself be drifted along experimenting in the dietetic chemistry or alchemy, blindfolded, mixing up, concocting, combining unawares new elements which may prove to be poisonous? We hope not!

It was ever my belief that old-fashioned cooking was safer. I was not here, however, at the time of the Mayflower period, my Americanization being somewhat of a more recent date: I am thus not quite in a position to compare the modern and older American cooking.

The Russian cuisine, which is one of the most conservative of all Russian institutions, if I dare say so, is an age-old art or industry and it is based on very simple dietetic principles: the food values taken as the original capital, the foods are prepared in a mode which makes cooking bring interest to the nutritional value of the meal. Do not ask me for the secret; it is not mine to be given away, not being a *cordon bleu*, and were I one of these geniuses, would I be expected or trusted to give away such a delicious secret?

Of course, it must be kept in mind that Russia is a country of tremendous natural resources.

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* Good Health, Feb., 1930, Vol. LXV., No. 2.

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Russian diet is simple and yet varied. There is a popular phrase: *tshi da kasha, pitsha nasha*—cabbage soup and cereal gruel, our daily food.

Let us make a review of the Russian food products in skeleton.*

Flesh is not outbalancing vegetables, besides about fifty per cent of meat is fish-meat (which is more easily digested); flesh is entirely banned during several lengthy Lenten periods yearly, especially the seven weeks before Easter; there is a variety of vegetables and cereals extending on the method of cooking and the combination of foodstuffs; there is a large percentage of fruit, greens, berries and mushrooms; Russia is favored with a richer and more varied crop of berries, fruits and vegetables, than any other country, even though she knows no bananas and grapefruits and pineapples are rare: she has a larger variety of domestic apples, pears, cherries, et cetera and a greater variety of home-grown nuts, not to mention sunflower and pumpkin seeds and poppyseed bars; there is a variety in bread flour and baking; yeast, not baking powder, is used; rye is the staple bread; a number of vegetable oils are used in cooking; there is an abundance of sea and fresh water fish, and fish-roe and caviar; one should not forget the wealth of grain cereals like buckwheat, barley, millet, oat, used in flour and gruel; there are more combinations and modes of serving milk and milk products; there is a better cultivation and a greater consumption of honey. One notices absence of the factory canned and pickled foods. These are substituted by salting, drying, preserving, home pickling, such as sauer-kraut, salted and pickled mushrooms, dried vegetables, fruits, and berries, home-made marmalades, water-cured fruits and berries, et cetera, all mysteries to the greater part of the rest of the world.

I cannot think of a typical American dish or food. Perhaps, it is corn; now I do not mean popcorn. The doughnut might answer the qualifications, but I am beginning to think it is the Esquimo pie! My American friends failed to provide me with information in this regard.

The average American cooking tends to be so standardized, catalogued, labelized, that it becomes rather a mechanical process than an artistic etude. The chain stores of lunch stands, dinner counters, with their shopmade pies, hot dog and pickle sandwiches and ketchup sauces are familiar to us all, although preferably not patronized. As a matter of fact America is the country

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* For details refer to the standard cookbooks as that by Helen Molohovetz in which the author keeps the promise she makes in the title: A Gift to Young Housewives, or a Means of Cutting the Family Budget. Latest edition: O. D. Strok. Riga. 1927. I know of no translations.

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of the least home-cooking, which is much to her disadvantage. Not that there is not much fine home-cooking in America, but there is not enough of it.

American boarding does not agree with Russians independently from the fact that we do not at once develop the skill of the "boarding house reach," which is one of the important points in the delicate technique of boarding.

It is a tragic discovery and perhaps a very treacherous one, to find oneself a naturalized American and yet gastronomically still a Russian, thus not in a position to stomach the American food.

Let's prepare a little digest of this problem.

Naturalize your stomach! Unable to trust yourself to the intuition of the Russian cooks, believe in the learning of the American ones and live in accordance with the *natural* laws of dietetics!

If the American tendency is to sin in the kind of the right food at the right time, the Russian errs in the measure and though he gets away with it on the native soil, he is likely to get in trouble here before properly acclimatized.

It has been said that one could depend on one's instinctive subconscious sense of what one needs—on one's own appetite. Dr. A. Lorand* says: "sensible animals do not eat more than they require." But we know that the broad-natured Russians are anything but sensible; they do things on a large scale, are freakish and temperamental.

The grandpa Kryloff, himself an incorrigible *enfant terrible* in matters of food, portrays in his much-famed fable *Demianova* (Demian's Soup) the exaggerated sense of hospitality which is characteristically Russian. We meet with it again in literature, for instance, in Gogol's *Starosvetskie Pomyeshtshiki* (The Landowners of Old Days), who were known for their hospitality and who overdid themselves, often eating just to kill time, and then tried to correct things by eating more, probably in the belief that "diamond cuts diamond."

"As a man eateth, so is he." Says O. S. Marden: "There are tens of thousands of people who are almost successful, who have almost done the things they started out to do, but who cannot get any farther because their health has broken down; or it may be, because of some physical weakness or diseased organs, due often to *eating wrong things through ignorance*, when scientific food and scientific living would not only have carried them

* Health and Longevity Through Rational Diet. F. A. Davis Co., Phila. 1913.

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to the goal, but would also have brought them there in superb condition."*

Here are some plain facts to be borne in mind, although the stomach would be a more suitable receptacle.

Food is fuel which burns our home fires and keeps things going. Get proper amount of calories, which are units of energy. Develop and practice moderation and regularity and vary the daily bill of fare, which should be balanced in proportion to the expenditure of energy—work. There should be no foul play in eating; the game must be played in good humor and the teeth should be allowed to do their share of exercise. Moderation and regularity are the secrets of keeping fit. Economy in food is dangerous, it is a "fatal frugality;" high seasonings and all stimulants should be avoided as dope. Proteins, fats and carbohydrates, seasoned with their mineral salts are nothing without the important though retiring elements of which little is known up to date, save that the family is steadily growing; their incognito has not yet been fully disclosed but they go under the stage name of Vitamines. Perhaps some day the English alphabet would be found deficient to designate all the various members of this fast growing family. Vitamines are chiefly found in fresh fruit and vegetables and greens and they are on guard in maintaining the proper harmony of the bodily chemical processes of metabolism. From Vitamines we derive our vitality, vigor, vivacity, vim. So look for Vitamines** in your victuals: Your vitals need them, for they are like the "Living Water" in the Russian fairy tales, or, in the current American phrase, the source of "IT."

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* Keeping Fit. Thos. Y. Crowell Co., New York, 1914.

** A mine of information is J. H. Kellogg's book The New Dietetics. The Modern Medicine Publishing Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Revised Ed. 1927; a new edition is now in progress of preparation.
One finds an alphabetically arranged list of food-stuffs containing Vitamines in C. H. Goudiss: Eating Vitamines, in the Chapter on Who's Where in Vitamines.

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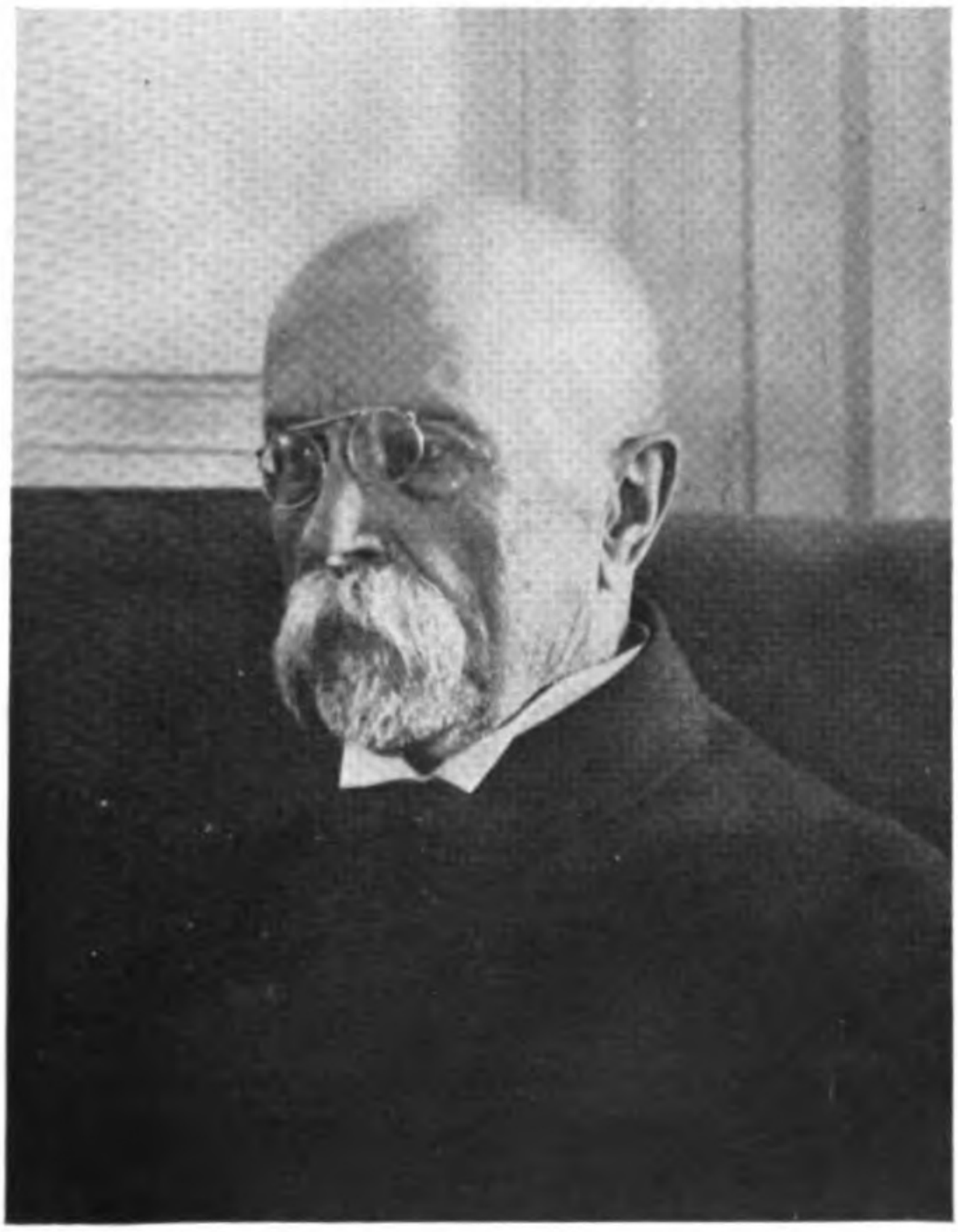
A Unique Bit of History



THOMAS G. MASARYK
President of Czechoslovakia

THE young Republic of Czechoslovakia has just recently celebrated the eightieth birthday of its first president, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk.

This man's sincerity and courage have commanded the respect of the leaders of the world and Americans of many ancestries have honored him and are grateful for this modern hero. His story "The Making of a State" is indeed a fascinating romance. His history of Russian thought "The Spirit of Russia" should be read by everyone interested in Russians.

President Masaryk is perhaps more intimately connected with the United States and is better informed on American life and thought than any other prominent European, but it is the unique service of his Republic to Russian refugee students and professors that chiefly concerns us here.

Many Russian readers of *The Russian Student* came to this country via Prague and can give first-hand accounts of how Prague became the most important center of Russian education, culture, and science. There is, we believe, no other example in history of one brother nation helping another on such a huge scale.

During 1920 and 1921 approximately 20,000 Russian refugees, in the greatest need and most hopeless misery, poured into Czechoslovakia. Some say 5,000, some say 6,000 of these were students and others say that many of them walked from Constantinople because they heard that board, room, clothes, books, and everything necessary for a modest life would be

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granted to them there and they would be permitted to continue their studies in their own language. It was the promise of a return to the life of a human being. In Prague alone it has been estimated that between three and four thousand young Russian students were supported by the Czech government.

Through the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a Council of Russian Professors was formed. This Council, under the presidency of Prof. A. S. Lomshakoff, included over seventy professors. Russian courses were organized and correlated with the corresponding Czech courses. On the initiative of the late Prof. P. I. Nowgorodzeff, a distinguished authority on Russian law, the Russian School of Law was founded in 1922 and incorporated as a department of the Czech Charles University of Prague.

Over 600 students and 100 professors of the Russian women's gymnasium, of the "Union des villes russes," were transferred from Constantinople; primary schools for Russian children were created; about 1,000 peasants and Cossacks were helped to graduate from agricultural institutions, et cetera, et cetera.

Other cultural activities were subsidized by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs especially the Moscow Art Theatre, and after its departure a special Russian Theatre. There were special organizations to support Russian writers and poet; special sums for the publication of Russian scientific books were appropriated. In Prague resides the organization which unites all the learned and scientific forces of the Russian emigration.

Russian students in the United States do not recall with any degree of accuracy or uniformity the amounts given them but they all say and with emphasis, "It was enough." Some of the professors who could not find positions were given as much as $75.00 a month by the government.

A Russian student in an American college, who is personally acquainted with President Masaryk, speaks of his magic personality and lofty character and that he possesses "special insight and understanding not given to ordinary men." The son of a Slovak teamster could not become in succession a blacksmith's apprentice, a college professor, the preacher, proclaimer and ruler of a new nation, without that vast amount of human understanding so essential in directing the pathway of a country and in recognizing the struggles of men from a stricken land.

L. J.

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Color Photography

Leo Nasarevich

ALL of us are more or less acquainted with the art of photography and perhaps many of us can even develop, print and tone ordinary black and white pictures, but those who did not watch recent developments in this art probably do not realize the wonders offered to amateurs by the latest color plates.

The idea of color photography is not new. Lippman experimented and produced the first color pictures almost a century ago, but his process was based on interference of light rays, very hard to perform and was only of theoretical interest.

The present color photography is really a tri-color process combined in one plate. It is based upon the theory that all the colors in nature are formed by a combination of the three primary colors—yellow, blue and magenta. Although it is not exactly true the discrepancy is so small that it may be disregarded for practical purposes.

The first photographic plate was made by spreading silver salt emulsion in gelatine on the glass and drying it in a dark room. After exposure and chemical treatment the silver was reduced to a metallic state and its finely divided black particles formed the image. Such a plate was only sensitive to violet, some of the blue and green and insensitive to the rest of the visible spectrum. By continuous experimenting it was found that washing the plates in certain dyes (eosine, pinacyanol, et cetera) extends the sensitiveness to red light, producing the so-called orthochromatic plate, and finally it was possible to produce "panchromatic" plate, i.e. the plate sensitive to all the colors of the visible spectrum.

Suppose now that we expose such a panchromatic plate in the ordinary camera by taking a picture of a colored object, say a flower, holding a red glass in front of the camera lens. Red glass transmits only the red rays, absorbing all the others and therefore only the red parts of the flower will be recorded on the plate. If now without moving the camera we expose two other plates through blue and yellow glasses, we shall have all parts of the picture separated into three colors and recorded on three plates. If these plates after development and reversal are projected on the same screen through their respective color filters so that the images superimpose, we shall get the original picture in its full and natural colors.

This is the basic idea of color separation and it is used in different modifications in different countries for reproduction

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of paintings and color photography. Of course the three plate color process offered so much difficulty to the average amateur that it could not be used until about 1904. Lumiere patented his process in which he combined the three plates into one. Many other one plate processes were produced since then (Duffay, Thames, Paget, Dioptichrome) but they all were based on the same principle and did not meet with much success. Lumiere's autochromes predominated on the market until a few months ago a more sensitive and much faster agfa plate was introduced.

It is known that if screens of small dots of different colors are printed on white so that the dots do not superimpose, the resultant effect will be the product of the colors, i.e. yellow and blue dots will show green. The wonderful one plate color process is based upon this principle. In other words the sensitive emulsion on such a plate is entirely covered with many millions of minute dot-like filters of three colors. They are mixed in such proportion that no color is predominating, but when after exposure and development the reduced silver is washed out "from under" the dot-like filters, the red parts of the picture are washed from under the red dots, blue from under blue and so forth.

If we now examine such a plate by transmitted light, we shall find that all the images appear in their original colors! No special camera is required for this kind of work and the development is quite simple, too. Although there are still some technical imperfections (the main one is the impossibility to obtain colored prints on paper) the results are really wonderful.

And the experimenting goes on. Some papers for producing color prints have already been prepared. They were a failure for they could not be fixed, but they will be perfected and it seems the time is near when black and white photography will be only used for special purposes and the public will take all their pictures in natural colors.

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When the Russian Reads

Brief Reviews by Alexis P. Gaidash

Michael Angelo and other sketches, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky

MEREZHKOVSKY'S biography of Michael Angelo exceeds anything written in the new biographical method. The author interweaves the story of the life of the famous painter, sculptor and engineer with the exact setting of the life of Christian society of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries B.C. The author gives sharply to reality the psychology of the creation of immortal things, and he gives us the enigma, the life of a genius, uncovered to the deepest depths of the emotions ruling him.

The tragic and alluring love affair of a great man makes the story very sad; together with the cruelty of life of that time the author gives the impulses of the creative genius of the Italian people.

The reader will find in the book a great deal of philosophy of religion, psychology of religious mysticism, and naiveté born out of the life of these centuries in the consciousness of the best educated modern mind.

The translation is by Natalie Duddington. It bears evidences of the simplicity of Russian prose, with its direct method of explanation, combined with exceedingly well chosen words and shades of meaning of the English language.

Myself and the Theatre

By Theodore Komisarjevsky,

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, $3.75

Non so d'onde viene.
quel tenero affetto . . . .

THIS book is a story of life in connection with art or a story of art embodied in the life of a man who did much for the enrichment of the pure art of acting for the pleasure of people.

Theodore Komisarjevsky, a producer, who worked in the theatres patronized by the state, and who, volens nolens, had to produce and work in the atmosphere of the commercial theatre, has written the story of his inner drama of adapting himself to the requirements of the public, and of an attempt to give the public the best of what he thought would satisfy them, as a result of his broad experience.

Throughout the whole book there is discussed the important question of the relationship between the producer and a company

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of artists; the eternal question of individuality and ensemble work is ably touched upon; the author gives psychological explanations which direct an actor, a star, and which are in favor of a modern movement toward a stock company. In this connection he treats in the wrong way the inner structure of the Moscow Art Theatre.

The highest expression of theatrical art is the opera. Komisarjevsky finds that there are few real operas—those which really give an artistic combination of acting, singing, and orchestral music—combination of rhythm with other features of the opera.

The dynamic décor of the Synthetic Theatre should be in harmony with the music and with the performance of the ensemble; even in the production of a play without music the rhythm of the stage action should reflect itself in the surroundings. This is the dynamic décor, (which is the opposite of the usual static performance), reached by a combination of colors and effects of light and shade, while preserving and improving combinations of sounds and movements, not only of the actors, but the harmony of the play. In such a way, the better it is done, the more definite is the psychic effect on the spectators.

The French School of the Synthetic Theatre believes in the acting of individual actors, who by a single movement, a gesture, may give an intrinsic understanding of the whole epoch or of some phase of life. But the Modern Russian Synthetic School, believes mainly in the harmony of acting, the play, surroundings, et cetera and in not what the spectator should see, but what he is given to understand by the concealed psychical effect of the play as a whole.

Komisarjevsky belongs to the so-called imaginative movement in the theatre. His experience in England, France, Italy, and in the United States where he directed several plays for the Theatre Guild, was connected mainly with the theatres of that movement which is quite new and which in his opinion will always need patronage of the state or municipality. He is of the opinion that the commercial type of theatre is a menace to theatrical art; he believes in the renaissance of art through the medium of amateur or theatrical ensembles supported by an institution.

Usually, every theatre, which in the highest sense is always international and in details national as for instance the Shakesperian Theatres in England and the Moscow Art Theatre needs an audience trained in long-run-performances. This, after all, is the final criterion of theatrical performances.

Komisarjevsky worked with the Russian producers Taïrov, Vachtangov, Evreïnov, Diaghileff, and others, who together with

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him developed three dimensional cubistic sets and constructions with three dimensional measurements. Komisarjevsky introduced into the stage settings ladders combined at present with platforms, balconies and almost cubistic arrangement of scenery, use of lighting as dynamic force, et cetera.

The story of the latest development of stage settings begins with the twentieth century; in ancient times and until comparatively recently the place for acting was the so-called proscenium, i.e. the front of the stage; then appeared the third measurement, i.e. the width of the stage (second plan) and correspondingly the arrangement of the movement of the play has changed, the last feature, the back fan, the bound, was torn and now life appeared also there; it was applied in all forms of theatrical art: in opera, in drama proper, in comedy and in musical plays.

"No one can really love or hate what he knows nothing about, especially in the arts," said Leonardo da Vinci—*nessuna cosi si puo amare ne odiare se prima non si ha cognition di quella.* Before he became a producer, Komisarjevsky, as any impressario, must have had knowledge of literature, sculpture, painting, architecture, and music.

THE DEMON*

M. Y. LERMONTOV

An extract from Lermontov's Poem, translated by Lionel M. Summers.

IN THE oceans of the spaces
Without rudder, without spars,
Through the fog, with all their graces
Float the many lustrous stars.

Through the plains without an ending,
Without trace throughout the sky,
The elusive clouds are wending
As in fleecy groups they fly.

Time of parting, time of meeting
Neither brings them woe nor gladness.
For the future have no greeting,
For the past they have no sadness.

In the time of piercing woe,
O, remember them that day.
All terrestrial do not know,
And be carefree in their way.

* This poem was made the basis of an opera for which the music was composed by Anton Rubenstein.

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DINING A LA RUSSE

The Easter Supper After the Midnight Service

KOOLICH—A Sweet Bread

3½ cups of milk
7 cups of flour
2½ yeast cakes
10 eggs
2 cups of sugar
1½ lbs. unsalted butter
½ lb. of ground or cut almonds
¼ lb. of Sultana Raisins
One Lemon Skin

Make a dough of the milk, flour, and the yeast dissolved in warm water. Put in a warm place to rise. When the dough has risen, put in the other ingredients. If necessary some warm water may be added, so that the dough will not be too tough. Knead the dough for an hour and a half or even longer. Some Russian housewives say five or six hours.

Cover the dough and put in a warm place to rise again. Divide it into a number of pieces and put in special forms which have been lined with buttered paper. These forms look like pipes which are about six inches in diameter and are twelve to fifteen inches in height. Any tall cylindrically shaped vessel may be used. Fill the form half full of dough, let the dough rise to three-fourths its size and then cover the top with the white of an egg whipped. Bake in the oven.

PASKHA*

5 lbs. cottage cheese (must be absolutely fresh) or cream cheese
1 lb. of unsalted butter
4 yolks of eggs
1 teaspoon of salt
2 cups of sugar or more depending upon taste
2½ cups of sweet almonds cut lengthwise
1 cup of cut up dried, candied fruits (lemon peels, orange peels, melon peels)
1 vanilla stick (better than vanilla extract)
1 cup of light (yellow currants)

Put the cheese under a press for the night—that is, it must be placed in some way so as to press all the water out. The next morning rub the cheese and the butter, separately, through a sieve. Mix the cheese, the butter and yolks of eggs, salt, sugar, and the rest of the ingredients together and put in a form with a hole in it. The Russians have special wooden forms but an earthen pot for flowers may be used. Put something heavy on the top, let the extra juice come out through the hole. Keep in a cool place.

BABA—Dessert

1 cup of flour
½ cake of yeast
¼ cup of sugar
¼ lb. of seedless raisins
3 eggs
1 ounce of currants
½ ounce of citron
¾ cup of butter

(*Continued on page 23*)

* *Koolich*, *Paskha*, and the Colored Easter eggs are taken to the church to be blessed by the priest.

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Two Songs From Pushkin's Evgeni Onegin

Lenski's Song

Translated by Elena Y. Mitcoff

THE dawn will come, and every cloud
The sun's bright rays will swiftly banish,
But I perchance in a cold shroud
From life eternally shall vanish;
The mem'ry of the youthful singer
For one brief summer yet may linger,
The world I know will soon forget,
But will you weep in true regret
Beloved, for my untimely doom,
And whisper thus, "He loved me only,
He gave his life, pathetic, lonely
To earth and death's eternal gloom?"
O tender friend, O friend so dear,
Come, come, and soothe thy lover's fear.

Tatiana to Onegin

FOR me, Onegin, all this chill
Of wealth and pomp are only trifles,
The high position that I fill
To me is empty, cold, it stifles.
What is it for? I would with gladness
Throw all away, this dazzling madness,
This glamour, laughter, noise and heat,
For my old books, the rustic seat
Of our old garden's leafy screen,
Those other spots, that fated place
Where first I met you face to face,
And for that churchyard's shade serene
Where on a cross soft vines still creep
Where my nurse lies in lasting sleep.

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* The music for the opera *Evgeni Onegin* was composed by Tchaikovsky.

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SMATTER

"THE only way," writes an engineering student from California, "to study well and to learn both American university customs and language is to live in a university dormitory with American students. Too many Russian students go through an American university and never really become a part of its life or learn to know intimately its students. I have my balalaika, and my Cossack dance is frequently applauded. One student who particularly liked the melody of *Stenka Razin* asked for the words and wrote a term paper for his English course which met with much approval in his class. Many times more serious discussions of Russian life come up and I feel that some of the students no longer hold their former naive opinions about us.

A Pittsburgh student says that he has noticed that many Americans follow the old Russian custom—"When destiny smiles upon you, smile; when she frowns wait." That's an idea! "Maybe such an affinity," he goes on to say, "is explained by some mutual trait of character. I don't know; I wish I'd some day find out." So do we.

A graduate with twinkles in his eyes and seriousness in his chin confessed a tragedy, we thought. He has no friends among the Russians. "Last night I talked four hours to an American and found that our interests were much the same." This doesn't prove a thing, only that some human beings can't be intimate with certain other human beings. In friendship nationality doesn't always matter, even though one might quite naturally expect that it should.

The editor is in receipt of the following letter:

"We always understood that the aim of *The Russian Student* was to promote mutual understanding between Americans and Russians, as well as friendly relations among them. Having this in mind and for this purpose we have recommended this magazine to our friends.

"Therefore, we cannot help protesting the publishing in such a magazine an article of the kind as is the *Smatter* column in the February issue. We are in sincerest hope that the author did not mean to generalize the individual cases described therein. But we are afraid that the American readers might misjudge and accept these individual shortcomings as characteristic of the Russian Nation. Please accept our sincerest respect."

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SMATTER

We turned back to the February *Smatter* and muttered,

"O, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us."

We thought it was quite clear that we weren't generalizing. We are sorry if the February or any *Smatter* has been unpleasant. It is ever fartherest from our thoughts to attempt to characterize the Russian Nation. We were only picking out, too vociferously we grant, a few very bad traits of some (but not all) Americans—traits that a few (we didn't say all or even many) individual Russians unwisely appeared to adopt as their own—traits which cultivated and discriminating Americans dislike in other Americans as well as in Russians. These habits, we should like to add, do not detract from our own personal admiration of Russians in general. We are quite willing and eager to overlook such things even in individual cases, although we do refuse to have much to do with Americans who have the same characteristics.

We consider the American readers of this magazine (as well as the Russians for that matter) to be wise enough and discriminating enough to know that the crude manners painted in the February *Smatter* were not characteristic of all Russians in the United States nor of all Americans in the United States and we supposed that they would recognize that column, if they took it seriously at all, as a warning and a help to Russians in adopting American habits and also as a warning to Americans who have criticised foreigners for the same faults which some Americans have themselves.

We ought long since to have found out that we aren't miraculously endowed with the ability to tell people where to get off and have them accept it cheerfully, and we admit that we foolishly stepped in where angels fear to tread. We're sorry!

By the time this reaches most of you, it will be the Easter season. Russian and American Easter hit the same time this year. It isn't necessary for us to point out, or is it, that at Easter the Russians kiss even their enemies thrice and forgive everything, including their friend's shortcomings.

So, *Christos Voskrese.*

—deN.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

Because of the popularity of the Easter cover last year, we are repeating it. It represents a mediavel Easter procession as it starts its way around the church on Easter Eve just before midnight. When the procession reenters the church, singing *Christos Voskrese* (Christ is Risen) the worshippers respond with *Voistinu Voskrese* (He is Risen Indeed).

▲

In 1916-1917, Donald A. Lowrie served with the prisoners of war in Siberia and later was Y.M.C.A. secretary in Odessa, Moscow and with the Allied Armies in the Archangel District. Since 1920 he has been actively associated with Russian refugee student groups in Esthonia, Berlin and Czechoslovakia. His book on Thomas Masaryk has just been published. Mr. Lowrie is at present in Geneva with the World's Student Christian Federation.

▲

Sir Bernard Pares is Professor of Slavonic Languages and Literature at the University of London. Of the fable published in this number, he writes: "'Soup of Master John' is said to have been read for the first time at the close of a literary evening which, in spite of the presence of several well known men of letters, had been spoilt by the vanity of one writer, who had taken up all the time by reading his own latest work: Krylov, on being asked if he has any new fable with him, produces this drastic commentary."

▲

Tatiana W. Boldyreff came to the United States in 1922 after spending two years in Japan. She is a graduate of Western Reserve University (A.B. '23) and of Battle Creek College (A.M. '27). Miss Boldyreff has taught modern languages at Battle Creek College and at Pennsylvania College for Women and has written articles for the *French Review* and *Hispania*. At present she is connected with the Pavlov Physiological Institute at Battle Creek Sanitarium.

▲

Leo Nasarevich, a graduate of Pratt Institute ('28) is employed by the Hearst Publications. As a chemist he has had interesting experience with color photography of which he writes.

▲

Lionel M. Summers says that he knows Russian because his mother is Russian and he has been in Russia several times, the last time in 1918 when his father Maddin Summers was American Consul General to Moscow. Mr. Summers, a Princeton graduate of the Class of 1927, will complete his law course at George Washington University in June.

▲

Elena Y. Mitcoff is a native of what used to be known as St. Petersburg, Russia and came to the U.S.A. before the War. Miss Mitcoff, a graduate of the College of the City of Detroit is doing graduate work in Social Service administration at the University of Chicago. In 1929, The Viking Press published Miss Mitcoff's *Petroushka*, a puppet play, in the book, *A Repertory of Marionette Plays*.

▲

We regret that Prof. Fovitsky's article on Russian poetry was received too late for publication in this issue. This series will be resumed in May.

Erratum

Through error in the last issue the birthplace of George Grebenstchikoff was given as Churaevka. This village existed only in his novel *Churaevs* and in Connecticut where he has organized a cultural colony.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

May, 1930

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR MAY, 1930

COVER DESIGN, *Vestchii Oleg* . . . . . *Nicholas Ovodow*

THE SONG OF OLEG THE WISE, Alexander Pushkin
Translation by Elena Y. Mitcoff 1

OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY . . . . . *Alexis Fovitsky* 4

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY, Ivan Turgenev,
Review by Alexis P. Gaidash 9

SONGS OF GRETCHANINOFF,
Poems by Count Alexis K. Tolstoy and Lermontov,
Translations by Deems Taylor, Kurt Schindler 10

MME. MARIA KURENKO AND ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF 11

ALASKA UNDER RUSSIAN OWNERSHIP . . . *Peter V. Shchusev* 12

DINING A LA RUSSE 17

SMATTER 18

FROM THE MAIL BAG 20

WHO'S WHO 22

ADVERTISEMENTS 23

BOOKS TOO! . . . . . Back Inside Cover

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

May, 1930

Volume VI **Number 9**

THE SONG OF OLEG THE WISE*

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN

Translation by Elena Y. Mitcoff

While this translation follows the spirit of Pushkin's ballad, it does not preserve the rhythm of the original. It is almost impossible to render a perfect metrical translation of Pushkin's poetry into English.—Editor.

OLEG the Wise has gone forth from the land
To punish the Khazar horde,
Nor hut nor pasture could withstand
His firebrand and sword.

Leading his yeomen in armor and shield
Astride on his charger he crosses the field,
From the depths of the forest so dark and so still
Comes forth an ancient seer
Who served the gods, and by their will
Could see man's future clear;
He pondered and prayed from youth to old age,
And thus the knight addressed the sage:
"Prithee O prophet, by all gods blessed,
My destiny reveal,
How long ere I be laid to rest
By the foe's triumphant steel?
Hide nothing, I crave, tell only things true,
And a gallant steed I'll give to you."

"The magicians dread not lord nor knight,
They need no kingly fee,
Their sooth eternal as the might
Of all the gods that be.
The future's flick'ring in the gloom
Wherein thy fate doth glow and bloom:
Remember my utterance—glory and fame
And victory's blessings await,
Conquest and triumph shall honor thy name,—
Thy shield on Tzargrad's** gate.

* Oleg is pronounced with the accent on the second syllable.

** Tzargrad is the ancient Slav name for Constantinople.

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Land and sea obey thy law,
The enemies marvel in envious awe;
Not ocean's treach'rous storm and strife
When tempest rears its arm,
Nor sling, nor spear, nor fatal knife,
Will ever bring thee harm.
Thou know'st not hurt in war or fray,
An unseen guard protects thy way.
Thy steed no fear of danger knows,
His master's hand he heeds,
Now motionless stands 'neath the shafts of the foes,
Now like an arrow speeds.
He dreads not frost nor winter's sting,
But death to thee thy horse will bring!"

Oleg is startled, and laughter with grief
Upon his visage blends;
A moment's pause, and then the chief
From off his horse descends.
His hand upon the steed he lays
And with the charger fondly plays:
"Farewell, worthy comrade, most matchless and swift,
Fate bids that we must sever,
My heel to thy stirrup I never shall lift,
Farewell, loved friend, forever.
Console thyself howe'er thou may:—
Ho, pages, lead the horse away.
To him the richest trappings bring,
And to my pastures lead,
Give him water from my spring,
And honeyed clover feed."

The henchmen take the horse aside,
Another horse Oleg must ride.

II.

Oleg and his yeomen are feasting with zest,
The goblets clink and glow;—
Their locks are white as mountain crest
Aglittering with snow;
With bygone days their tales are fraught,
And battles they together fought.

"Ah, where is my dauntless," Oleg then did say,
"Where is my noble steed?
Is he still well, and still as gay
And fleetest of his breed?"
"On yonder bank," came the mournful reply,
"In lasting sleep thy horse doth lie."
Mighty Oleg bowed his head as he muttered,
"Divination is naught but lies,
Crafty old hermit, 'twas falsehood thou uttered
Thy prophecy I despise;
I could this day his rider be,
The steed's remains I fain would see."

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Mighty Oleg doth ride forth, in his rank
Are Prince Igor and guests from the feast;
They behold on Dnieper's hilly bank
The bones of the noble beast.
The dust swirls o'er them, the wild rains surge,
The four winds wail a mournful dirge.
Upon the skull his foot he places,
And murmurs, "Sleep, lone friend,
Thy master lives, but daily paces
Toward the selfsame end;
Not thou wilt lie on my funeral pyre,
Nor thy blood feed the ashes of thy dead sire.
In this poor spot my fate abides?
These bones point out death's way?"

Forth from the skull a reptile glides,
And hissing encircles its prey,
The ven'mous fang its victim seeks,
Oleg the Wise in anguish shrieks.

III.

The wine in the goblets glows and flashes,
Oleg's mourners weep;
Igor and Olga honor his ashes,
His warriors revels keep;
With bygone days their tales are fraught
And battles they together fought.

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Outline of Russian Poetry

Alexis Fovitsky

III.

ALEXANDER SERGEYEVICH PUSHKIN (1799-1837) is an unsurpassed Russian poet; he is the greatest pearl in Russian poetry. As another Russian poet spoke of him, "He was a genius who loved everything and who covered by his genius North, West and East."

In order to comprehend the multisided qualities of that phenomenon of world literature, called Pushkin, it is necessary to review the growth of Russian poetry of the pre-Pushkin period. Especially as there we find many works which did not lose their poetic value up to our days, not to mention their historical importance.

We have already treated folk poetry in the February and March issues of *The Russian Student* and now we will consider printed poetry. Its history begins in the eighteenth century, but it should be mentioned that many poetical values are to be found in old Russian literature which patterned Byzantine forms and church literature, but although imitative in some respects, old Russian literature is mainly self existent and independent.

Thus, for instance, we find a calm and stately beauty in the narratives, partly legends of old Russian chronicles, born and tended in monasteries; there is so much of deep sorrow at the misfortunes of the fatherland expressed in old Russian language mixed with Church-Slavonic; and above all so much picturesqueness! "If we will not achieve peace among us, the stones will float and the hops will go down."

There is so much on the other side of studiousness and embellishments of language and of poetic fiction in the works of, for instance, Bishop Cyrill of Turov, author of the twelfth century, who is oftentimes called the Second John the Golden Mouthed. "This day the sinful winter has been ended through repentance, and the ice of Thomas' unbelief has melted."

Finally, if we touch upon the apocrypha called "The Walking of Virgin Mary over Sufferings" (which is very little known in Western Europe but very much loved and well known in Russia) we find in that highly dramatic narrative a well of heartfelt tenderness, of love and affection mingled with expression of terror at the mention of "sepulchral mysteries."

One of the works of that old Russian literature might well be called poetry though not written in verse. Some German and Russian scientists do believe that this work was not only narrated under the accompaniment of music but had in effect a poetical form. This work is translated into many European

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languages and is being studied continuously by many scientists of Western Europe.

Pushkin was enraptured with it, studied it and debated it with professors. There is an English edition of that work which might well be recommended and which is called "The Tale of the Armament of Igor, a Russian Historical Epic."*

The theme of "The Tale of the Armament of Igor" has inspired many painters, (V. Vasnetzov and others) and Alexander Borodin who composed the famous opera *Prince Igor*. The poetical value of the Tale is so high that many Russian poets of the nineteenth century have translated it into verse from the old Russian into contemporary Russian.

It is a historical poem the hero of which is the Russian Prince Igor or as a matter of fact "Russian Land" suffering from raids on the part of Polovtzy, (of the twelfth century) and from dissensions among princes. It is a complete picture permeated by a sad lyricism and composed of epic descriptions of war life; its lyrical beauty is most touching and reaches the highest point in the famous "Weeping of Jaroslavna", wife of Igor; she is joined in her expressions of love and endearments towards the hero sufferer even by natural forces.

Being a product of contemporary poetical art at its height (the author was evidently a conspicuous political figure of his time), the Tale is resplendent with poetical beauty. The pagan gods of the Slavs in their individual diversities, the elements of folk poetry, the echoes of Christianity (not didactic, but expressing deep, truly Christian feelings) all those are intermingled in the poem.

Nature and Man are still in alliance in the Tale. The river Donetz seems to help Prince Igor in his escape from the enemy camp and to encourage him. After the defeat, the trees bow sadly their heads to the ground, and the grass withers out of sympathy for him. Wolves, foxes, eagles, feel the defeat of the armament of Igor and foretell it by their howlings and cries.

The traits of personal creative genius (the deep lyricism) and the traits of folk psychology and of church-literature melt into one in that Russian *Chanson de Roland*, in such a way that the result is a harmonious unity, oneness.

I wish to point out a few comparisons which together with symbolisms, metaphors ("a pearly soul") abound in the Tale. "Two suns went dark and with them two moons", speaking of princes. "The Battle is a bloody feast". "There was not enough of bloody wine;" Death mows down the life of men—field of

---

* Edited and translated by Leonard A. Magnus. With revised Russian text notes, introduction and glossary. Oxford. 1915.

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God. Prince Igor moves like an ermine, swims like a white gogol (a kind of duck) flies like a falcon, runs like a wolf, ...

The questions and exclamations coming from the depths of the soul (What noise is there? What thunders there?) fill the reader with perpetual excitement and tension. "O Russian land, thou art already behind the hill" (in old Russian *za schelomenem*) ; this sorrowful, parting refrain sung by soldiers of heroic departing regiments serves as an accompaniment to the Tale. The special style of the poem mirrors the whole poetical school, which after evolution, brings us to *Poltava* by Pushkin.

But let us come back to poetry proper. Book poetry starts at the beginning of the seventeenth century, when under the influence of growing European schools there appears an artificial versification. Many manuals on rhetoric and poetry appeared in Russia through the theological schools in Kiev and Moscow. They are all the works of French, German, and Polish authors, but soon afterwards appear also Russian manuals "De arte poetica."

At the beginning the rules of Russian poetry were based on Greek and Roman classics and on their rules of metrics (long and short syllables). At that time the idea prevailed that Slavonic vowels have the same meter that the Greek vowels. Pretty soon, however, the inadaptability of that method was evident. Then Russian scholars who resided in theological schools, took up the Polish system, (so-called "versus" idea) otherwise syllabic versification based on the number of syllables. Russia adopted thirteen syllable verse.

Many writers of considerable church and scholastic fame tried to become poets "par excellence" using this new cumbersome and heavy system very little adaptable to Russian language. Nevertheless, this system existed until the middle of the eighteenth century and gave birth to a poetic literature.

Among the typical representatives of that scientific syllabic poetry was the monk Simeon Polotzky, Court tutor of Tsar Alexis Mikhailovich (father of Peter the Great.) He wrote a great many works, some of them representing transposition into verses of calendar and psalm books; others have the aspect of mild satire, and the rest are religious plays in verse. He is as a matter of fact the first of that new literary phase which is called book poetry as different from oral folk poetry.

Prince Antiochus Kantemir (1708-1744) was the last important representative of that syllabic poetry which was very awkward in its form and on the other side full of religious, political and to a certain degree amorous feelings. Prince Kantemir was the son of the ruler of Moldavia; Kantemir's father migrated to

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Russia, where Antiochus obtained a brilliant education and toward the end of his career filled the post of Russian envoy to Paris. He was a loyal supporter of the reform movement initiated by Peter the Great and belonged to that faction of "Westerners" which after the death of Peter the Great continued his fight against the reactionary group of lords of the eighteenth century. Kantemir is the first great Russian poet, publicist, poet, satirist, full of pathetic fighting spirit against obscurantism. "All that I am writing, I do as a dutiful citizen."

These words were paraphrased in the nineteenth century by another great poet-accuser Nekrasov, when he said: "To be a poet is your right, but to be a citizen is your duty." "I must write, I cannot stand it", wrote Kantemir, as if expressing the thought of Leo Tolstoy: "I cannot be silent." In his many poetical satires Kantemir revolts against the fact that variety, wealth and lazy obscurantism have the upper hand as compared with science and wisdom. "Science is shabby, her vestments are all to pieces." His civic sorrow is so great that Kantemir forsakes the usages then in vogue to glorify the mighty personages, and offers his apologies to Empress Elizabeth saying that he cannot do it. His biting laugh is a prototype of Gogol's laugh which "screens the tears unseen by the world." To use the words of Kantemir, "his soul is sobbing, while externally he seems to laugh." In Kantemir's satires there pass before our eyes landowners who have sold their lands together with their serfs in order to be richly dressed, bigots, coarse utilitarians—"We can count kopecks in roubles without the aid of algebra"—spendthrifts and rakes—"He will not exchange for Seneca a pound of good face powder . . . . " "The bootmaker a la mode is better than Cicero" and many other types, depicted in accord with La Bruyere and Theophraste.

Kantemir is especially famous as a man who knew the Russian way of life to perfection, and was the first one to introduce it into book poetry. Though a disciple of Horatius, Juvenal, and Boileau, he is nevertheless a realist and depicts all phases of life beginning with palaces and ending with monasteries and on the other side starting with mansions of merchantmen and finishing with humble villages. It must be said to the credit of Kantemir the poet, that he put some life into versified poetry by accentuating, in accordance with the spirit of the Russian language, the above mentioned poetry which was unthinkable outside of a prescribed number of syllables.

The activities of Kantemir had a very noted success but the immutable law of time required further progress in poetical forms. The Age of Catherine was approaching. Russian litera-

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ture imbibed the French classical influence, which enriched thought and imagination; outside of that the Russian poetical world, so richly endowed in the past by folklore, started to free itself from foreign schooling and then comes *a new poetical reform.*

Sumarokoff (1718-1777) the contemporary of Kantemir and famous author of tragedies, satires and fables, paid due tribute to the strength and wisdom of Kantemir's thoughts but regretted that owing to their wrong "cold and affected form they are not clear enough."

The names of scientists and poets such as V. K. Trediakovsky (1703-1769) and M. V. Lomonosov (the latter had a marked influence on Pushkin) are closely connected with the above mentioned reform. Lomonosov, the son of a peasant, became not only a famous poet-reformer, but also professor and eminent scientist of world fame who foresaw and foretold many phenomena which were later confirmed by such famous men as Lavoisier, for instance. The same Lomonosov (I will speak of his poetical attainments in the next chapter) was also one of the most active charter members of the Moscow University which was opened in 1755.

The reform (the poetical works of two Germans, then living in Russia, Pastor Gluck and Magister Paus—contributed toward it) consisted in introducing the so-called *tonal* versification.

The chief point of it was accentuation which corresponded to the spirit of the Russian language, instead of division of short and long syllables as practiced in ancient metric versification and also in lieu of quantitative amount of syllables used in a verse. The metric system of versification of ancient Greeks and Romans (yambs, chores, et cetera) was changed into one of accentuation, akin to the Russian language and to Russian folk poetry. True, it was an artificial *book* system very far from a copy of folk poetry, nevertheless it was a tremendous conquest to be conserved for centuries.

It was a system satisfactory to the spiritual thought (enriched by the growth of culture) of poets who belonged to the educated strata of society, and at the same time it was very close to the spirit of the Russian language and to the not-artificial folk poetry.

This reform opened new horizons for poetic creativeness and the latter starts to grow speedily and takes deep root during the last two thirds of the eighteenth century; that formative period was the birth bed of the "phenomenon of genius called Pushkin", as Alexander Hertzen said.

(*To be continued in the June issue*).

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A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY BY IVAN TURGENEV
(1818-1883)

Presented by the Theatre Guild at the Guild Theatre,
245 West 52nd Street, New York.

THIS play was presented for the first time to a New York audience on March 17, 1930. It was written by Ivan Turgenev, the founder of a great literary school. His works are inexhaustible sources of beauty and inspiration. Turgenev's language is like music. His pictures are tender pastels. He drew the characters with loving hands. There shines throughout his works that light of human sadness which makes them so alluring. Even the character of a Nihilist, student Basarov from *Fathers and Sons*—a man who says that "Nature is no temple; it is a workshop," is drawn in such soft tones that one could hardly call him a Nihilist (some foreign critics do not call him a Nihilist in the harsh meaning of this word).

A Month in the Country (in four acts, translation by M. S. Mandell) has its modern psychological merits. The production surprises by its natural lively character and tempo throughout. It has its amusing and interesting love affairs, together with pictures of light and meaningless sides of life of a family of a rich Russian landlord of the last century. Turgenev belonged to the well-to-do class, and he knew thoroughly the merits and defects of his own circles. To a Russian the play seems to be as tragical as it is comical, while an American will find in it a source of real mirth and enjoyment as well as historical interest.

The story depicts a few days in the life of a family of a rich landlord; there is a picture of a conflict and succession of generations, the plot of the play turning about the love affairs of the lady of the estate, who doesn't know how to occupy her time. She has that indefinable something which makes her look always for new excitements, thrills or adventures although she is over thirty and has a thoroughly respectable husband. Her search for the "ideal" is naive and tragic at the same time.

Alla Nazimova's interpretation of a very attractive woman, experienced and passionate, wanting to be loved, and suffering from a lack of understanding, was incomparable. One naturally is allured by the apparent simplicity of her role, which is extremely complicated at the same time.

Unity of action and harmonious sequences combined with perfect lighting effects give a very favorable impression. The task of interpreting a Russian play by American artists for an American audience was fulfilled almost perfectly; a Russian spectator notices, however, once in a while American gestures and feelings. (The scene of the agreement to obtain a wife, between Dr. Spigelski and Afanassy Bolshintsov.) The tutor, Alexi Nikolayevich, is very adequately portrayed by Alexander Kirkland, although he was too shy for the Russian student of his time.

The producer overdid sometimes in showing too much of the tragical side of character; the role of the landlord, Islaev, played by Douglas Dumbrille, on the whole seemed to be too tragic and common. This interpretation is reminiscent of the merchant's brother Lubim Tortzov, without its real significance, from Ostrovsky's *Poverty is No Sin*. Mr. Dumbrille would probably do well in this famous role.

On the whole, the production succeeds in giving correctly the atmosphere of the life of a landlord family of Russian society in the nineteenth century.

ALEXIS P. GAIDASH.

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SONGS OF GRETCHANINOFF*

THE WOUNDED BIRCH

COUNT ALEXIS K. TOLSTOY

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

BY THE hatchet wounded,
See the birch-tree languish;
From its bark of silver
Fall the tears of anguish.
Do not weep, do not weep, O birch-tree.
Cease thy mournful crying!
Summer soon will heal thee;
Birch, thou art not dying!
In thy lofty glory,
Thou shalt greet the morrow;
But a heart once wounded
Fades beneath its sorrow.

CRADLE SONG

Kolybelnaya

Poem by LERMONTOV

English version by Deems Taylor

SLEEP, my darling, sleep, my starling,
Bye, my baby, bye,
Bye, my baby, bye!
Softly glistens moon and listens,
From the lofty sky.
Cradle swingeth,
Mother singeth,
Fairies gather nigh;
Eyes are falling,
Dreams are calling;
Bye, my baby, bye!
Bye, bye, lullaby!

MY NATIVE LAND

Krai tui moi

COUNT ALEXIS K. TOLSTOY

English version by Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

BEATING hoofs of horses;
Screams of eagles in the sky,
Howl of wolves in winter!
Hi! thou native land of mine!
Dreaming virgin forests;
Midnight songs of nightingales,
Wind-swept fields and meadows!

* From Masters of Russian Song, collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, Volume II, published by G. Schirmer, Inc.

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MME. MARIA KURENKO
AND
ALEXANDRE GRETCHANINOFF

MME. MARIA KURENKO, well known Russian soprano and Alexandre Gretchaninoff, one of the most famous living composers, recently appeared on the same program in Carnegie Hall, New York. Mr. Gretchaninoff, who studied with Rimsky-Korsakoff, has written one hundred and twenty opus, ranging from liturgical music of exalted majesty for the Russian Orthodox Church to a variety of operas, symphonies and songs.

At least a dozen of these songs, Mme. Kurenko sang divinely in Carnegie Hall, accompanied by the composer himself who seemed to derive as great pleasure as the audience at hearing his compositions sung with such unique musical understanding and as one critic so exquisitely expressed it "by a voice that soars like the lark, but has a witchery beyond the throat of a bird."

Mme. Kurenko touches the souls of her listeners. She sings with ease and fluency attained through sincere criticism of her own work as an artist and genuine enjoyment in what she so naively terms as "time of creation—time of preparation—then one really belongs to one's work and the work belongs to you."

Of the Gretchaninoff Concert, Mme. Kurenko says: "The best moments were the rehearsals with him. We worked on his songs, on his remarkable unique lullabys, his lyrics and children's songs. I gained marvelous inspiration from the composer himself. His young soul was present in all of his creations."

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Alaska Under Russian Ownership

Peter V. Shchusev

At the written request of Peter the Great in 1725, 580 men started to search the boundaries between Asia and America, and they discovered the Bering Strait in 1728. In 1733 the second expedition was sent by Empress Anna Joannovna. In 1741, after eight years, some of them, under Captains Vitus Bering and Alex Chirikoff, reached Alaska. The long period of preparation is due to great distance of St. Petersburg, the absence, near Ochotsk, of timber for building a fleet and the fact that the natives, *Chukchi*, were not yet conquered; also the intrigues of the Scorniakov-Pisarev, the inspector. All this gives the right to call the achievement of the second Kamchatka expedition exceptional heroism.

The discovery of this peninsula, however, was not of such importance to Russia as the discovery of America and the West Indies for Spain. The discovery of Columbus gave to Spain gold, slaves and tales of a fair climate and a wonderful nature. Chirikoff brought to Russia stories of hardships, of cruelties of the natives. The massacre by natives of two of Chirikoff's dessants near Sitka Bay, fierce winds, clouds and finally the untimely death of Captain Bering. The followers of Columbus to America were cultured and rich adventurous gentlemen. The followers of Bering and Chirikoff were Siberian merchants, uncouth and uneducated and of little culture. The followers of the first pioneers to Alaska were fishermen, huntsmen and even convicts and bandits.

For forty years the fate of the new continent was of little interest to the Russian government. Merchants and traders at their own risk discovered new islands, new territories and were in contact with the natives interchanging with them the products of the sea and forest.

The prospects of a good fur harvest in the Northern Sea lured these courageous, yet oftentimes drunken and immoral adventurers to the Alaskan Coast and though they did not come for the purpose of spreading Russian culture and civilization and though the Alaskans strongly resisted the Russian influence, the strength and power of the Russians and their culture prevailed. The original inhabitants needed, no doubt, a better

The author of this article wishes to express his thanks to Mr. J. Wissner for his aid in translation from Russian to English.

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example of good family life than they received from the first followers of Alaska's discoverers. Kamerger* Nicholas P. Resanov, the best educated Russian who went to Alaska during the early periods, found the natives of good disposition, in general revengeful and deceitful but inclined to the influence of culture. He stated: "In describing at what price the skins of the beavers were obtained and how many people perished on account of it, we should bow our heads in shame."

When notified of the discovery of Andrianov Islands by the Cossak Ataman of Siberia, Andrian Tolstich, The Empress Catherine the Great appealed to the traders through Chicherin, the Governor of Siberia, not to oppress and cheat the natives but to look upon them as newly discovered brothers.

II.

In 1780 the policy of wasteful exploitation ended. On the scene appeared three statesmen who carried the banner of progress. These were Shelechoff, Resanoff and Baranoff. At this time Alaska was an integral part of Russia.

A merchant of Rilsk, Grigory Shelechoff, together with his wife, was of good service to Alaska. About him one can say, that just as Bering discovered Alaska for Russia, so Shelechoff created it for Russia. Not paying any attention to red tape he formed on the island of Kadiak a rich commercial center. Kadiak grew also as a civilized community. A school was opened, soon public baths appeared. When the natives began to settle down, he appealed to the Russian government to send missionaries to spread religion for the purpose of fighting vice and the wild habits of the populace. The Russian government sent the Archimandrit Josephat and seven other priests.

St. Petersburg was under the impression that Russia did not need any colonies. In this it was supported by the Foreign powers who were afraid of the growth of Russia. Hence Alaska was almost self-governed. After organizing the settlement at Kadiak, Shelechoff invited the merchant of Kargopol, Alexander Baranoff to assist him. With good treatment Shelechoff appeased the natives but soon was called back to Irkutsk, Siberia, to act as representative of the general government of the colonies.

So in 1790, the management of the Alaskan colony passed to the less able but nevertheless energetic Baranoff. He transferred the seat of management to Sitka, Novoarchangelsk, where in 1794 he built many vessels, among them, the first vessel, "Fenix". Under Baranoff's rule Sitka became not only the seat of the Russian government in America but the most important port on the Pacific Coast.

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* *Chancellor of the Court of Russia.*

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In 1801 at the request of Baranoff the Russian government dispatched a few battleships to Alaska. This had both a good and a bad influence on the populace. The good part lies in the fact that the officers studied the islands, the bad in the fact that the military representatives demoralized the population.

Resanov describes these events: "Since the Russian officers appeared in Alaska the poor and suppressed class of merchants and traders cannot get anything for their money and have ceased to import anything from Russia. Instead they get everything at three times its value from the ships that arrive from Boston. The Governor cannot even import anything. Everything is stolen."

In 1821 in answer to the appeal of the management of the colony other priests were sent to Alaska. Among them was Rev. John Veniaminoff, later known as Bishop Innokenty of Alaska, and, still later, as the Metropolitan of Moscow.

In 1793 land cultivators, plumbers and other specialists were sent from Siberia. The energetic Baranoff set a strong foothold in America but could not convince the Russian government of the importance of Alaska as a land of open ports. He was described as a cruel man, but some of his contemporaries have an entirely different opinion of him: "Baranoff," they say, "was not at the head of a well organized society but it consisted of a motley of convicts, nobles, Cossaks, adventurers, who constantly conspired against him and his life was always in danger. '

Under Baranoff's rule the fur industry flourished. The Alaskans sold skins to China, America and the Spanish colonies. Forts were built. Suvorov (Nak-Nek), Newchigak, Semenovsky are the best known. Also the coast and the rivers both of the north and south were studied. The hunt for skins was systematic —each individual was allowed to obtain not more than one skin during the year. Useless destruction of animals was not permitted. The Russians did not suppress the natives, their customs and habits, but mingled with them. The natives were, however, compelled to pay a tax known as *iassak*.

At that period Russia lived through the Napoleonic Wars. The fate of Russia was in doubt. In spite of impossible conditions the development of Alaska was firm, though slow.

III.

In 1816 the Napoleonic Wars came to an end. The able and energetic Baranoff died in 1819. In Alaska appeared a new element. Instead of traders and businesslike people, war veterans rushed to the fur country. They studied the lakes and rivers, but they did not develop trade and industry. They did not build

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a merchant marine fleet from the abundant timber of Alaska. This period is famous also for the growing influence of the United States especially for the activity of John Jacob Astor and his fur traders. The most efficient managers at that period were Captains Baron Wrangel and Etolin. This period is also known for its spiritual development under Rev. John Veniaminoff mentioned above. In 1817 this priest established the Cathedral of St. Michael, which is even today one of the most historical shrines of worship on the Pacific Coast and the headquarters of the Assistant Orthodox Greek Bishop in the United States. A cluster of bells was sent from Moscow. One of the three chapels was built in honor of Our Lady of Kazan. An ikon was made by the monks of Solovetsky and rich ecclesiastical treasures were sent from Petropavlovsk. This Cathedral contains the famous Madonna, for which J. P. Morgan has been said, to have offered $25,000.

Churches were also established in the villages. The natives were converted to Christianity but not forcibly. Under the

Courtesy of Travel

Cathedral of St. Michael, Sitka, Alaska

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influence of the clergy slavery was abolished. With the translation of books even the older inhabitants became literate. In 1840 there were eight schools in Alaska with 200 pupils, both male and female, also an institution for widows.

In 1841 when Rev. Veniaminoff was appointed Bishop of Alaska at Sitka, he established a seminary. In 1836 the Russian-American Trading Company brought a few physicians to Alaska under Dr. Bliashko, who fought the smallpox epidemics of 1837-39. Dr. Volinsky and three assistants attempted to vaccinate the population of Kadiak, but the people tried to avoid it and perished by hundreds. In 1840 Captain Etolin became Governor of Alaska.

In order to get into closer relationship with the natives, Captain Etolin organized a fair and games, presenting the Natives souvenirs; he built the so-called "Barabara"* for five hundred of the most noted natives. He encouraged the hunt for whales by doubling the price paid for each whale. An American whaler was invited from California. The shipbuilding and machine building industries also began to develop under the leadership of Mr. Moon in whose honor the first ship was named; contact with California was established. But all this was accomplished by the Russian-American Trading Company and not by the Russian government.

Though Russia lived through the terrible War of 1812, though the natives at first resisted her, Russia nevertheless succeeded in one hundred years in converting the natives to Christianity and in giving them a language, education, and a knowledge of trade. Etolin had the generous idea of constructing silver, black, and blue fox farms. This is done in Alaska by the United States government now.

The Russian *bania* were so well liked by the natives that they exist in every Alaskan village to this day. Many Russians married native women. There was later intermarriage with Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes. Christianity was planted in Alaska so profoundly that even now the chief or *tiuns* are appointed and deposed by the priests who are citizens of the United States, for example, Rev. Nicolas Kashevarov. The influence of Russian ownership and management is still felt. It surprises travelers and satisfies the national Russian feeling, when one, by chance, reaches the shores of the land. Russian rule of Alaska was not in vain.

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* *Barbara is a native's home.*

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DINING A LA RUSSE

FORSHMACK—APPETIZER

1½ lbs. of boiled veal	1 large dill pickle
3 large boiled potatoes	1 salted herring
3 tablespoons of butter	½ cup of sour cream
1 large onion	2 eggs

Remove the skin and bones from the herring. Run the meat, potatoes, onion, pickle and herring through the meat chopper; add the sour cream, pepper to taste, two teaspoons of mustard, and the eggs. Mix thoroughly. Put into a greased pot. Place over top bread crumbs and grated cheese, if desired. Leave in hot roasting oven for twenty minutes or so.

May be served hot or cold with fresh tomatoes or with tomato sauce.

SALANKA

Filet of sole	Flour
Fresh vegetable stock	Small White Mushrooms, Olives, etc.

For the fresh vegetable stock use beet juice, spinach juice, asparagus juice, et cetera. To it add an onion, pepper, and leaves from the green bay tree, also some small white fish. Strain the mixture and add some flour fried in butter. Fry the mushrooms, capers, olives, et cetera. Twenty minutes before serving boil it all and put in the filet of sole. When the fish is ready, add for the color one table spoon of puree of tomatoes fried in butter. If desired, add shrimps and lemon juice.

MAZOURKA

½ to 1 lb of walnuts or almonds as desired	5 whites of eggs
	¼ cup of sugar
10 yolks of eggs	

Cut the nuts into fine pieces or run them through the food chopper. Rub the yolks of eggs with the sugar until they are white, then add the whipped whites of eggs. Mix well and then put into a form which has been lined with buttered paper. Put in medium oven.

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SMATTER

"HAVE you christened that good-looking family?" A sense-of-humor-Russian pointed to the row of Russian Wooden Kustar dolls on the bookcase. We grinned this reply hesitantly: *"Vanychka, . . . Lydichka . . . Seryozha, Tanya Ludmila . . ."*

"*Ludmila's* not a diminutive!" His passion for accuracy was tantalizing.

"O! *Lucia! . . . Misha . . .* and *Matrushka*". We finished breathlessly.

"Why, *Matrushka?*" Wouldn't you know he'd have to have a reason for everything?

"I supposed that would mean *Little Mother.* I made it up."

* * * * *

"Where do you get those dolls? I've got to go right out and buy some!" An American girl in a green dress was excited enough for it to be a matter of life and death.

We pounced on the March issue of *The Russian Student*, opened it to page 24. "Here! Take this and tell him you found it in that!" She did not notice my ungrammatical habits. The green dress disappeared.

We put on our coat and hat preparatory for a late lunch. It was after two o'clock. We took the air to *Anmah's* (See Page 23) and ate so much of his best Armenian cooking that we decided it might be a good thing to disappear among the other advertisers.

Idiotically or otherwise, we were thinking of sky when we ambled into A. S. Lusenberg's Rare Old Book Establishment. Incidentally, let it be known that Mr. Lusenberg is a Fund graduate. He can talk Latin better than most people speak English and he has some rare Greek, Latin, and Oriental volumes. We browsed until we realized that most people were hovering over their evening meal.

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We rushed to Kretchma on East Fourteenth Street, which is open from 11 a. m. to 3. a. m. Over our tea we decided to stop at the Central Book Trading Company and then call it a day.

Mr. Yaremenko, also a Fund graduate, enveloped in a cloudy blue smock of American-make was draping himself across the window in an attempt to rearrange his very artistic collection of Russian greeting cards. Gracefully he climbed out, showed his newest books and graciously sold us dolls.

And they tell us our niece calls them her Russian soldiers and insists on . . . . Well, well!

Right on the way home was *Maritza* of West Fourth Street. She sells Russian dolls too, but for a long time we've been suppressing the desire to wear her *sapozhkee* without going on the stage or substituting them for galoshes. She kept showing us embroidered smocks and men's shirts. "Yes, they're lovely, but . . . ."

"There's a Russian ball tonight, isn't there?" Maritza queried innocently.

"Is this March 21st? Of course! But it's not a masquerade. I'll come in again next week and look at those dresses."

* * * * *

"What's that book?" Marion was already dressed for the National Russian Students' Christian Association Ball at the Ritz-Carlton and could spend her time in firing questions.

"That's why I'm so late! That's what's the matter with me! It's *Oblomov** and *Oblomovism* is what I've got!" The words spilled themselves all over each other. We felt feverish as we glanced over our wardrobe.

She put her hand over her mouth cautiously. "Is it contagious? Something Russian I suppose?"

"Yes, but Russians haven't got a monopoly on the disease and Americans can have it too. Where is my . . . ."

She muttered something about everybody's having telephoned and would be at least a half hour late and added clearly: "But did you go to the doctor? We'll never get to the Ritz-Carlton in time for the ball anyway and . . . ."

"Aw, piffle, give me three dollars for the book and you won't get it, but you'll find out tonight that you can go two hours late to something Russian and be just in time. Just in time, I say." I put on my best shoes fatiguingly.

"Where'd you get that?" was her next question as she powdered her nose unnecessarily.

"It's Makaroff's Fresh Caviar delivered to any part of the United States packed in ice", we were wondering when we could take a run to the Russian Art Restaurant.

"Sounds like an ad," she purred. "It is—Page 24" and we added, maliciously, "Might be a good antidote for *Oblomovism*." The bell rang.

* * * * *

"We'll miss the dinner. It's almost twelve o'clock," shouted the German boy from one taxi to another. "It's not a dinner," we corrected, "and anyway what more bewitching hour to arrive than fifteen minutes before midnight." The moon was shining over Jefferson tower.

* * * * *

"Didn't I tell you? The program's still on! We're just in time."

---

* Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Macmillan. $3.00.

(*Continued on Page* 21)

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

Genuine

Admitting ever that the problem of mutual understanding between Russians and Americans is so great that your effort in this direction might be considered by the pessimistically inclined as only a proverbial drop in the bucket, *The Russian Student* is none the less a very valuable publication, chiefly by virtue of its genuine character.

S. M.—St. Petersburg, Va.

Not So Easy, Is It?

As time goes on the field for the publication will become better and wider. My own work has brought me in touch with many "White Russians" — student groups and older persons thrown down from high estate; you know the story. It is naturally hard for the expatriated Russians to give up their longing for the fatherland and to adopt the customs and language of a country so foreign to them. I found that their lapsing into Russian speech on every possible occasion retarded their mastery of English.

Those who resolutely set their faces toward the new things not in entire forgetfulness of the old, but a willingness to meet the new issues confronting them—have done beautigully; while many other acceptable persons, clinging to the old are still chained to menial positions; generals, statesmen, most charming and highly cultivated women. I think we have in the neighborhood of 10,000 in the Bay Region here. Yet there are numbers of them who left the past behind completely who are making splendid successes as engineers and scholars.

Sometimes in *The Russian Student* I note a rather carping intellectual attitude which only blocks their progress. I am writing this with a view of possibly helping you in your editorial work, to urge these facts upon them. Briefly, my thought is—urge your readers and writers to take the most optimistic view of America they possibly can. We think we have something unexcelled and not to be found elsewhere —much toleration as well.

F. P. C.—San Francisco, Cal.

A Scientist Speaks

The following lines appear in George Grebenstchikoff's article in the March issue of *The Russian Student*: "You that conquer space. Evening Star. There, in my land you are the Morning Star. Setting here behind the Western boundary, you also rise there from behind the Eastern mountains and the traveler and the shepherd of Altai meet you with the morning prayer. Beautiful Star. If at the same moment you can be the morning and the evening star for two opposite hemispheres of the globe, does not the moment unite us with all the travelers upon all the ways of the earth."

This is a physical impossibility. The facts in the matter are that the Evening Star of New York will appear as an Evening Star in Paris and Shanghai and as a Morning Star nowhere in the world.

A. N. G.—Pittsfield, Mass.

Send Subscriptions!

I can say nothing but the very best praise for your magazine. It is a fine piece of literature. It is just the thing that we need very badly in the present struggle for an international understanding. I hope that I shall be able to help you in any way possible to make *The Russian Student* a success.

S. C.—Washington, D. C.

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

Leap, Circulation, Leap!

I am delighted to receive *The Russian Student*, to watch my countrymen getting along and to read the articles on art, literature and science that are so spendidly combined in the magazine. I hope the circulation will increase by leaps and bounds, which must be so due to the fact that it contains fine material for its size.

A. A. S.—Chicago, Ill.

Thank You!

The Russian Student is doing much toward the better understanding of Russia by America and if in its program of Russian art and literature is included historical part of the two countries and the mutual interest they have, it will give to its readers high ideas for future constructive relations. I enjoy too the beautiful covers and hope you will give to our American friends a real representation of Russian life in all its variety. The proof by the recipes that Russians know how to eat and what to eat is, I think, very helpful to the cause.

RUSSIAN BISHOP, Chicago, Ill.

Exchange Ideas

Some articles represent outstanding interest and I read them with great pleasure. I think that it is the only way we Russian students may exchange our ideas, learn and read something new aside from text books, especially because many of the articles were written by men of greater experience and knowledge than our own.

V. K.—University of California

Will You Buy It?

It is an excellent publication and very interesting. I think it would be worth while to compile your recipes for Russian dishes into a little book.

N. A. Mc—Charleston, S. C.

We Might Try It

I read *The Russian Student* through even the personals and the ads. I do wish though that you would boil down all those Russian recipes to American weights and equivalents and sell them so they could be used in any American kitchenette without calling in a lawyer and a chef to interpret some of those dreams of the dead and gone past. I will subscribe for one of those books NOW, provided its done so it makes American sense.

J. C. W.—Washington, D,. C.

SMATTER

(*Continued from Page* 19)

"Who's the program?" . . . . . "Prince Alexis Obolensky . . . . , Vladimir Drozdoff . . . . . Mme. Kurenko . . . . ."

"It looks like a success. Guess they'll get their clubhouse." *

A four o'clock sky is lovelier still.

* * * * *

Tomorrow, or rather the rest of today is Saturday, the banks close at noon and we'll have to wait until next week to see that American exhibit at the Bank of New York and Trust Company . . . . We've been going there ever since it opened . . . . Wonder how many Russian *Service Books* sold last month? . . . . Has anything new happened to *The Light of Russia?* . . . . Need a thousand new subscribers! . . . . And just think of all that free advertising those publishers are getting on the back inside cover . . . .

The ice man knocked on the door. The rest of that day had already begun. We gazed on a different sky, thinking it might pay some people to advertise.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit. —deN.

* Clubhouse opened at 109 West 54th Street, New York City.

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The cover this month was drawn by Nicholas Ovodow, a student in the School of Architecture, Columbia University, from a drawing by Bilibin which appears in Sonia E. Howe's *Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners.*

▲

According to tradition the people of Novgorod asked the Norsemen to put order in their country and rule over it. So the Viking Rurik, in 862, founded a town where the river Volkhov flows into Lake Ladoga. Later he made Novgorod his capital. On his deathbed he entrusted his infant son, Igor, and his principality to his kinsman, Prince Oleg. The power of the Khazars, a Turkish tribe, extended from the Caspian Sea and the lower Volga to the Dnieper and the Black Sea. Oleg, known in history and legend as *Vestchii Oleg* (Oleg the Wise) took Kiev from two other Varangian knights and from his capital Kiev accepted the invitation of the Tsar of Bulgaria to assist in his attack on Byzantium. Although it is a story quite apart from Oleg, it may be noted here that during the campaigns against the Byzantine Empire, many Russian warriors and traders were converted to Christianity and later, in 957, the Russian Princess Olga, wife of the Varangian Prince Igor, was converted. Oleg ruled Russia for thirty-three years and the Chronicles say that "the people wept for him with great weeping."

▲

Readers are referred to the April issue for additional mention of Miss Elena Y. Mitcoff.

▲

It is with pleasure that we resume the series of articles on Russian poetry by Professor Alexis Fovitsky.

▲

Dr. Peter V. Shchusev received his medical education from Vojenno Medicinskaia Academia at St. Petersburgh. In 1897 he went to Africa as attache of the Russian Diplomatic Mission and participated in the founding of the Abyssinian Red Cross. He has traveled in most of the countries of the world and served as a doctor with the Russian Army during the World War. In 1928 he made some geological and paleontological investigations in Alaska.

▲

Alexis P. Gaidash studied at the Far Eastern University, Vladivostok, and graduated from Brown University, Class of 1927.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

Editor, LUCILE DE NEVERS JONES

Non-Political *Non-Partisan* *Non-Sectarian*

CONTENTS FOR JUNE, 1930

COVER DESIGN. Cathedral in Nizni-Novgorod
Georges R. Wiren

RUSSIAN OPERA—Sadko . . . . . *Alexis P. Gaidash* 1
OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY . . . . . *Alexis Fovitsky* 6
THE VISION. Poem by Alexander Poushkin,
Translation by Boris Brasol 9
OBLOMOV. *A Review* . . . . . *Walter V. Bouquet* 10
RUSSIAN STUDENTS' MARCHING HYMN,
Music by Siluan F. Baldin
Russian words by G. V. Golokhvastoff
English words by Franklin A. Gaylord 12
THE STUDENT MODEL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS . . . . . *Basil Efimchenko* 15
THE DNIEPER. *Translation from the Russian of N. V. Gogol* 17
SMATTER 18
FROM THE MAIL BAG 20
WHO'S WHO 21
ADVERTISEMENTS 22
BOOKS TOO! . . . . . Back Inside Cover

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This Fund advances loans to assist young Russians, whose education was interrupted in Russia by war and revolution, to study in American colleges and universities. The Fund attempts to promote a more intimate understanding of Russian and American civilizations. Over 450 men and women, of whom 94 are still studying, have been advanced over $480,000. Former students have repaid $98,458.79, 61 graduates have repaid in full. Repayments average $2,300.00 a month. Contributions to the Fund may be sent to the Treasurer, Edwin G. Merrill, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

June, 1930

Volume VI **Number 10**

RUSSIAN OPERA—SADKO

ALEXIS P. GAIDASH

AS SOURCES OF MUSICAL LIBRETTOS, Russian folk songs have played a special role in the history of Russian opera. For a long time foreigners have been surprised at their simplicity and originality of melody and could never believe that these songs were purely Russian. The Russian academician Schtelin expressed the opinion that these Russian melodies are, at the basis of their structure, of such character which may be attributed only to Russians. The rhythm and rhyme is sometimes, it seems, too hard for the conventional type of Western European musical traditions. The theory of music of Russian folk songs can be easily learned and composition in the spirit of Russian folk songs may be written in the future.

Russian folk songs differ from others mainly in tempo. Richard Wagner says that specifically German tempo is *andante*, even, and *oomerenoe*, moderate, while Russian folk songs have two tempos—either ductile, *largo*, or frenzy *allegro*.

Spinoza said that the world should neither be cried for nor laughed at; it should be understood. A German, a philosopher by nature, may find that music expresses merely quietness of meditation, while the Russian singer does not want to contemplate. He wants either to cry or to laugh. Russians, in this sense, are nearer to Italians.

Russian melody is not divided into an even number of measures; the symmetry of music is infringed. Russian folk song requires especially complicated rhythm and change of division of measures, although *en grand* certain regularity and symmetry remains. It is confusing once in a while to foreigners, The melodious structure of Russian folk songs does not follow the system which was given to Europe by Sebastian Bach.

A. N. Seroff, in his famous article of 1869 *Russian Folk Song*, proves that Russian folk song as a matter of science has both relation to ancient Greek *tetra-chords*, and identical entity of gamuts, which are at the base of Russian folk melodies. The

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tetra-chords at one time were used as the basis of church rows of sounds (Kirchentonarten) in the Middle Ages and are still in the program of musical study of every serious musician.

Also the Russian theory of *osmoglassya,* (eight major rows of gamuts) which was taken at the time of Prince Vladimir of Kiev, 957-989, from the Greeks, (the period during which Russians were converted to Christianity), is the foundation of Russian sacred and secular music. Russian folk song can not be registered in the narrow traditional disciplines predominant in Europe ever since the Johann Sebastian Bach theory; its melody seeks for its boundaries a wider frame—the *glassov* and *rasspevov* of ancient Greeks and the musical system of the church rows of sounds of the Middle Ages, which was the basis of singing throughout all Europe until Sebastian Bach (*), in the early eighteenth century.

Der Strange Satz calls contrapuntal method that which keeps harmony in many voiced (polyphonic) method in which are used as hold-ups of basic melody (cantus firmus) other independent melodies which often have incidental character. The Russian folk song in its structure has this character also.

In general Russian folk songs have an originality which may be traced in national Russian opera melodies in tempo, rhyme and rhythm, melodious construction and harmony.

In *Sadko* Rimsky-Korsakoff has put in complete harmony the real and the fantastic, the dramatic (as far as denoted by *bylina*) and the folk-wise. The contrapuntal *bylina* melody web runs throughout the whole opera. This is the same web which the composer had worn thin in the two previous operas, *Mlada* and *Christmas Eve*. These two operas with *Sadko* form a musical trilogy. The orchestral compositions that preceded them begin to be restored again. The system of leading motives has been applied in *Sadko*. The comparative simplicity, harmonic and modulating in the realistic portions of the opera, and the over-refinements of harmony and modulation in the fantastic portion form the procedure of the opera.

Sadko is a holiday of sounds, colors, symphonies and ballet. There has probably never been anything similar to it in the inner psychology of music. The play as such could never be surpassed. The production is the best synthesis of theatrical art in its highest expression. It is the triumph of a musical drama. There is no other Rimsky-Korsakoff opera in which his genius and force find expression to such an extent.

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* See Short Librettos, by Vsevolod Cheschikhin (1911 Riga. Russian) for material regarding the construction of *Der Strange Satz* and old teaching of harmony of accords and contrapuntal qualities of Greek tetra-chorals and Russian folk songs.

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The strange, recitative music of the first tableau interests us. The play and the impressive feast make us forget the outer world. The strange and unearthly celestial voice of Volkhova and the rendezvous of the two lovers, the first meeting, find response in our inner feelings; we react on everything seen and heard and we are in the dynamic whirl of the strange and natal upswing, an attempt to run away from the earth. Lioubava and her soft and alluring, passionate voice, and the jesters with their jokes, try to bring us back to earth.

The mighty inner psychological musical crescendo of Rimsky-Korsakoff holds us, makes us wait for something and listen, listen . . . . In the meantime staccatos, nuances, et cetera, tie us like stitches to the innermost theme of the play. It lasts, with strange work of the contrasts, sets, until we hear the three songs of the Guests; when our feelings are broken, we are conquered; we got more than we wanted. The climax is reached. Sadko's tune, the tune of character and heart of an adventurer, who is afraid of nothing, is lyrical and sorrowful, grieving. It is either the sorrow of parting with his young, beautiful and strong wife, or it is the presentiment of his future mishaps, or it is the reflection of his psychological doubt in conquering his celestial dream. There is duality in his acting and in the tone of his voice, his heart. When he descends to the bottom of the sea, his voice attains strength necessary to make even the sea people obey him, as a result of his contact with the dream of his heart.

We are hypnotized by both the music and the play. Those who understand music are empowered by it, by Sadko's *gussli;* the others are watching the change of colors, movements and phantasmagorical scenery. The refinement and beauty of the ballet scenes of marriage round the "bush" fills our hearts with enchantment needed at the moment.

The music is now a dream. There is everything in it: the jokes of Novgorod's jesters and the waves of anger of the people meeting in Novgorod; there is enchanting continual melody weaving of Kiev's fairy-tale parlando singing; there is heard the anger of the Sea King and the shrieking of a Russian winter storm; there is heard the cry of the ever true Lioubava and the hope giving strings of religious symphony which calmed us before and aroused our sympathy with the suffering wife. Another short wild crescendo and this movement ends with the appearance of the apparition.

Volkhova, his dream, sings to Sadko her sweet lullaby for his charms and for his love to her; she dissolves into a rosy mist of the meadow and finally converts herself into the river to recompense her earthly lover.

At last the happy meeting of the earthly, always discon-

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tented, strong lovers, and strong in feelings, the harmonious religious praising hymn of the townspeople closes the scene.

An especial paper should be devoted to the description of Sergei Soudeikine's scenery and the masterly coloring of costumes. The spectacular scenes of the feast and town meeting are varied and kept merry by moving crowds and by the grotesque combinations of groups. The appearance of jesters dressed in single tones brings in the difference, contrast and play of color. Like squalls in the middle of the still sea, the blue-black figures of the city magistrates are painted in zig-zags on the carpet of a beautiful combination of light colors.

The ballet surprises with rare combinations of light blue, light brown and mixed colors in the rear; the lighting effects and illusions of water are superb. The whole impression of colors is of two main types; the varied beautifully colorful crowd in soft tender tones, and secondly, that color of the sea, always fascinating to the human eye, with its inhabitants also dressed in matching colors. The unreal is too exaggerated, so it has a semblance of reality, due to the extremely careful sculptural effects.

Glinka, the first Russian operatic composer to use folk songs, differs from Rimsky-Korsakoff in one respect—his dramatic plots are of inter-external character, while Rimsky-Korsakoff's operas the inner, highly musical dramatic development attracts. Glinka gives samples of counterpoint and leitmotif methods á la Wagner, as in *Ruslan and Ludmila*, first produced in 1842. *Dobrinya Nikitch*, by Alexandre Gretchaninoff (now in the United States) is an example of this method under the exceedingly refined influence of Rimsky-Korsakoff. Dargomizhsky, in his opera *The Stone Guest*, goes farther in this regard than Wagner, having his own peculiarities (melodious recitative and symphonic thematism). The next step is Tchaikovsky, who developed to unheard of heights rhythm, harmony, melody and romanticism.

Sadko was written during Rimsky-Korsakoff's mature musical years, and it is an example of his delicate, exquisite, deep thought, and refined musical feelings. His accomplishments are of great variety, color and individuality; they are brilliant and inspiring. His music is most alluring, due to his masterly musical coloring. The opera *Sadko*, as pointed out above, has two qualities; a melodious synthesis with the symphony of colors and play, and, secondly, an inner supreme musical psychological and dramatic synthesis; music has its modern quality as a result of broad knowledge of music (arias of three Guests are of rare beauty).

Rimsky-Korsakoff and Glazounow are founders of the new

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Russian eclectic and synthetic operatic school represented by Vassilenko, Gretchaninoff, and others. The psychology of Rimsky-Korsakoff's heroes is deeper than Wagner's; the feature of Wagner's creations is too abstract, musically and dramatically. Verdi's *Aida* stands nearer to *Sadko* in respect to synthetic qualities and melodious character but its strange (that is, strange to us historically) settings and dramatic actions take away the illusion of reality and most of its charm. Bizet's *Carmen* is close to *Sadko* in its too deep, although seemingly too simple, and active every day psychology. In spirit the plot reminds us of ancient Greek tragedy. The music is and should be in sad and fatal tune; love is represented as an outer force, mystic and unrejectable. Carmen, in contrast with the heroes of *Sadko*, seems to be oppressed by her passions like a man under the hot southern sun. *Carmen* is extremely complicated and difficult of execution though it seems to be so simple. It can easily be turned into melodrama. It is hard to preserve the depth and simplicity of Bizet's dramatic thoughts while maintaining the pellucidness of his musical forms. Nietzsche found the music of *Carmen* deeper than that of Wagner.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, because of his refinement and quietness, stands between Moussorgsky, who is extremely stormy and forceful in choral combinations—*Boris Godounov*, for example—and Tchaikovsky, whose *Evgeni Onegin*, *La Charmeuse*, and *Yolande*, embrace a lyrical idealism, reveries, and a turmoil of soul.

THE OPERAS OF RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF

LADY VERA SHELOGA—(Boyarynia Sheloga—the wife of a Russian feudal lord).
PSKOVITIANKA—(A Woman of the City of Pskov—time of action, sixteenth century).
THE NIGHT OF MAY—(Nineteenth century).
SNEGOUROTCHKA—(The Snow Maiden—Based on a spring tale by Ostrovsky).
CHRISTMAS EVE—(the text adapted from Gogol's novel *In the Evening on a Farm Near Dikanka*—Little Russian. Composed in 1895).
SADKO—(Bylina of Novgorod Cycle—Eleventh century and earlier).
THE TSAR'S BRIDE—(Sixteenth century).
THE TALE OF TSAR SULTAN and of his mighty and famous knight Prince Gvidon Sultanovich and of the most beautiful princess Lebed (Swan).
KASTCHEY IMMORTAL (Autumn fairy tale).
MLADA—(An opera-ballet—Ninth and tenth centuries).
MOZART AND SALIERY—(Vienna 1791).
SERVILIA—(Rome 67 A. D.).
PAN-VOYEVODA—(Poland 16th-17th centuries).
A TALE OF THE UNSEEN CITY OF KITEZH AND OF LADY PHEUVRONIA—(Thirteenth century).
LE COQ d'OR.

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OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN POETRY

ALEXIS FOVITSKY

IV.

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY in the history of Russian poetry was that kind of workshop in which, as we have already noted in the May issue of *The Russian Student*, was generated poetical language; there were created different poetical genres; multiple (especially ancient and French) foreign influences, were transformed;—all that in order to make a conspicuous place for Russian national element, and to forestall the coming of Pushkin and, after him, the advent of all post-Pushkin Russian poetry. The creative force of individual representatives of Russian poetry of the pre-Pushkin period was, nevertheless, so great that it is imperative to pay it special attention in this article.

We will begin with genres. The eighteenth century sees an exceptional development of lyric poetry, religious, moral and didactic, laudatory (odes), satires and intimate-amorous poems.

The upper classes of Russian society, which imbibed more and more culture since the time of Peter the Great, started the new Russian language. The poets of the period that came after Peter the Great, use the new forms for expressing their feelings. It is especially noticeable in religious feelings. The poets of that epoch serve a new aristocratic class, considerably Europeanized —but, following the tradition, continue to cite the Bible enthusiastically and to transpose the Psalms into verses. The "new" movement is seen, however, not only in a more perfect verse (see the May issue) but also in a philosophic element which is intermingled with purely religious motives. During the first part of that century the first place in that movement belongs to M. V. Lomonosov (see May issue, page 8). His "Reflections on the Majesty of God" is a vivid and forceful example of that rejuvenated religious poetry.

"An abyss opened, full of stars . . . .
"Stars are numberless, abyss—bottomless . . . . "

Contemplating the universe as a scientist and naturalist and describing effectively and pompously, with pathos and enthusiasm the fire and thundering of raging elements—this professor and poet from peasant stock always returns to God: "Great Is Our Creator God".

In this respect he is very modern, if we recall the latest works of Whitehead, Eddington and of some other scientists.

Lomonosov has so much of beautiful and majestic picturesqueness that it influenced not only Pushkin, but even Gogol (read the description of Dnieper). Lomonosov is master of

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epithets ("Thirsting Summer", "The Kneeling Moscow"—before Petropolis).

The other eminent poet of this epoch, A. P. Sumarokov, gives a rather different character to religious "odes". His motives reflect the worldly sorrowfulness (Weltshmerz).

The second half of that century, the reign of Catherine II, produced dozens of poets who wrote on religious themes in psalmist's spirit. The most prominent among them was Gabriel Derzhavin (1743-1816), whom Gogol christened "Poet of Majesty", and who was one of the important "teachers" of Pushkin, especially in his vivid and picturesque descriptions of nature ("Ruddy autumn carries already golden sheafs into barns").

"Old Derzhavin has marked us, and ere yet to go to the grave, gave us his blessing," remarks the great poet while remembering his graduation examinations in Lyceum.

The religious ode of Derzhavin, "God", is translated into many languages. It interprets the awe of human consciousness before the omnipotency of God. According to the opinion of some foreign critics, there is no similar forceful ode to God in Western European poetry. The man, however, in that "raging-like-thunderstorms" poetic work is not downtrodden . . . .

"My body comes to dust, to nothing,
Intellect of mine, he rules the thunders
I am the King, the slave, the worm, the God!"

One of the forms of religious lyric poetry of pre-Pushkin period (which, let us say here, came down to plain folk, to the followers of the sect of dissenters) is that represented by *Masons*. That form of lyric poetry influenced the development of sentimental movement in Russian poetry, and it also contains elements which later will grow in the poetry of Russian romanticism (the school which prompted the belief in divine Beauty permeating the upper strata of the universe). Among the poets-masons we will mention M. M. Heraskov (1733-1807), author of tragedies written in the style of French classicism, of fiction, and of religious verses. Here are some of the motives of Heraskov's poetry: Deathless universal soul; it lives in nature, in woods, mountains, in the sea, in every blade of grass. Deeply touched by the idea of the Almighty, man praises and adores God. This our life is nothing but vanity; and man ignoring all vanity, enters the temple of blessedness.

The masonic verses have their own style, which brings them near to oral "spiritual" folk-poetry.

As to the laudatory verses (odes), their chief representatives in the period under consideration are Lomonosov and Derzhavin, both of whom contributed very much towards the refreshening and vitalizing of Russian poetic language. Sumarokov, who

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equally wrote many "odes" in honor of Empress Elizabeth and Catherine II, called Lomonosov "the Russian Pindarus". The Russian laudatory odes have, however, their own technique, character and style.

Usually the person praised is a central figure of a big picture. Stirred by his lyrical pathos, the poet embraces the whole world, and becomes *universal* . . . . Here is fashioned, so to say, the basis to that, which later Dostoyevsky pointed out in Pushkin, calling him "a man comprising all humanity".

The better Russian poets have for their motives not flattery per se, but, as Lomonosov for instance, the interests of science and education. He praises highly Empress Elizabeth as a promoter of cultural ideas initiated by Peter the Great, her father.

"I do not fear maliciousness, I do not insist on good . . . .
I do not sing to favor you—
But to enhance the Truth, the work of Peter."

Omitting the other forms of lyric poetry, let us consider the intimate-amorous form, which contributed largely to the development of future poetry.

One of the first representatives of that form of lyrics in the beginning of the eighteenth century was a certain Mons, chamberlain, who wrote in Russian and in German. The demand for the "little songs" of amorous character was so great among the upper classes, as to create a "craziness" from which were not immune even such personages as Catherine I, the wife of Peter the Great. Mons paid with his life for her infatuation in amorous songs. The Empresses not only delighted in verses of others, but, as Elizabeth, daughter of Peter—were sometimes writers of "amorous" poetry. Here are excerpts from Elizabeth's songs, which—notwithstanding foreign influences—were based on purely oral folk poetry of amorous character, the mother of "book" poetry.

"I have no power to stifle the flame,
My heart is sore, but what can I do?
I would much prefer not to know you
Than to suffer so intensely."

The lyrical poetry of the type just mentioned is full of sentimentalism: for example, the beloved is called "flower which opened inside my heart".

Later, beginning with Sumarokov, this type of lyrical poetry changes into a "light" poetry of French and Anacreontic type. . . . . Even steady Lomonosov is under its influence . . . . The tendency towards the finesse and daintiness in expressing subtle (amorous) feelings is growing. The language is becoming lighter. Sumarokov with his tendency to sincerity ("If you wish

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to write, start by being in love"), creates such easy, exquisite verses, that they are sung by society under the accompaniment of the lute. The dainty epicurism requires musicalness, greater attention to the language . . . . and Lomonosov and Sumarokov—sing hymns to the beauties of Russian language ("Our beautiful language can express everything"—A. Sumarokov).

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, the light French poetry fills the book-racks of aristocracy (in addition to classics of antiquity), and, stimulated by that poetry, dozens of talented Russian poets, including the uncle of Pushkin, create a whole bouquet of pastoral and Anacreontic songs, and of whimsical verses a la Parny.

K. Batiushkov (1787-1855) was the most eminent poet in that genre of poetry partly called "epicurean"*. His influence is largely felt in Pushkin. Batiushkov started his career before Pushkin but died later.

The chief characteristics of epicurism of Batiushkov are elegiac spirit; the motives of "universal sorrow" are interlaced in his verses with bacchic moods:

"Happiness is not eternal. Life cannot be enjoyed forever.
Chase out the phantom of the glory,
To enjoy life, to be happy,
Scatter roses on your way.
And to youth we'll say: 'soar high'."

In his poetical work *Bacchante* which still is regarded as beautiful and full of expression, Batiushkov gives a very life-like and passion breathing picture . . . .

"She ran—lighter than the young gazelle."

Batiushkov, in juxtaposition to his predecessors, highly influenced by French classicism—is a "neo-classic", whose light, easy poetry is very much in the spirit of poets of antiquity. Among the elegies of Batiushkov *The Friend's Shadow* deserves special attention (see Anthology of Russian Literature, by Prof. L. Wiener, Vol. II).

(*This series will be continued in September*)

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* Epicurus, a Greek philosopher.

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OBLOMOV *

A Review by WALTER V. BOUQUET

THOSE WHO WANT TO KNOW why Russia is what it is today must read *Oblomov* by Ivan Goncharov. This book written in the middle of the nineteenth century is not only an interesting portrayal of the Russian life and customs of the times, but in its content is prophetic as it shows types of "old" and "new" Russia.

Liberally interpreted *Oblomov* means a fragment, a chip. A chip is of no value unless it is cemented together with other strong chips. Under such conditions an article may be reconstructed and be useful. Oblomov, the hero of this story, was a human chip. Unfortunately, however, he was cemented with bad chips in the form of undesirable associations and in an unhealthy environment.

A splendid character, brainy, educated, well to do, he nevertheless was a pathetic figure. Easy going, simple-minded, a romantic dreamer and philosopher he constantly thought, weighed, reasoned, planned, resolved but never got any further. By nature he was inert. He tackled life's daily problems by putting off their solution "till tomorrow".

He was evicted, robbed, cheated, framed up, coerced into marriage, but—still—he did nothing about this. And this was natural. Since his early childhood he was cared for and worried about. Consequently, he, himself, was not prepared for life. To him it seemed a continuous state of disturbance. Even love was nothing but "anxiety and agitation."

He thought his life "had been created and designed to be such in order to demonstrate the ideally restful aspect of human existence. It was other people's lot to express its tempestuous aspects, to set in motion the creative and destructive forces; everyone had his appointed task!" . . . . "He had been born and brought up not as a gladiator for the arena, but as a peaceful spectator of the battle." . . . . "He was the expression just of one particular aspect of life and it was no use of struggling for something else, changing anything, or repenting." This Russian apathy!

And he was true to his philosophy. It took all the ingenuity and dynamic energy of Oblomov's boyhood friend Stolz—this new type of Russian—to get him out of trouble many times. His love Olga started him on the road to reform, but *Oblomovism* triumphed and the pitiful hero, after a heroic struggle, slumped

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* Oblomov. By Ivan Goncharov. Translated from the Russian by Natalie A. Duddington. Macmillan. $3.00.

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back into his original state of lazy inactivity. He wound up by marrying a simple, honest woman whose philosophy was like his; who summed it up well in these words: "We've been born here, we lived here, and here we ought to die." The Russian habit!

Oblomov is the finest psychological study in narrative form your reviewer has seen for some time. In it the types live. They are Russian in name but universally found and are worth knowing. You cannot afford to miss the loyal, lazy servant Zahar, who first curses at his master and immediately thereafter is willing to lay down his head for him. You must know the bully Tarantyev's outlook on life and men; the attitude of Ivan Matveyevitch who complains that "work is not what it used to be because they all want it as simple as possible." . . . . "That's not the way to write, they say, it's unnecessary trouble, a waste of time, it can be done quicker . . . . they spoil things."

Natalie A. Duddington's translation is excellent.

THE VISION

By ALEXANDER POUSHKIN

Translated by Boris Brasol.

OF late I had a dream, I had the sweet sensation,
As though a golden crown had been bestowed on me,
And I was King. I dreamed of thee;
My heart was thrilled with fascination;
In words, so full of love, my passion was revealed . . . .
Oh, dreams, why did you not my happiness extend?
But still the gods were not so cruel in the end:
Naught but a Kingdom did I yield.

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слова Г. В. Голохвастова
Перевод Ф. А. Гайлорда
WORDS BY G. V. GOLOKHVASTOFF
TRANSLATION BY F. A. GAYLORD

ГИМН-МАРШ
РУССКИХ СТУДЕНТОВ
RUSSIAN STUDENTS' MARCHING HYMN

музыка С. Ф. Балдина
MUSIC BY S. F. BALDIN

moderato

Tenore I
" 2
Basso I
" 2

ДРУЗЬЯ, ТЕСНЕЙ В СОЮЗ ЕДИНЫЙ СОДНОЙ ДУШОЙ СМЕЛЕЙ ВПЕРЕД! ВЕДЬ МИР ВЕСЬ НАШ, И НЕТ ЧУЖБИНЫ ГДЕ ЗНАНЬЕ К СВЕТУ МЫСЛЬ ВЕДЕТ. НАУКЕ, ИСКУССТВАМ ВСЕМ ОТКРЫТ ВЕЗДЕ ПУТЬ ЧЕСТНЫЙ НАШ!

BE - LO - VED FRIENDS, IN CLO - SER UNI - ON WITH SOUL COU - RA - GEOUS FOR - WARD MOVE WHERE KNOW - LEDGE LEADS THE THOUGHT TO SPLEN - DOR, THE WORLD IS OURS, ALL LANDS WE LOVE. WE DE - DI - CATE TO

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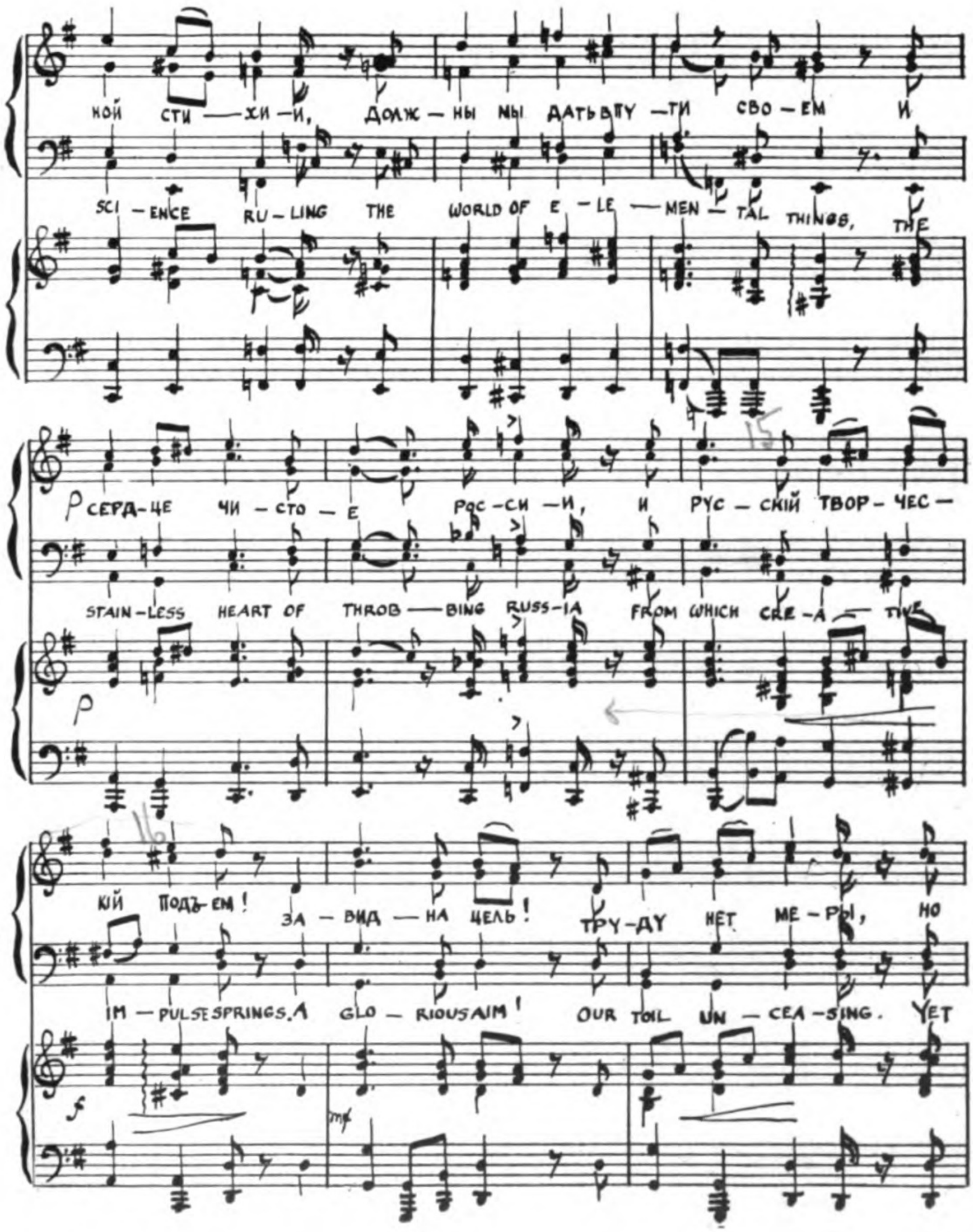
Russian Students' Marching Hymn



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THE RUSSIAN STUDENT

РАТЬ — Ю ШКОЛ РОД — НЫХ ВСЕМ НАМ МЫ С СОЛН — ЦЕМ РА — ЗУ —

WE THROUGH FAITH AND THOUGHTS THAT SHINE WELL TAUGHT IN WAYS TO

p

МА И ВЕ — РЫ И — ДЕМ ЖИЗНЬ СТРО — ИТЬ ВДАР ВЕ — КАМ ЛЮБ — ВИ, ДОБ

US FA — MI — LIAR FOR LOVE AND TRUTH SHALL BUILD A SHRINE TO BLESS THE

grave

РА — И ПРАВ — ДЫ ХРАМ — !

A — GES END — LESS LINE — !

ff

NEW YORK

SEPTEMBER 30, 1929

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THE STUDENT MODEL ASSEMBLY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BASIL EFIMCHENKO

ON SATURDAY, APRIL 26th, 1930 magnificent Woolsey Hall of Yale University presented a most wonderful and rare picture. Four hundred young men and women—representatives of thirty-two New England colleges—were gathered here to attend the third annual meeting of the Model Assembly of the League of Nations. The first of these model conferences was held at Amherst College, and last year's conference was held at Mount Holyoke College.

The fifty-three nations were well represented and the seating arrangement was identical with that of the League of Nations in Geneva. Each delegation had its own table which was decorated with a national flag.

The Assembly was called to order by the President of the Council, Julien A. Ripley, Jr., of the Yale class of 1930. He introduced President Angell of Yale University. After welcoming the delegates to Yale, President Angell spoke of the sympathy Yale has for such organizations as this. "I belong to an age, which, like the dodo, is becoming extinct," he said. "I believe the United States should enter the League, entertaining a place among the nations of the world and bearing its proportionate burden. I hope to see the time come. You are getting from a contact of this type a training in international-mindedness which no other training could give you. You are deriving from this contact a direct sense of the character of the problem which no indirect method can give."

Mr. Ripley then spoke, stressing the importance of Assemblies such as this one, and outlining what has been done in the past years by other conferences. "Interest", he said, "in the affairs of their country can perhaps best be aroused among thoughtful students by giving them not only an appreciation of what is going on in the world about them, but a sense of responsibility toward their nation's needs. Let us hope, then, that this Conference may become but another instance of the seriousness of purpose and the depth of insight which is beginning to dominate a large number of the much maligned younger generation."

Herbert L. Elvin of the Yale Graduate School, a delegate from Great Britain was then elected President of the Assembly, in conformity with the rules of procedure at Geneva. He began his presidency with a concise and interesting speech.

"The last ten years," he said, "have been fruitful, and the

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League has assumed a practical position in the world. We cannot go back to international anarchy.

"There is no more interesting subject than the revision of the Covenant of the League of Nations. We are discussing, not theories, but a subject which has been matter for the discussions of statesmen for the last ten years.

"We must have arbitration if war is to be abolished. We have been thrilled by the glamour of the battle field previously. Now we should turn our attention to arbitration, tracing its history from the Middle Ages to the present century."

"The Monroe Doctrine and the Covenant" was, perhaps, the most interesting and the most heatedly debated question on the program. The debate centred around Article XXI of the Covenant which recognizes the validity of international engagements for securing the maintenance of peace. The Assembly was closed with an address by Dr. Charles Edward Winslow, who has been connected with the Public Health Service of the League of Nations in Geneva. He also has outlined the history of the League of Nations and its relations with the United States.

In conclusion I want to say a few words about the excellent organization of the entire conference and the accommodations that Yale University provided for all the delegates. For a small charge, delegates were very well lodged. A splendid lunch and dinner were served. Besides that, Friday evening a dance was held in Woolsey Hall, under the auspices of the New England Conference Committee. "An aperitif for the sessions"—Yale students called this affair which lasted from 9 P. M. to 1 A. M.

Next year at approximately the same time the fourth Model Assembly will be held at Harvard University. In the West there is also a similar Assembly held in Chicago. This is a good opportunity for Russian students who hope to take part in the future reconstruction of the world, to join delegations from the various countries that are admitted into the League of Nations. We have to know what is most important and significant in our student life. Our country will need from us not only a good knowledge of some vocation but also "training in international-mindedness" as President Angell pointed out.

My sincere opinion is that the Model Student Assembly of the League of Nations is absolutely outstanding even today, and we Russian students must take our part in it. It will not require much of us, either in money or in time.

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THE DNIEPER

NIKOLAY VASILEVICH GOGOL (-YANOVSKI) (1809-1852)
From *Anthology of Russian Literature*, Leo Wiener.

WONDERFUL IS THE DNIEPER in quiet weather when softly and smoothly he hurries his full waters by forests and hills. He neither rustles, nor thunders. You look at him, and you do not know whether his majestic breadth is in motion or not, and it looks as if he were all cast of glass and as if his blue, mirrored path, measureless in breadth and endless in length, meandered and wound over the wide green world. The hot sun then joyfully looks down from his height and plunges his beams in the coolness of the glassy waters, and the woods of the shore are brightly reflected therein. Green-locked ones! They crowd together with the field flowers to the brink, and bending over look into the water, and do not get tired looking at their bright image, and smile to it, and greet it, shaking their branches. They dare not look into the middle of the Dnieper; none but the sun and the blue sky look upon it; rarely a bird flies to the middle of the Dnieper. Proud one! There is not a river in the world like him.

Wonderful, too, is the Dnieper in a warm summer night, when all is asleep—man, and beast, and bird—and God alone majestically surveys heaven and earth and majestically waves His garment. From the garment fall stars; stars burn and gleam over the world, and all together are reflected in the Dnieper. The Dnieper holds them all in his murky lap; not one of them will escape him, unless it be dimmed in heaven. The black forest, weighted down by sleeping ravens, and anciently disrupted mountains hang down over him and attempt to cover him with their long shadows. In vain! There is nothing in the world that could cover the Dnieper. Ever blue, he spreads his gentle floods in the night as in the day, and may be seen as far as the human eye can see. Proceeding in his voluptuous course and hugging the shore in the coolness of the night, he leaves behind him a silvery streak which flashes like the blade of a Damascus sabre, but the blue one again falls asleep. Even then the Dnieper is wonderful, and there is no river like him in the whole world!

But when the grey clouds pass like mountains over the sky, the black forest shakes to its roots, the oaks crack, and the lightning, piercing through the clouds, at once illumine the whole world—then the Dnieper is terrible! The mounds of water thunder as they beat against the mountains, and with a splash and groan they rush back, and weep, and lose themselves in the distance.

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SMATTER

IN A FEW DAYS forty-one Russkies will graduate from twenty-two American colleges.

One, and perhaps others, has completed a four year course in three years, although his previous education was hopelessly interrupted. Another—an electrical engineer—finished his first two years of navigation school when Russia was still in the World War. Then, you remember, there was a Civil War in Russia. Since 1920 then, this student has worked on an oil tanker, in a lumber camp, sailed around the world to earn enough to resume his engineering education, *e tak daleye*.

"I had one examination this morning," volunteered a mining engineering student. Through the lines of fatigue one could easily read in his face that he was happy it wouldn't be long now. We wondered how many nights last week he had driven a taxicab in order to earn some extra graduation money.

"When I came here, I couldn't be admitted to college as a regular student. The admissions officer told me if I would pass a course in chemistry during the summer, he would admit me. For a week I couldn't understand anything the professor said and I went, very much disheartened, to an older friend and told him how impossible life was and that I thought I might as well not go on. The friend said, 'You can't get into college if you drop it so you won't lose anything by sticking at it, and you might pass'."

With this ray of hope the student stayed in the class. He passed. He supported himself with a taxicab and then one night three bandits tried to take the car away from him and shot him. It was a long time before he could work again.

And now this graduating student says this: "Knowledge, of itself, gives a deep and lasting satisfaction and to study earnestly with a definite purpose in view—that of one day taking a responsible position in the economic world—gives zest and enthusiasm to the task and spurs one on to greater accomplishments.

"The ability to do things skillfully, to cultivate and develop one's natural inclinations, to be able to face the World with something of value to offer—this is very near the realization of one's dreams."

If time and space permitted we could go on—with the forty-one stories. The details are all different but to men like these, American education means something.

Every once in a while someone sits in the chair opposite this desk and asks so seriously, "Do they really pay back?" On

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the inside front cover of this periodical there is a statement every month of the amount repaid. To date, $98,458.79 has been returned to the Fund and is being used for other students; and sixty-one of the three hundred and sixty-three, who are no longer being aided, have repaid every cent. Some of these have, in addition, given substantial contributions to the Fund, to this magazine, and to the Russian Alumni Association. These are honest men and women who have many tragedies in their lives which could justifiably prevent their repaying, but they don't break faith with those who have confidence in them.

These forty-one graduates have something to offer to the world. That something is more valuable than the average American employer can realize at first glance. Because they were born in Russia, some employers will say, "You will have trouble with English." And of course some of them do, but there have been times when this wasn't even thought of until after the graduate had admitted he was Russian. These Russians know how to stand the vicissitudes of life. Before they were twenty-one the roots of their lives were torn off and cut into tiny threads. They have pieced these fragments together. They have miraculously retained their self-respect and regained their faith in mankind. They have not only kept their souls, but kept them clean.

One session of the National Russian Students' Christian Association Conference, held usually in a camp near New York the third week in June, will prove to any doubting Thomas that these are young men and women of whom one may without the slightest hesitation expect great things and not be disappointed.

So, until next September,*

—deN.

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* *The Russian Student* is not issued during July and August.

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FROM THE MAIL BAG

From Alaska

You printed in the November 1929 issue a part of my letter in which I mentioned that I have lived among Aleutian people for thirteen years. I forgot to mention also among or with *Kreol* people. Someone living in Seattle, Washington was insulted.

It is the truth that Russians from Russia do not live here. Alaska was sold to America over half a century ago, and since then Russians have not come here. Before the sale of Alaska there were not many women here, mainly men who married Aleutian women. Children of a Russian father and Aleutian mother are called by both Russians and Americans, *Kreolani.* It would be silly if I should criticise the people with whom I live for their lack of knowledge of Russian since there have been no Russian schools here for such a long time. I did not even think of it.

With sorrow, it is necessary to say that the Russian language is disappearing in Alaska. There are only American schools.

The Aleutian people are good and kind people. The Aleut is not yet anxious to earn, to make money, and he is willing to share everything that he has. His stubbornness or tolerance (passiveness we may call it) is surprising. You would never hear a word of complaint from him.

There are no Russians from Russia in my settlement, nor are there any in the nearby villages.

Will you please translate a part of my letter.

Archimandrit Guerassim

A Pleasure

The importance of *The Russian Student* is so great that it is the duty of everyone of us to give our moral and material support. It is a real pleasure for us removed from the centre and from each other to receive at the beginning of the month a very interesting little booklet in a beautiful cover.

A. B.—Baltimore, Md.

Didn't Take It Easy

It was only at the end of my fourth term that I began to grasp the fruits of my two years' training in architecture. The course in any school is designed so as to attain the training gradually of the individual. But a regular student never tries to follow the outlined course strictly, in every possible way he tries to make things easier, and by that he deviates from the experience for which he is in the school. From the beginning I tried to attack every problem from its hardest angle so as to get all possible benefit from it and try to do more in every case than I should. It took me more time and effort and grinding, but in the long run it proved to be a comprehensive way to work. Some students looked upon my attitude with a smile of superiority while others understood and appreciated that spirit. The results of my individual manner of working have begun to show up, and the smile with the advice to "Take it easy" has disappeared and an expression of surprise has taken its place.—N. N. O.—New York City (Columbia)

Compare Ideas

It is most interesting for us to compare our ideas on student life. I look forward to seeing the views of other students. Of one thing I am quite certain that they can not have a more concentrated and effi-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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WHO'S WHO

In This Issue

The masterly pen and brush of Georges R. Wiren (M.I.T. '23) have given us this cover design of the Cathedral of Archangel Michael built in Nizni-Novgorod in 1222—as early as the town itself was founded.

▲

Many will be glad to read Alexis P. Gaidash's interesting analysis of *Sadko*, presented so successfully a number of times this season by the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Gaidash is a graduate of Brown University, Class of 1927.

▲

Professor Alexis Fovitsky continues his Outline of Russian Poetry in this number and in the early fall issues.

▲

As intimated previously in these columns it requires an almost superhuman gift to render a perfect translation of the poetry of Alexander Pushkin. Boris Brasol's translation of *The Vision* seems to me to satisfy even our critics' most critical requirements. Mr. Brasol's translation of the *Prologue to Ruslan and Ludmila* appeared in *The Russian Student*, April 1929. Besides being a poet, Mr. Brasol is a criminologist, author and lecturer.

▲

Walter V. Bouquet graduated from the New York University School of Law in 1929.

▲

We asked Professor Silvan F. Baldin for an article on a technical subject which could be understood by an intelligent person who is not a scientist. His reply was the *Russian Students' Marching Hymn.* This hymn was sung in Russian by a male quartette for the first time at the opening of the Russian Clubroom in New York, Saturday evening, May seventeenth. Professor Baldin, at present Consulting Engineer with the O'Connor Transatlantic Airways, Inc., was professor of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering in the Petrograd Polytechnic Institute before 1914, President of the Technical Commission of the Russian Government in the United States 1914-1917, and is the author of about thirty engineering books and articles in Russian. His most recent research has been in energetics.

▲

The words of the hymn were written by G. V. Golokhvastoff, who has written several other Russian songs which we are told have been sung over the radio.

▲

Dr. Franklin A. Gaylord of Englewood, New Jersey, who made the English translation, spent many years in Russia and formed many Russian friendships during the World War through *Mayak* of which he was founder.

▲

Basil Efimchenko, a sophomore at Massachusetts Agricultural College, was a member of the Czechoslovakian Delegation of the Student Assembly of the League of Nations.

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(*Continued from page* 20)

cient course than we have. We have plenty of work to do, but then what does one go to school for? After all there is nothing like work to make the school hours pass.

P. Z.—(Pratt Institute) New York

Something To Think About

I have always held that professional interests subordinate national differences and are more effective in promoting fellowship and understanding than any artificially imposed social contact. Thus I find that in purely personal relations with the majority of students, my individual and remaining national traits of conduct and thought, the influence of my training and my inheritance, are strongly in evidence and frequently contrast or clash with those of the average American I meet.

On the other hand with my classmates and members of my own or allied professions, the distinction is entirely absent or imperceptible. Besides it is quite easy in such a closely bound community as a college to establish wide friendships and acquaintances even outside the field of one's interest, a policy whose wisdom, however, I would question. Personal inconvenience and a little hypocrisy accompanies all social relations; but the former outweigh their benefits if quantity of acquaintance is classed above quality.

T. P.—Pennsylvania

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BOOKS TOO!

(Being merely an attempt to list for the information of readers recent books on Russia or by Russians.)

A History of Russia. *By George Vernadsky. Yale University Press.* $4.00. A clear penetrating account written for the American reader. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, September 1929.

A History of Russia. *By S. F. Platonov. Macmillan Company.* $2.00. A translation of a famous Russian history. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, October 1929.

Dostoevsky's Letters to His Wife. *Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $5.00.

Economic Trends in Soviet Russia. *By A. Yugoff. Richard R. Smith, Inc.* $4.25.

Russia Today and Yesterday. *By E. J. Dillon. Doubleday Doran.* $3.50. Reported to be an impartial survey of what Russia was and is by an English newspaperman who knew the old Russia.

Three Masters: Balzac, Dostoevsky, Dickens. *By Stefan Zweig. Viking Press.* $3.50. Critical essays on three great novelists.

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Diary of Countess Tolstoy. *Volume 2. Brewer & Warren.* $3.50.

Great Russian Short Stories. *Edited by Stephen Graham. Liveright.* $3.00.

Soviet Russia. *By William Henry Chamberlin. Little, Brown & Co.* $5.00. An estimate of the Soviet State by an American newspaper correspondent.

The Eastern Orthodox Church.
By Stepan Zankov. Translated and edited by Donald A. Lowrie, with foreword by John R. Mott. Morehouse Publishing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. $2.25.

Religion in Soviet Russia.
By the Rev. William C. Emhardt. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. $4.00. A study of religious conditions in Russia from the Revolution to the present day.

The Eastern Church in the Western World. *By Emhardt, Burgess and Lau. Morehouse Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.* $1.25. A study of the religious life of the ancient Eastern Churches especially as represented by their adherents in the United States.

The Letters of the Tsar to the Tsaritsa, 1914-1917. *Translated by A. L. Hynes from the official edition of the Romanov Correspondence. Edited by C. E. Vulliamy. Introduction by C. T. Hagberg Wright, LL.D. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.* $5.00.

Russian Folk-Songs. *Edited and compiled by Florence Hudson Botsford, with an introduction by Boris Brasol. G. Schirmer.* $1.00.
The music with both Russian and English words are given.

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By Alexander I. Nazaroff. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $5.00. An entirely satisfactory biography of one of the greatest leaders of the world. Reviewed in *The Russian Student*, January 1930.

The Franco-Russian Alliance. *By William Leonard Langer. Harvard.* An academic study.

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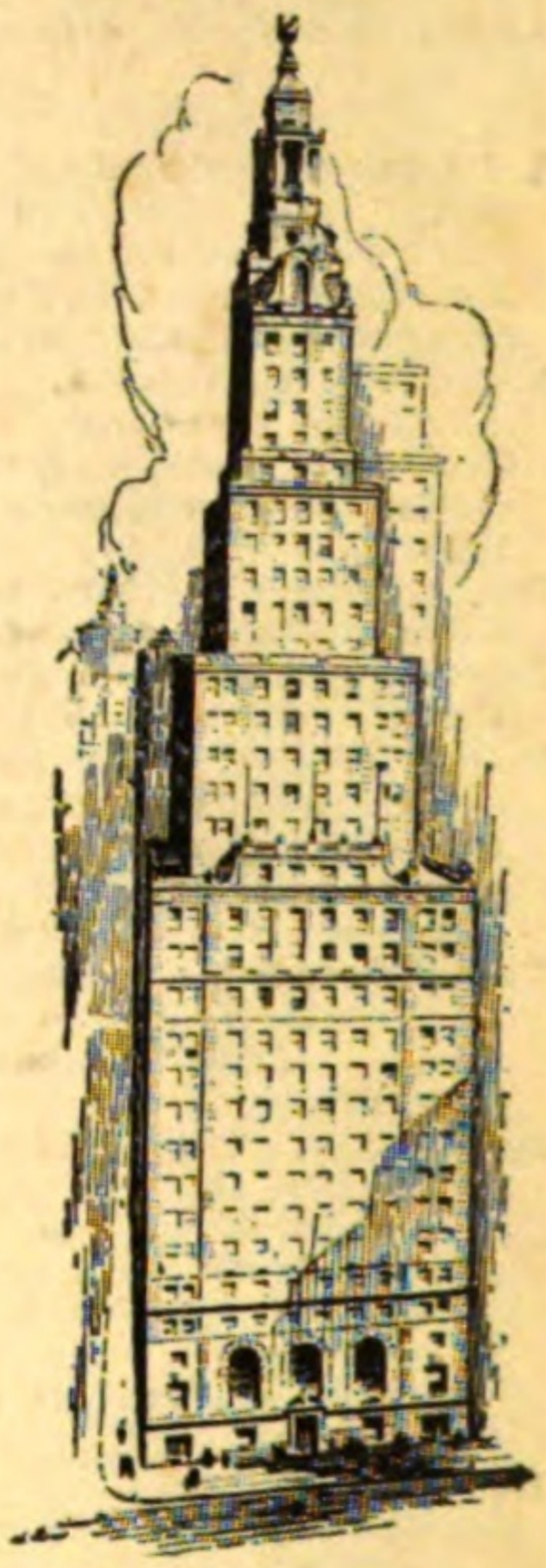

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